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THE MOTHERS' TREASURY:

CONTAINING

Various Pieces of Permanent Interest.



VOL. VI.

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MDCCCLXIX.

"I have long felt that until the fathers and mothers are better men and women, our schools can accomplish comparatively little. I believe that any improvement that could be brought to bear on the MOTHERS, more especially, would effect a greater amount of good than anything that has yet been done."

Earl of Shaftesbury.

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"SHE WHO ROCKS THE CRADLE RULES THE WORLD."



DO YOU WANT A HELPER?

THEN listen : here is the offer of one : ' I THE LORD THY GOD WILL HOLD THY RIGHT HAND, SAYING UNTO THEE, " FEAR NOT ; I WILL HELP THEE " (Isa. xli. 13). These are the words of encouragement for the trembling and afflicted servant of the Lord, when he sees nothing but danger before him, and feels that he is weak and helpless in himself. Let us think for a moment of the Speaker and His Promise ; and then see more particularly to whom these good and comfortable words are addressed.

Who is the Speaker ? " I THE LORD THY GOD." It is Jehovah, God in Christ, the Creator, Redeemer, Preserver, Sanctifier of His people. It is the same God who shut up Noah in the ark during the waters of the flood ; who took Lot by the hand and led him out of Sodom ; who fed His people with manna in the wilderness, and guided them to Canaan. It is the same God who walked with the three Hebrew youths in the fiery furnace, and whose hand upheld the sinking Peter on the waves. It is the same God " who hath reconciled us to Himself by Jesus Christ, and has promised to His Church, " Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

This Almighty Helper takes such an individual interest in the affairs of His people, that He says to each of them, " Thy God."

He is thy God to plead the cause of thy soul; for He can "be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." He is thy God; He hears thy cry; knows when thou art frightened or sad, and stands engaged to help thee in every strait. This is just what He promises in the words, "I will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."

The message shows us that we cannot walk safely alone. Have you ever seen a little child running by the side of its father, full of careless spirits while the path is smooth? But a steep, rough place comes, and the child looks wistfully to see that it has the father's helping hand. Perhaps a stream of water has to be crossed, and the little one, alarmed at the danger, would be ready to run away; but the parent holds its hand, and says, "Do not be afraid; I will help you." Would you have any fears for that child's safety, so long as it allowed its father to hold it up? Would the child have any reason to tremble in its parent's arms? Surely not. Well, life is a journey, and there are many rough places in it, some worse than others; but nowhere is the path so smooth that it is safe to walk independently of God. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." He who knows our weakness and the difficulties of the way, speaks with all the tenderness of a parent to a child, "I will hold thy right hand: fear not; I will help thee." This means that God will be present with His child, to sustain him in weakness, to guard him in temptation, to speak comfortably to his heart when he is troubled and lonely, to keep him from falling, and to make him more than conqueror over all his enemies at last.

God does not wish His children to be distrustful and alarmed: He says, "Fear not." If we are upheld by the mighty power of God, we have no need to fear; His "grace is sufficient" for us; His "strength is made perfect in weakness." "If God be for us, who can be against us?" The more entirely we give up self-confidence, and throw ourselves upon our God and Saviour for help, the safer and happier we shall be: "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee."

These are "exceeding great and precious promises." Do they belong to us? Let us make sure of this great question, and see to whom God is speaking, when He says, "Fear not: I will help THEE." In the eighth verse of the chapter, we read, "Thou, Israel, art my servant, Jacob, whom I have chosen, the seed of Abraham my friend." God is speaking then to Israel, His own chosen people; but the apostle Paul, many hundred years afterwards, writes to the Galatians, "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." He had been showing them, that in Christ, Jews and Gentiles are one, and the assurance, therefore, "I will help thee," is given to all who are "the children of God by faith in Christ Jesus." The African

slave and the free-born Englishman have an equal interest in the promise ; it depends on *faith*, not on sect or nation ; it is God's word to all who are resting on the blood and righteousness of Jesus as their only hope ; who are submitting to His authority, seeking His guidance, obeying His commands : such shall feel the help of God's arm in their times of want and woe, and shall hear His Spirit's whisper in their hearts, "Fear not." Oh ! stop and think : is God holding your hand ? Does He say to you, "Fear not ?" Can you answer a heart-searching God ? "Yes, Lord, I know that I am weak as the 'worm Jacob ;' but I have prayed to Thee, 'Hold Thou me up, and I shall be safe.' I know that I am poor and needy and athirst ; but I am seeking the living water, even the gift of Thy Holy Spirit : I know that I am guilty, and deserve nothing but punishment ; but I believe in Jesus, who died upon the cross, 'the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God :' I know that, through pride and carelessness, my own steps are very unsteady and I make many stumbles ; but I 'shall not utterly be cast down,' for Thou wilt uphold me : 'I am Thy servant,' and I desire no other master."

Can your heart speak thus to God ? Then be of good cheer. "Fear not" the rough places of trouble you have to pass ; the arm of the Lord is round you : "Fear not" poverty ; the riches of Christ are yours : "Fear not" what man can do unto you ; Jesus is on your side : "Fear not" death ; in the dark valley you shall sing, "Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Calmly we look behind us, on joys and sorrows past ;
We know that all is mercy now, and shall be well at last ;
Calmly we look before us,—we fear no future ill,
Enough for safety and for peace, if *Thou* be with us still.

FORGIVENESS.



ELL me, dear G.," wrote Mr. McCheyne, "would you work less pleasantly, would you walk the streets with a more doleful step, would you eat your meat with less gladness of heart, would you sleep less tranquilly at night, if you had the *forgiveness of sins* : that is, if all your wicked thoughts and deeds were all blotted out of God's book of remembrance ? Would this make you less happy do you think ? You dare not say it would."

And as the thought has often come up in my reflections since I have repeated the interrogatory, Who dare, who can say, it would make me less happy to be a *forgiven sinner* ? To lie down and rise up, to go out and come in, with the precious assurance of God's forgiveness ; that I had found a pardon bought with His blood,

and had a gracious title to the peace which it secures; that the terrors of guilt and the agitations of a restless conscience were all pacified, and I could now look up to God, no longer as an angry Judge before whose frowns I tremble, but as a reconciled Father, in whose presence I hope to dwell and rejoice for ever;—well, dear reader, *this* is religion, this is the great blessing of the gospel; peace with God and conscience, peace in life and death, and for ever and ever. Oh, turn your anxious, earnest desires towards this unspeakable blessing. Believe! “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin;” “in whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace.”

THE NEW YEAR.

“I am coming, I am coming,” says the glad New Year;
 “I’m coming ’mid bright smiles and the sad falling tear.”



AM coming to the cottage
 And to the lonely hall,
 To loving homes, to lonely hearths—
 Coming to one, to all!

No wish can shut me from your doors,
 No prayers my step delay;
 To high and low, to rich and poor,
 Comes the glad New Year's day.

To happy homes and happy hearts,
 A welcome guest I'll prove,
 Bringing choice gifts and wishes kind
 From those who dearly love;
 And children from their little beds
 Will watch this morning's ray,
 And laugh and shout aloud for joy
 That this is New Year's day.

To saddened homes and mourning hearts,
 I come with gentle tread,
 And over hearths most desolate
 A hallowed radiance shed;
 Whispering of hope to hopeless ones,
 Joy to the joyless heart,
 Telling of Him whose life and light
 A heavenly peace impart.

Oh, thank God for the glad New Year!
 His gift, direct from heaven,
 And by our lives let us declare
 It is in mercy given.
 Whether we greet it with a smile,
 Or with the falling tear,
Thank God for all, and from our hearts
 Welcome the glad New Year.

C. E. R. P.

"CHRIST IS ALL."



NOT something, but "all." Some men make gods of their own; some make Christs of their own, and some make half-Christs. They make Christs, or half-Christs, which is still more common, of their repentances, and good doings, and good characters, and good tempers, and the like. As they lie on death beds, they look back, not completely satisfied with self, but scraping together all they can, and then they bring in their "blessed Saviour," as they call Him, to do the rest. Oh that men, living men and dying men, would learn that when a man trusts in any measure to self, he falls from grace and from Christ! Work is work, merit is merit, grace is grace. You cannot mix them. All the merit is Christ's. The robe of salvation is not patchwork (Rom. xi. 6). Oh, then, look to Christ for all.

SALVATION is a large word; it stands for a large blessing. Not for pardon only, not for a regenerate heart only, but for the whole work,—from the writing of a sinner's name in "the Lamb's book of life," throughout all his conflicts and wanderings, and fears and sorrows, till he gets safe into his Saviour's presence. And throughout all, "Christ is ALL:" He is your propitiation; He is your righteousness; He is your sanctification; He your strength; He your wisdom; He your comfort; He your peace; He your joy; He your glory; He your heaven. The blood which washes is Christ's blood, and it washes clean without our rubbings or our tears. The Spirit who regenerates is Christ's Spirit. We are to use grace given, to work with the Spirit, to obey Him, to walk in Him; but we cannot help Him to re-create a soul. The righteousness is Christ's; Christ is our righteousness, and His work wants no eking out.

Is Christ ALL to you? Not something, but ALL? Not a mere life-boat on board, but your Ark? You will soon want Him. The moment is fast coming—it is at the door—when none but Christ can help you. To have Christ with you then—to have Christ in you—to be in Christ, will be of more worth "in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment," than the wealth of India or California. Feel your footing; let it not be sand, but the "Rock of ages." Take your stand beneath the Cross. Then are you safe indeed. Was Noah safe in his ark, while the waters overwhelmed the world? Was Lot safe in Zoar, while the fire consumed the cities of the plain? Was the Israelite safe, with the paschal blood upon his lintel? Was he whose footsteps the avenger of blood tracked, safe within the city of refuge? Were the men on whom was the Lord's mark safe, in the day of Jerusalem? How safe are you, a sinner, beneath the Cross of the sinner's Saviour! Safe, living; safe, dying. Come death, safe! Come judgment, safe! Come eternity, safe!




A BLESSING FOR THE POOR.



BLESSING on the coming year !
 O God, the wish fulfil ;
 In all its changes be Thou near,
 A loving Father still :
 Pleasure shall brighten in Thy smile ;
 Grief wipe away her tears ;
Thy care all other cares beguile ;
Thy fear, all other fears.

A blessing on the coming year !
 A blessing for the poor ;
 Let sweet compassion now draw near
 The lowly cottage door ;
 Where poverty in secret weeps,
 Where sickness pines away,
 Mercy her happy Christmas keeps,
 Her dearest holiday.

PRECIOUS PROPERTY.

OW wonderful the mysterious life slumbering in that cradle which the mother is now rocking with her feet ! What *possibilities* are enshrined in that little heart—that slender brain ! Yes, in that casket are treasures invaluable. God has given that child. The very face bears His imprimatur. If children are withheld, it is God who withholds them ; if children are given, it is God who gives them. How soon, be it remembered, O parents, that property will require CARE ! Even before children leave the breast, mother-care can check petulance and teach some measure of obedience with the eye. Influence over them begins much earlier than most of us are aware. Precious gifts ! Yes, and let it be remembered that they are not gifts exhausted in themselves, but they are related to generations yet unborn. They, too, will bear our name, and catch something of the impress of our character. "Children's children are the crown of old men ; and the glory of children is their father."

It is easy to cast ridicule on a long birth-roll, but there is something very beautiful in it, and something which nations universally have honoured and admired ; but more glorious is a long lineage when traced back, not through brave warriors or wise senators, but through faithful servants of Christ, disciples of that dear Redeemer who bought us with His precious blood ! Oh ! as you would have a blessed ancestry for your children and your children's children, live near to God yourselves ; let them think with reverence and gratitude of the pious dead ; and then, ages after you have departed to your rest, their lips will quiver and their eyes will moisten with emotion when they sing,—

"Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace."

But CHILDREN ARE IMPROVABLE PROPERTY. True, indeed, they are born in sin ; true, there is latent guilt in their hearts, which will soon enough crop out, and convince the gainsayer of innate evil ; but a child may be a Christian ; and I want to say a word to you as to how to begin in the culture of the moral heritage. "Naughty child ! you mustn't ! you shan't ! I'll thrash you if you do !" —all these and such-like modes of procedure in the correction of evil are worse than the old harrows with which our ancestors used to turn the sod,—much worse. Scolding, slapping, threatening, shaking, shutting up in dark or lonely rooms,—these methods only intensify the evils they are designed to correct. There may be very extreme cases in which severe correction must be given for grave offences. We admit that. But the one—the best—the only cure for sin, even in a little child's heart, is the love of Jesus Christ. You may say, "That sounds all very well, but what do you mean

by it? It seems so sentimental. When the children get fractious, cross, sulky, and wilful, am I to keep saying, You must love Christ?" Not so, my friend; you know as well as I can tell you that such a course would be of little avail. You must try and show in all your home trials, difficulties, and temptations, that the love of Christ keeps *you* right; and let your children know and feel that you are what you are because of that Cross. Oh! if every husband and every wife thought of these words more in their own petulant and selfish moods,—“Even as Christ loved the Church, and **GAVE HIMSELF FOR IT,**” what a wonderful and beautiful influence that remembrance would have on the little family circle!

The way to improve this child-property is Christ's own way:—“Suffer little children to come unto *Me*.” Try and make mother-love the stem up which the ivy of their hearts may climb to the cross of Christ; for, as one of the wisest thinkers once said, a child's earliest piety is mother-love. Try and take your children in your arms of faith, prayer, influence, and example, to Christ; for be assured His religion *is* adapted for them. He says not only “Come unto Me,” but “forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.” Children are, then, an improvable estate.

What is more delightful than to gain the respect, confidence, and love of a child, and that child your own?—to meet its early opening thought, and instil its first views of the love of God in Jesus Christ? But like other property, the child-nature will grow wild and weedy by simple neglect; only *leave it alone*, and see what all theories of its native innocence will come to. **WE MUST TRAIN OUR CHILDREN.** There is much teaching, but we want more *training*. It should be our earnest endeavour to nail the vine of character tenderly and securely against the wall of truth, and this requires much carefulness and skill.

It is often a complaint that **FATHERS** take such slender interest in their children, so far as common matters are concerned; and it is to be feared that the complaint is not groundless. O ye fathers, it is not enough to find them bread and books and boots; take them out with you on your work-a-day half-holidays, hear them say their texts and hymns on Sabbath afternoons, and let them feel that in the father's heart they have a place of thoughtful interest and love. And, O ye mothers, let me remind you that the motherly influence is the stronger, after all. You may very often be jaded; the little arch of home comforts may rest, perhaps to a great extent, upon your industrious hands! The children may not know that you sat up by a rush-light's thin flame till twelve on Saturday to mend the little garments and prepare them for the Sabbath-school and the Sabbath-day. But they will never, never forget that they said their earliest prayers at your knee, that your lips were the first to teach them to lisp the name of Jesus, that your sensitive ear caught their cry of terror in the night, and that your anxious care watched them every day and all day long. They

will one day, perhaps, bless your old age, and find no earthly joy greater than in ministering to your wants. But, any way, you will have the heartfelt gladness of seeing the good result of your labours in the improvement of the child-property which God has entrusted to your care. When the beauty of holiness blossoms in the garden of their character, it will be a heritage such as only a gracious God can bestow.—*From "A New Year's Address to Parents:"* Published by The Sunday School Union.

"I'LL MAKE YOU."



WHEN I hear parents call loudly or act harshly to their children, in their endeavours to enforce obedience, it reminds me of the conduct of a young person, the first time that she saw a harmonium. The instrument seemed to her very much like a piano, from which she had been used to produce music by touching the keys. She touched the keys of the harmonium, expecting the same result; but not hearing any sound, she touched the instrument more violently, of course without the wished-for effect, at the same time exclaiming, "Oh, you won't speak, won't you? I'll make you, though."

"Stop!" said the owner of the harmonium; "you cannot make it speak, unless you use the *right means*. This instrument requires wind to be put into it before it will speak; and, until it is so supplied, all the force you use will produce no other effect than ruining the instrument; while, with a sufficiency of air, skill, without force, will give the required sounds."

And I would say to the parents who use harsh words or ways with their children, "Stop! that child's heart needs to be filled with love and right principle, before it will yield the ready obedience which you expect from it. Have you endeavoured to cultivate in its young heart the love it would naturally feel towards you? Have you taught it that by disobedience to you it grieves your love, and more than all, that it sins against God, whom it should love supremely? If not, all your loud words or angry actions will only be like striking the harmonium without wind: you will ruin the child, and not effect your purpose; for though you drive a child to separate acts of obedience, you will not have made an obedient child.

" 'Tis love that makes our willing feet
In swift obedience move."

It is with the voice of love that Jesus calls us. Mothers, listen to that voice, and learn of Him who was meek and lowly in heart; and your tone and conduct will become mild and loving, and more powerful to lead your children to obedience, than ever harsh words or actions can be to drive them.



CHRISTIAN LOSING HIS BURDEN.

(A PAGE FROM JOHN BUNYAN.)



OW I saw in my dream, that the highway up which Christian was to go, was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation. Up this way, therefore, did Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back.

He ran on thus till he came to a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, "He has given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death." Then he stood still a while to look and wonder; for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the cross should thus

ease him of his burden. He looked therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks. Now as he stood looking and weeping, behold, three Shining Ones came to him, and saluted him with "Peace be to thee." So the first said to him, "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him "with change of raiment;" the third also set a mark in his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bade him look on as he ran, and that he should give it in at the Celestial Gate. So they went their way.

Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing—

"Thus far I did come laden with my sin;
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in
Till I came hither. What a place is this!
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blessed cross! blessed sepulchre! blessed rather be
The Man that there was put to shame for me!"

I saw then in my dream, that he went on thus, even until he came to a bottom, where he saw, a little out of the way, three men fast asleep, with fetters upon their heels. The name of the one was Simple, another Sloth, and the third Presumption.

Christian then seeing them lie in this case, went to them, if peradventure he might awake them, and cried, "You are like them that sleep on the top of a mast, for the Dead Sea is under you—a gulph that hath no bottom. Awake, therefore, and come away; be willing also, and I will help you off with your irons." He also told them, "If he that 'goeth about like a roaring lion' comes by, you will certainly become a prey to his teeth." With that they looked upon him, and began to reply in this sort: Simple said, "I see no danger;" Sloth said, "Yet a little more sleep;" and Presumption said, "Every vat must stand upon its own bottom: what is the answer else that I should give thee?" And so they lay down to sleep again, and Christian went on his way.

Yet was he troubled to think that men in that danger should so little esteem the kindness of him that so freely offered to help them, both by awakening of them, counselling of them, and proffering to help them off with their irons. And as he was troubled thereabout, he espied two men come tumbling over the wall, on the left hand of the narrow way; and they made up apace to him.

The name of the one was Formalist, and the name of the other Hypocrisy. So, as I said, they drew up unto him, who thus entered with them into discourse:—

CHR. Gentlemen, whence came you, and whither go you?

FORM. and HYP. We were born in the land of Vain-glory, and are going for praise to Mount Sion.

CHR. Why came ye not in at the gate which standeth at the beginning of the way? Know you not that it is written, that he

that cometh not in by the door, "but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber?"

They said that to "go to the gate for entrance was, by all their countrymen, counted too far about; and that therefore their usual was to make a short cut of it, and to climb over the wall, as they had done."

CHR. But will it not be counted a trespass against the Lord of the city whither we are bound, thus to violate His revealed will?

They told him that "as for that he need not trouble his head thereabout; for what they did they had custom for! and could produce, if need were, testimony that would witness it for more than a thousand years."

"But," said Christian, "will your practice stand a trial at law?"

They told him that "custom, it being of so long a standing as above a thousand years, would doubtless now be admitted as a thing legal by any impartial judge; and besides," said they, "so be we get into the way, what's matter which way we get in? if we are in, we are in; thou art but in the way, who, as we perceive, came in at the gate; and we are also in the way, that came tumbling over the wall; wherein now is thy condition better than ours?"

CHR. "I walk by the Rule of my Master; you walk by the rude working of your fancies. You are counted thieves already, by the Lord of the way; therefore, I doubt you will not be found true men at the end of the way. You come in by yourselves, without His direction, and shall go out by yourselves, without His mercy."

To this they made him but little answer; only they bid him look to himself. Then I saw that they went on every man in his way, without much conference one with another; save that these two men told Christian that, as to laws and ordinances, they doubted not but they should as conscientiously do them as he; "therefore," said they, "we see not wherein thou differest from us but by the coat that is on thy back, which was, as we trow, given thee by some of thy neighbours to hide the shame of thy nakedness."

CHR. By laws and ordinances you will not be saved, since you came not in by the door. And as for this coat that is on my back, it was given me by the Lord of the place whither I go; and that, as you say, to cover my nakedness with. And I take it as a token of His kindness to me; for I had nothing but rags before. And besides, thus I comfort myself as I go; Surely, think I, when I come to the gate of the city, the Lord thereof will know me for good, since I have His coat on my back—a coat that He gave me freely, in the day that He stripped me of my rags. I have, moreover, a mark in my forehead, of which perhaps you have taken no notice, which one of my Lord's most intimate associates fixed there in the day that my burden fell off my shoulders. I will tell

you, moreover, that I had then given me a Roll, sealed, to comfort me by reading as I go on the way ; I was also bid to give it in at the Celestial Gate, in token of my certain going in after it : all which things I doubt you want, and want them because you came not in at the gate.

To these things they gave him no answer ; only they looked upon each other and laughed. Then I saw that they went on all, save that Christian kept before, who had no more talk but with himself, and that sometimes sighingly, and sometimes comfortably ; also he would be often reading in the Roll that one of the Shining Ones gave him, by which he was refreshed.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.



NEW YEAR'S wish—what shall it be?

For health, or wealth, or pleasure?

For earnest toil ennobling thee?

Or tranquil hours of leisure?

For Fame's bright radiance o'er thy path?

Joys lofty and refining?

Or for a happy home and hearth,

Round which Love's flowers are twining?

Or shall I ask for thee a life—

By man perchance unnoted—

Which seeks to be, 'midst sin and strife,

To others' good devoted?

Which like thy Saviour's here below,

Shall soothe the mourner's sadness :

Drop sweetness in the cup of woe,

And deepen human gladness?

Ah, though my fancy thus may weave

A pattern for the morrow,

Thy future I would rather leave—

Thy days of joy and sorrow—

To Him who as thy Father reigns

On high, and watches o'er thee,

And in His providence ordains

The path which lies before thee.

His will is best ; His will be done,

As onwards thou art pressing ;

Trust Him, and years that yet may run

Shall all be fraught with blessing.

Through youth and age, or rich or poor,

'Midst scenes which cheer or grieve thee,

His loving-kindness will endure,

And He will never leave thee.

“BE STRONG AND OF A GOOD COURAGE, FEAR NOT, NOR BE AFRAID OF THEM : FOR THE LORD THY GOD, HE IT IS THAT DOTHT GO WITH THEE ; HE WILL NOT FAIL THEE, NOR FORSAKE THEE.”
—Deut. xxxi. 6.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

REMEDY FOR MOTHS.

A small piece of paper or linen moistened with spirits of turpentine, and put into a drawer for a single day, two or three times a year, is an effectual preservative against moths.

BRAN TEA.

A very cheap and useful drink in colds, fevers, and restlessness from pain. Put a handful of bran in a pint and a half of cold water; let it boil rather more than half an hour, then strain it, and flavour with sugar and lemon juice according to taste.

TO RAISE THE PILE OF VELVET.

When velvet has a whitened, shabby appearance, owing to the pile being pressed down, it may be renovated by damping the back of the velvet, and laying it on a moderately hot smoothing-iron, and at the same time brushing up the pile, or right side of the velvet.

BONE MANURE.

The value of bones in almost any form, as a manure for field or garden, should induce farmers and gardeners to save them for this purpose. In the winter large quantities might be gathered, to be broken in spring and mixed with compost, or applied directly to the soil. For pear-trees, for grass lands, for most kinds of garden vegetables, nothing better can be found. Save the old bones, and you will not fail in benefiting

your land and increasing its productiveness by the application.

WATER.

The water that we drink should be the purest that we can get. Be sure that there is no lead in your water. Many a family has been ill for years from unaccountable ailments, till it has been found out that there was lead in the water that they all drank. It is very easy to find out this. Get from a chemist a little powdered bichromate of potash. Put into a tumbler of the water as much as you can take up on the end of a penknife; then let the water stand awhile. If it is free from lead, the water will remain of a clear, transparent yellow colour; if there is lead in it, the water will become cloudy. In that case get rid of your leaden pipes and pump as soon as possible.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Take one pound of hops, two quarts of water; boil down to one quart; add one pennyworth of saltpetre: strain, and bottle it for use. A small glassful to be taken three times a day.

FLANNELS.

Scald flannel before you make it up, as it shrinks in the first washing. Much of the shrinking arises from there being too much soap, and the water being too cool. Never use soda for flannels.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Cottager and Artisan—The Children's Treasury—Old Jonathan—The Churchman's Penny Magazine—The Home Visitor—Good Words for Mothers—A Book for Governesses.—Witnessing for Jesus.



"WHAT did you mean, my dear mother, by telling me to beware of fair-weather faith?"

"I can best answer your question, William, by telling you, as I have never done yet, the facts of my own history.

"Your father and I were married young, and I came full of hope and joy to my neat and pretty home. I had known but little care, and had experienced scarcely any trouble. Brought up in ease, I was also nurtured in love. If my girlish home had been happy, my new abode was delightful. Instructive and pleasant books, tasteful rooms, in which I failed to find a want a garden filled with summer flowers; agreeable neighbours; and more than all, my kind husband, made my new sphere indeed hopeful and bright. Your father and I were of one mind. We loved God and each other. In leisure hours we went together to visit the sick and needy. We were not rich, but by economy and self-denial we had always something to spare for the poor; and if I was first drawn to your father by the honest manliness of his piety (which I thank God I had been taught to value before all other excellence), I was the more satisfied with my choice the longer I lived with him, and the more closely I observed him. So years passed, and, to increase our happiness, we had children.

We were still blessed with competence ; for with our needs our means steadily increased, so that 'enough and to spare' was still our thankful experience. Had we then expressed our feelings, no words would have been so appropriate as those of the psalmist, when he says, 'Lord, by Thy favour Thou hast made my mountain to stand strong;' and 'I shall never be moved.' Alas! how little do we know the deceit of our hearts!

"But to proceed. Our spiritual education was not complete, and there were heights and depths of experience we had not reached; and our Father saw it not well to take us to heaven by a path over which no cloud had ever hung. Sickness entered our home. My children, your twin brothers, were seized with scarlet fever. It was of a malignant type, and from the first we had little hope. In ten days all was over, and both were gone."

"O mother! how did you bear it?"

"With keen anguish and despair. Faith, the faith we had believed so strong, staggered and reeled, like a frail vessel before a storm.

"A few weeks more, and my girl, my only girl, was lying ill and senseless with the fever. Oh! those nights of weary watching, when the dumb heart could only utter its appeal in sighs, and pour out its oppression in tears! At last another little head was laid low; our daughter was taken from us. You, then a baby, and you only were spared; and, like Rachel, I could not be comforted because my children were not."

"Did your faith quite fail you, mother?"

"This made our trial so terrible. We believed that God had smitten; but we could not trust His love in smiting. We wrote bitter things against ourselves, and murmured too against our Father. The years in which we had received 'good things' at His hands weighed as nothing against these crushing sorrows. Your father first awoke from our error. But the cause of his awaking was a new anguish to my still restive heart; he was ill. I had long feared that dry, short cough, and the bright hectic of his cheek at night; and now I saw that grief was doing its work with painful haste. Oh! how I cried to God to spare this blow! But no; He knew what I needed, and He would not 'throw away the rod.' My husband, the choice of my youth, and the friend and support of more mature age, must waste in disease and sink into the grave before I could cease from myself or yield my stubborn will. Over that closed coffin and open tomb I learned at last to say from my heart, 'Not my will, but Thine, be done. Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.'"

"And my father—was he resigned?"

"Oh yes, my boy, he was always better than I. For a time he could not submit to the loss of his children; but long before his death he acknowledged the goodness and wisdom that had taken them before him. 'Oh! Ellen,' he often said to me, 'we

are short-sighted mortals. We forget whom we distrust when we murmur against God; as if He could mistake, or be wanting in tenderness. We want grace to look through what He sometimes *does*, to what He always *is*, and so to trust His doings for His own sake. Above all, we want grace to read His discipline by the light of Calvary. He that spared not His own Son, how shall He not with Him freely give us all things?" So he tried to comfort me, as he saw the wild distress of my soul. But I nursed my sorrow. To me the painful discipline showed no love, and when I looked at my husband's wasted form and pallid cheek—when I saw death once more striding to my hearth to pluck away its chief joy, I could not submit.

"My faith was well-nigh shipwrecked altogether. In fair weather, you see, William, I had trusted cheerfully; but when 'the wind was contrary,' and my soul 'toiled in rowing' against the storm, then I forgot the loving eyes that were watching me, and did not know the voice that cried above the tempest, 'It is I, be not afraid.' By-and-by the night came, whose dawning found me a solitary widow. No one can imagine that time; let it rest, hushed in memory. My God pitied and did not forsake me; and at last His love broke my fetters, and subdued my will, till I mourned over the ingratitude that rebelled against the Father who had given me Jesus. Then I began to understand that the Christian's feeling must be reliance upon love, though every earthly light goes out,—must be hope in a promise, when reason sees no way for its fulfilment.

"Still my lesson was not yet fully learned, and I was to pass into experience likely to deepen my knowledge, to try my faith, and exercise my obedience. Ah! my son, much that we call faith is not sterling. I soon discovered that I was poor, as well as bereft and widowed. Your father's income died with him, and I was left to bring up my child by my own efforts."

"But did my father make no provision for you?"

"He thought he had done so; but failure and loss occurred. But as long as I had some means remaining, and the prospect of suitable employment, I did not despair amid all my sorrow. Yet disappointment followed my steps. Unexpected claims diminished my means; and the time came when I was literally without money, or the means of getting it. I began to be in want. Then I learned that faith falls short when it rests in anything below God and His word; and we often think we are resting in Him, when we are trusting in means. So long as my money lasted I was comparatively easy. That gone, I was fearful, because faith was weak, and, because, too, it was partly misplaced. But at length this error was corrected; and I will tell you how.

"I was alone one dark night. You were sleeping in your poor bed, far away from the pretty home of my married life. I had no fire; my last candle was nearly burned out. I was without food

or money; my heart was bleeding, and my eyes so red and swollen with weeping, that I was obliged to lay aside the needle and put by some plain work I had taken in to procure us bread. I took my Bible, and, laying it on my solitary chair, I knelt and prayed as I think I never did before for power to trust God in this extremity. Presently I opened the book, and, turning over the leaves, my eyes fell on many gracious promises, and especially on these words, 'Call unto Me, and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.' Again I knelt and called upon the Lord, and Him only. He did answer; for thenceforth I felt able to trust Him as a child does his father—sure that He would supply all my need, though I was all unworthy, and though I could not see how. Tired and cold and hungry, I lay down by your side, with peace in my heart, and slept calmly. Some immediate relief came to me in payment for some work; and it was not long after that, on the death of an uncle, I came into the receipt of an annuity which he had, without my expecting it, bequeathed to me by will."

"I did not know you had been so severely tried, mother."

"No; I never before have seen cause to tell you these things; but now my experience may, I hope, be useful to you. We need the grace of the Holy Spirit in the soul to establish it in faith; such faith as shall be in active exercise, not only in prosperous circumstances, but also in the most adverse."—*Monthly Messenger*.

"IF CHILDREN, THEN HEIRS."



Y faith we become the sons of God and the brethren of the Lord Jesus Christ. We are no longer servants working for wages, but children obeying our Father from a principle of love to Him. Heaven comes to us not as a reward, but by inheritance. The heir to an estate receives it not because he has bought it, or worked for it, but by the free gift of his father. The great question for each to ask is, "Am I a child of God?" If I am, then I am an heir of heaven, a joint-heir with Jesus Christ.

A great and good man reading these words exclaimed, "'Heir of God.' What an inheritance! 'Joint-heir with Christ.' What a title!" It is indeed a glorious inheritance, and a title which none can call in question. Though poor in this world's goods, we are infinitely and eternally rich, and our riches none can take away from us. Of such we may indeed say,—

"They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, joint-heirs with Christ;
They with love and peace are filled;
They are by His Spirit sealed;
With them numbered may we be
Now and through eternity."



A GREAT TALKER.

(A PAGE FROM BUNYAN.)

MOREOVER, I saw in my dream, that as they went on, Faithful, as he chanced to look on one side, saw a man whose name is Talkative, walking at a distance beside them (for in this place there was room enough for them all to walk). He was a tall man, and something more comely at a distance than at hand. To this man Faithful addressed himself in this manner:

“Friend, whither away? Are you going to the heavenly country?”

TALK. I am going to the same place.

FAITH. That is well; then I hope we may have your good company.

TALK. With a very good will will I be your companion.

FAITH. Come on then, and let us go together, and let us spend our time in discoursing of things that are profitable.

TALK. To talk of things that are good, to me is very acceptable, with you or with any other ; and I am glad that I have met with those that incline to do so good a work ; for, to speak the truth, there are but few that care thus to spend their time as they are in their travels, but choose much rather to be speaking of things to no profit ; and this hath been a trouble to me.

FAITH. That is, indeed, a thing to be lamented ; for what things so worthy of the use of the tongue and mouth of men on earth as are the things of the God of heaven ?

TALK. I like you wonderful well, for your sayings are full of conviction ; and I will add, What thing is so pleasant, and what so profitable, as to talk of the things of God ? What things so pleasant ; that is, if a man hath any delight in things that are wonderful. For instance, if a man doth delight to talk of the history or the mystery of things : or if a man doth delight to talk of miracles, wonders, or signs, where shall he find things recorded so delightful, and so sweetly penned, as in the Holy Scripture ?

FAITH. That is true ; but to be profited by such things in our talk should be that which we design.

TALK. That is it that I said ; for to talk of such things is most profitable ; for, by so doing, a man may get knowledge of many things ; as, of the vanity of earthly things, and the benefit of things above. Thus in general ; but more particularly, by this a man may learn the necessity of the new birth, the insufficiency of our works, the need of Christ's righteousness, etc. Besides, by this a man may learn what it is to repent, to believe, to pray, to suffer, or the like ; by this also a man may learn what are the great promises and consolations of the gospel, to his own comfort. Further, by this a man may learn to refute false opinions, to vindicate the truth, and also to instruct the ignorant.

FAITH. All this is true, and glad am I to hear these things from you.

TALK. Alas ! the want of this is the cause why so few understand the need of faith, and the necessity of a work of grace in their souls, in order to eternal life ; but ignorantly live in the works of the law, by which a man can by no means obtain the kingdom of heaven.

FAITH. But, by your leave, heavenly knowledge of these is the gift of God ; no man attaineth to them by human industry, or only by the talk of them.

TALK. All this I know very well ; for a man can receive nothing except it be given him from heaven ; all is of grace, not of works. I could give you a hundred Scriptures for the confirmation of this.

" Well, then," said Faithful, " what is that one thing that we shall at this time found our discourse upon ? "

TALK. What you will. I will talk of things heavenly, or things earthly ; things moral, or things evangelical ; things sacred, or things profane ; things past, or things to come ; things foreign, or

things at home; things more essential, or things circumstantial; provided that all be done to our profit.

Now did Faithful begin to wonder; and stepping to Christian (for he walked all this while by-himself), he said to him (but softly), "What a brave companion have we got! Surely this man will make a very excellent pilgrim."

At this Christian modestly smiled, and said, "This man with whom you are so taken, will beguile with that tongue of his twenty of them that know him not.

FAITH. Do you know him then?

CHR. Know him! yes, better than he knows himself.

FAITH. Pray, what is he?

CHR. His name is Talkative; he dwelleth in our town. I wonder that you should be a stranger to him; only that I consider our town is large.

FAITH. Whose son is he? And whereabout does he dwell?

CHR. He is the son of one Say-well; he dwelt in Prating Row; and he is known of all that are acquainted with him by the name of Talkative in Prating Row; and, notwithstanding his fine tongue, he is but a sorry fellow.

FAITH. Well, he seems to be a very pretty man.

CHR. That is, to them who have not thorough acquaintance with him, for he is best abroad; near home, he is ugly enough. Your saying that he is a pretty man brings to my mind what I have observed in the work of the painter, whose pictures show best at a distance, but, very near, more displeasing.

FAITH. But I am ready to think you do but jest, because you smiled.

CHR. God forbid that I should jest (although I smiled) in this matter, or that I should accuse any falsely! I will give you a further discovery of him. This man is for any company, and for any talk; as he talketh now with you, so will he talk when he is on the ale-bench; and the more drink he hath in his crown, the more of these things he hath in his mouth; religion hath no place in his heart, or house, or conversation; all he hath lieth in his tongue, and his religion is to make a noise therewith.

FAITH. Say you so; then am I in this man greatly deceived.

CHR. Deceived! you may be sure of it; remember the proverb, "They say and do not." But the "kingdom of God is not in word, but in power." He talketh of prayer, of repentance, of faith and of the new birth: but he knows but only to talk of them. I have been in his family, and have observed him both at home and abroad: and I know what I say of him is the truth. His house is as empty of religion as the white of an egg is of savour. There is there neither prayer nor sign of repentance for sin: yea, the brute in his kind serves God far better than he. He is the very stain, reproach, and shame of religion to all that know him; it can hardly have a good word in all that end of the town where he

dwells, through him. Thus say the common people that know him, A saint abroad and a devil at home. His poor family finds it so, he is such a churl; such a railer at, and so unreasonable with his servants, that they neither know how to do for, or speak to him. Men that have any dealings with him, say, 'Tis better to deal with a Turk than with him, for fairer dealing they shall have at their hands. This Talkative, if it be possible, will go beyond them, defraud, beguile, and overreach them. Besides, he brings up his sons to follow his steps; and if he findeth in them a foolish timorousness (for so he calls the first appearance of a tender conscience), he calls them fools and blockheads, and by no means will employ them in much, or speak to their commendation before others. For my part, I am of opinion that he has by his wicked life, caused many to stumble and fall: and will be, if God prevent not, the ruin of many more.

FAITH. Well, my brother, I am bound to believe you; not only because you say you know him, but also because, like a Christian, you make your reports of men. For I cannot think that you speak these things of ill-will, but because it is even so as you say.

A THANKFUL SPIRIT.



A CHRISTIAN sailor, who lost one of his legs at the battle of Trafalgar, said that he could very often measure the faith of the people who conversed with him, by the way in which they alluded to his misfortune. Nine out of ten would exclaim, "What a pity that you lost your leg!" and only one in ten, "What a blessing that the other was preserved!" When God comes into the family and takes away one child, instead of complaining because He has taken one, it would be wiser to thank Him that He has left the rest. Or He may crush a man's business, and strip him of all his worldly wealth, and yet leave untouched and uninvaded what is dearer than all—the cradle of his only child. Would it not be nobler for such a man to be thankful for what God left, than to murmur for what He took away? "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away," but He always gives more than He takes away. If God deprives a man of his riches, He leaves him his health, which is better than riches. If He takes health, He leaves wealth. If He takes both, He leaves friends. And if He takes all these—house and home and worldly goods—God's providence is not yet exhausted, and He can make blessings out of other things which remain. He never strips a man entirely bare. A man may be left a beggar upon the highway, and yet be able to give increasing testimony to God's goodness and grace!



A FATHER READING THE BIBLE.

' **T** WAS early day, and sunlight streamed
Soft through a quiet room,
That hushed, but not forsaken, seemed
Still, but with nought of gloom.

For there, serene in happy age,
Whose hope is from above,
A father communed with the page
Of heaven's recorded love.

Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his grey holy hair,
And touched the page with tenderest light,
As if its shrine were there.
But oh! that patriarch's aspect shone
With something lovelier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

Some word of life e'en then had met
 His calm, benignant eye ;
 Some ancient promise, breathing yet
 Of immortality :
 Some martyr's prayer, wherein the glow
 Of quenchless faith survives :
 While every feature said, " I know
 That my Redeemer lives ! "

And silent stood his children by,
 Hushing their very breath,
 Before the solemn sanctity
 Of thoughts o'ersweeping death.
 Silent—yet did not each young breast
 With love and reverence melt ?
 Oh ! blest be those fair girls, and blest
 That home where God is felt !

FELICIA HEMANS.


"BRING HIM UNTO ME."



HE life of Jesus is full of instructive incidents. What part of it can we read without deriving encouragement, counsel, or instruction from it ? When our Lord was on the mount of transfiguration, a man brought his son to the disciples to be healed, but the devil was too strong for them, and would not obey their command. When Jesus came down, He complained of their unbelief, and said, "*Bring him unto Me*" (Matt. ix. 19). He was brought and healed, and all were instructed. The subject is full of profitable and important instruction for us.

HERE IS A MISTAKE CORRECTED. *We try to do without Jesus.* The child was brought to the disciples, not to Jesus. So we bring our children to the means, not directly to Christ. We try to bear our sorrows, carry our crosses, master our difficulties, and overcome our troubles, without bringing them to Jesus, or calling upon Him for help. *We go to others before Jesus.* We ought in all things to go to Jesus *first*. But we think over the subject, draw plans, and make efforts ; we go to others for counsel and assistance, whereas we ought to go direct to Jesus, spread the matter before Him, ask counsel of Him, and entreat Him to appear for us. *We keep many things from Jesus.* But we ought to carry everything to Jesus. Whatever affects us interests Him ; and He wishes to hear of it from us. Everything should be turned into prayer or praise. All should be laid before the Lord, that He may bless it, remove it, or sanctify it to us as, the case may require. Never, in future, let us try to do without Jesus, in any place or under any circumstances.

SNOWED UP.



FATHER had been gone eight days, when one afternoon mother came in from the barn, where she had been to shake down some hay for the cows, with a face so sober that I felt alarmed.

"Why, mother! what is the matter?" I cried.

"I'm worried about your father, child," said she; and then she went to the window and looked out.

"Why, mother, if he started for home yesterday—"

"He would be just in time to be caught in the snow," she interrupted with a vehemence unnatural to her.

"Snow, mother!"—I rose, and went to the window. The sky was full of great masses of grey clouds, that sometimes parted, and showed a steel-coloured background, intense by cold, and immeasurably distant. Wide before us spread the waste, white, uninhabited fields,—the nearest house a mile away, and its chimney only visible above the hills which hid it. There was a high wind swaying the tops of the tall trees before the house. It was a strange night, a strange sky. I felt a vague alarm. But I tried to speak cheerfully. "It is too cold to snow, mother."

She pointed to the window. Even as I spoke, the air was suddenly darkened by a multitude of fine flakes, that crowded faster and faster, and were swirled about by the wind, and quickly built up a wall around the door. As it grew dark, the storm increased. The wind, which had been blowing steadily all day, rose to a gale. It tugged at the doors and windows; it thundered down the chimney; it caught the little house and shook it till all the timbers creaked; the noise was truly awful. We got the boys into the trundle bed as soon as we could, and then mother brought out her wheel, and I took my knitting. There was a great blazing fire on the hearth, and the room was so warm that the yarn ran beautifully. Mother made out her stint that night; she was a famous spinner, and the wheel went as fast and the yarn was as even as if she had not been so dreadfully worried about father. But every few minutes she would stop and say she hoped he had not started, or that having set out, he would be warned in time, and stop by the way.

It was so strange to see mother, who was usually calm, so put about, that I got very nervous, and was glad when she stopped the wheel, and twisted up the yarn she had spun. But as she turned round toward me with it in her hand, she looked so strange that I inquired what was the matter. "It is nothing," she whispered; but I took hold of her and steadied her into an arm-chair, and then ran for the camphor. That brought her round, but now she looked feverish, and was shaking all over, and I knew that she was going to have one of her bad turns. There was no time to be lost, and I made haste and gave her a warm footbath, and kept hot flannels

heard a voice that set my heart beating, and made me sob again. It was Ephraim's.

"Are you all alive?" he cried. "We are all alive, but mother is very sick." I don't know how long it took to tunnel that huge snowdrift. I sat holding mother's hand till there was a noise at the door. I sprang up then, and the next minute stood face to face with Ephraim. And we did not meet as we had parted. I was glad to think that we owed our deliverance to him. He had roused up the neighbours, and they came over that trackless waste on snow-shoes. On snow-shoes Ephraim went for the doctor, and mother began to mend from the time of his coming. It was a week before father got home. Yet he had come as fast as the roads would let him, travelling night and day in his eagerness to reach us. He told us of houses snowed up, and people and animals perishing miserably. And by God's grace we were saved, even to the cows, which in their hunger had broken loose from their stalls, and eaten the hay from the mow. And so my life's greatest joy and pain came to me by the storm. It gave Ephraim back to me. For forty years as man and wife we had never a hard word. 'Tis thirty years since he went—thirty years of Heaven's peace for him. I did not think to wait so long when he went. The children have been very good to me, but I've missed their father always. But I shall go to him soon. Son Ephraim, I am ninety-two to-morrow!"

A PRAYER.



FATHER of Lights! Thy needful aid
To us that ask, impart;
Mistrustful of ourselves, afraid
Of our own treacherous heart.

We mark the idolizing throng,
Their cruel fondness blame;
Their children's souls we know they wrong,
And we shall do the same.

In spite of our resolves, we fear
Our own infirmity;
And tremble at the trial near,
And cry, O God, to Thee.


Us from ourselves Thou canst secure,
In nature's slippery ways,
And make our feeble footsteps sure,
By Thy sufficient grace.

If on this promised grace alone
We faithfully depend,
Thou surely wilt preserve Thine own,
And keep them to the end.

Wilt make us tenderly discreet,
To guard what Thou hast given,
And bring our child with us to meet
At Thy right hand in heaven.

A HAPPY HOME.

(THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.)



WHAT a pleasant thing is a happy home! Dear children, do you try to make home happy? Do you love and obey your parents? Do you think enough of their anxious thoughts and wishes for you? Do you prize their love, which every day is like sunshine round you? Some men love their gold above everything; they store it away, they count it again and again, they look at it with glistening eyes; but your parents love *you*. Some men love their houses and lands; they spend much time and pains to adorn them; they think and plan and take counsel, and spare no expense; but *you* are more to your parents than any estate. Some men love themselves; they live to eat and drink and sleep; they take no thought for others; they live for themselves alone; but your parents live for *you*. Some children do not think of this. They do not live as if they were their father's treasure; they are more like the sharp rough stones that cut our feet than precious jewels, more like thorns than roses in the household nosegay. They are disobedient and troublesome and wicked; they cause pain and sorrow and anxiety. They forget God's commandment to honour their father and mother. But how happy are those homes where parents watch over their children in the fear of God; and where children delight to render to their parents honour and reverence; where every member of the family has learned to know and love a heavenly Father! How blessed the cottage where parents and children kneel morning and evening in prayer! How sweet the rest of the Sabbath, as father and child walk together to the house of God!

Children, do you wish to have a happy home? If so, never forget how much you owe your parents. Try with cheerful feet, and willing hands, and gentle voices to give them pleasure. Seek, by thoughtful deeds and kind words, to help and comfort them; show by good temper and steady obedience, that you honour them. Return them, if you can, a thousand-fold their love. But remember, you cannot do this unless your sinful heart, which loves its own will and seeks its own pleasure, be changed and made holy. Pray, therefore, to God for Jesus Christ's sake, to give you a new heart, and to teach you by his Holy Spirit to believe in the Saviour and to love and obey Him. So "learn to show piety at home, and to requite your parents: for that is good and acceptable before God."

Then, when years are gath'ring o'er them,
When they're sleeping in the grave,
Sweet will seem the love I bore them,
Right, the rev'rence which I gave.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO TREAT BOILS.

Foment with a strong decoction of poppy heads and camomile flowers; then draw it by bread and water poultices, or a plaster of soft soap and coarse sugar, well mixed, or a roasted onion, split and laid on, or a roasted fig; when broken, lay on a plaster of basilicon for a day or two, and heal with spermaceti ointment.

ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN.

Mix well one ounce of flour of brimstone in half a pound of treacle; take a table-spoonful every night and morning for three weeks or a month, in spring and autumn.

GENERAL COSTIVENESS.

Take regular exercise in the open air, rise early, and let your diet be light, nourishing, and sparing; drink in the course of the day, one pint of water with a table-spoonful of oatmeal, and one of treacle, stirred well in; taking occasionally one of the castile pills at night.

NETTLE RASH.

A slight fever attends this complaint, with an eruption on the skin and a prickly sensation of heat: put the feet in warm water, take cooling aperient medicine at bedtime, as rhubarb and magnesia, and live upon a very spare diet for a few days.

CORNS.

Linseed oil and lime water, equal parts. Spread it on a piece of cloth, and apply it fresh every day.

THE ITCH.

One pennyworth of spirits of turpentine and one of sulphur vivum, to be mixed to the consistency of a paste: rub the palms of the hands and soles of the feet with the ointment, and inhale its fumes by smelling the hands after rubbing. If very bad, the parts most affected to be slightly anointed. Use at bedtime, for two or three nights, the patient to wear a pair of gloves and a pair of socks.

SCURVY.

Drink, daily, half a pint of lime-water, in the same quantity of boiling milk, and wash the sores with lime-water alone. For scurvy in the gums, clean the teeth with soot, and wash the mouth well several times a day with salt and water.

TO PURIFY THE AIR IN A SICK ROOM.

Put a quart of vinegar in a deep jar, and occasionally during the day stir it with a hot poker.

LUMBAGO.

Take three drachms of laudanum, three drachms of opodeldoc, and two drachms of sal ammoniac: mix well, and rub the back for half an hour, morning and night.

SPASMS.

Take twenty drops of spirits of lavender or sugar, or take a table-spoonful of tincture of rhubarb in a little strong hot brandy and water.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Golden Hours—The Mother's Text Book—Children's Treasury—Clean your Boots, Sir?—Little Jack—Words of Comfort.



GOVERN YOUR CHILDREN

To train up a child in the way he should go, he must be *governed*. It seems to me that family government stands at the head of parental duties. Government is certainly as necessary in the family as in the state.

Where the authority of the divinely appointed rulers of the household is not respected, there is "confusion and every evil work." It is not possible to train up a child in the way he should go, unless he is under the control of his parents. He must be obedient. The only exhortations to children in the Bible, are with reference to this very matter: "Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord." "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right. Honour thy father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise, that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth" (Col. iii. 20.; Eph. vi. 1-3).

When parents allow their children to be disobedient, they know not the evil which they permit. Eli committed a great mistake in the course which he pursued with his children, a mistake that has been often repeated since his day. His sorrow is charged against himself by the word of the Lord: "His sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not." He neglected his duty in governing them as he might have done.

"There is a very great difference in children," perhaps you are ready to say; "some are easily governed, and some are not." That is true. The difference in children of the same parents is not unfrequently as great as the difference in trees in the same orchard. Some trees grow just as we want them, with very little care. Others naturally grow crooked, and force is often necessary to bend them and keep them straight. Some families of children are like some orchards, in which the trees are all straight and good. This is because the children were controlled and trained as they grew up. Other families, and alas! that there are so many, are like other orchards, in which the trees were left to take care of themselves. Like Eli's sons, they put their parents to shame.

The time to enforce obedience is when children are young. Then it can be done. It is very easy to bend a tree when it is just beginning to grow. It is too late to change its shape when it has attained its full size. As soon as a child manifests a will in opposition to his parent, so soon the will of the child ought to be bent to the will of the parent. If you wait till the child grows older, you will wait till his will grows stronger; and the longer you wait, the more difficult will it be to conquer. Wait not at all, then, lest you wait too long, till it is impossible to do what you might have done. Remember what the Scripture says about the rod, and fail not to use it when it is needed (Prov. xiii. 24; xix. 18; xxii. 15; xxiii. 13; xxix. 15, 17).

Forget not these two things:—

1. To rule well in the family is to rule *kindly*. Govern your children in such a manner as to make them feel that the law of kindness is in your heart. When it is necessary to punish them, punish them in such a manner as to make them feel that it is because you love them that you correct them.

2. To rule well in the family is to rule *wisely*. Wisdom is as necessary as kindness in the government and training of a child. Be careful to have good reasons for all that you require. Be sure that you have right and truth on your side.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him."



CLEANLINESS AND HEALTH.



THAT most startling results accrue, among the lower classes especially, from a due attention to matters likely to affect health, is apparent in the very low mortality-rate of the pauper schools placed under proper management. In the Central London district pauper school at Hanwell, the late Mr. Aubin succeeded in reducing the rate to less than two per cent., notwith-

standing that the scholars were taken from the very heart of London; many of them being half-starved, stunted, scrofulous, and suffering from ringworm and ophthalmia. It cannot be too widely spread abroad, that the secret of this clever and philanthropic superintendent's rule consisted in the practice and maintenance of extraordinary *cleanliness*. The eight hundred or nine hundred children under his care were well washed all over in warm water twice a week, as well as down to their waists twice a day; and the younger children were washed after every meal. Directly a garment was soiled, it was changed, although, perhaps, it had only been worn a few minutes; and, in the regular way, every elder boy was allowed three clean shirts weekly. The sheets of every bed, too, were changed weekly, and frequently oftener when required. The profusion of clean linen caused as many as fifteen thousand pieces to be washed weekly. But the system worked wonders. Instead of a hundred little graves being made in the graveyard yearly, the sexton was not called upon to dig many more than a dozen. Far finer children in country workhouses furnish a death-rate of twelve per cent. But this unpromising selection, with this management, yielded a smaller death-rate than the wealthiest communities in the land. Thus it will be seen that the secret of the preservation of health lies in one word—*cleanliness*. This quality, long and worthily held next to godliness, must be applied in its widest sense, and be understood to mean cleanliness in our houses, our streets, and our towns, as well as in our food, linen, and persons. Air, earth, and water must be kept sweet and clean; and even our fires are not exempt from influences upon health, for we may burn substances that emit unwholesome odours. Sanitary reform, therefore, resolves itself into an old, old story. The patriarch Jacob gave the pith of it when he commanded his household to "be clean and change their garments;" and Moses only enlarged the same command when he declared that if a house should be unclean the priest should look upon it and cause it to be thoroughly scraped and cleansed; and, should signs of uncleanness again present themselves, it should be taken down—stones, timber, and mortar, and these materials cast out of the city upon an unclean place; and in the minute directions he issued respecting repeated ablutions. It will not be of much use to tell the story, even with its Syrian associations, to grown-up people—they know it already; but habit is second nature, and it is difficult for them to change their ways. Those to whom sanitary reform must be preached, are *children*. They should be taught, if we are dirty we shall become diseased; if we sin, we shall suffer, as certainly as twice two are four, and twice four are eight. It is in the minds of little children that we should sow this seed.—*Chambers's Journal*.





THE DYING SUNDAY-SCHOLAR.



LITTLE girl, aged seven, was fading away in consumption. Young as she was, she had been shown that she was a sinner, and that she must have her sins pardoned ere she could go to heaven. She had learned that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him might not perish, but have everlasting life," and had gone to him as her Saviour. Her widowed mother, who was a stranger to Divine truth, often sat weeping by the bedside of this only child, in whom all her fondest affections were centred. "Mother, don't cry," little Lizzie would say; "I cannot bear to see those tears. Why should you be so sad when I am so very happy? I do love you, mother, very, very dearly; but I love Jesus more than all, and long to die to be with Him always." Her mother being unable to read, she, with much difficulty, amid her weakness and shortness of breath, tried to teach her that well known beautiful hymn,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In the believer's ears:
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fears."

"O mother," she would say, "is it not lovely? It is so sweet to me, and I want it to comfort you when I'm gone. Do let Jesus be your friend; there's nothing in the world like Jesus."

Her Sunday-school teacher often visited little Lizzie, and was both delighted and astonished at her clear views of Christian truth. "Lizzie, do you think you will go to heaven when you die?" inquired her teacher, one day.

"Yes, teacher, I know I shall," was her prompt reply, looking into her teacher's face. "Why, you told me that Jesus has made bright mansions for them that love Him, and I know I love Him better than all the world, and that He has washed away all my sins. I'm not at all afraid to die, because I know He has never promised what He did not mean to give."

Little Lizzie sweetly sleeps in Jesus, and this little one's simple teaching was graciously blessed to her mother's soul. She soon followed her child, but not before she had been enabled to realize her pardon through Christ, and her acceptance with God through His blood.

THE HAPPY CRIPPLE.



WE have threaded our way through the midst of many suspicious characters lolling at their doors in negligent array. Turn under this low archway, climb these narrow, winding stairs, two storeys, knock at that door, and a pleasant, cheerful, voice will bid you enter. The room is clean, even airy, a bright little fire burns in the grate, and in a four-post bed you will see sitting up, because she cannot lie down, a woman of sixty-four years of age, with her hands folded and contracted, and her whole body crippled and curled together, as the cholera cramped it, and rheumatism has fixed it for eight-and-twenty years. For sixteen of these years she has not moved from her bed, or looked out of the window, or even lifted her hand to her own face, and she is in constant pain, while she cannot move a limb. But listen! "I am so thankful that God has left me that great blessing, the use of one thumb." Her left hand is clenched and stiff, and utterly useless; but she has a two-pronged fork fastened to a stick, with which she can take off her large old-fashioned spectacles, and put them on again with a great effort. By the same means she can feed herself, and she can sip her tea through a tube, helping herself with this one thumb. And there is another thing she can accomplish with her fork, she can turn over the leaves of a large Bible, when placed within her reach, which has been the recent gift of the Bible Association in her neighbourhood.

Oh, what has been the mission of the Holy Book to this bed of suffering! She had not found peace or "joy in believing" when she was first laid there, but now she is one of the "joint heirs"

with her Lord Jesus Christ, and you may see it written in her radiant smile. Let us sit down by her side, and she will tell us such a history of the training of her faith and love in that low court, and of the treasures she has found in the Book, as reveal to us what she shall be when she "puts on immortality."

The Lord of heaven and earth has watched day by day over that poor helpless one. She has found friends and supplies for all these years, according to her need. He has shielded her in her helplessness from the assaults of the cruel. He has even suffered her to lead souls to Him, and some of these have ascended to heaven, while she yet cheerfully waits His will on earth. "I would gladly live and suffer twice as long as I have done, to be the means of saving one soul." When the Lord shall make up His jewels, we believe He will not forget the one hidden in this alley.

She is a true Londoner, and her childish hours have no remembrance of the occasional summer holidays which, even in London, in this age of philanthropy, brighten a poor child's life. Work, hard work and long hours of labour, are her earliest recollections, and at her father's death she left a little place of all-work for the family employment of weaving hair-cloth, followed from five in the morning till ten at night. She was the eldest of many children, and after that hour, had to scrub the floor of their room, which, as she did it more thoroughly on Sabbaths, she made an excuse for not accompanying her mother to a place of worship. She remembers the rattle of the old tin kettles from their high window-sill, which the watchman pulled by a string at their request, to wake the weary to their early toil each morning; but she has never in her life seen a hayrick, a wood, or a cornfield. The longest journey she has undertaken in one direction had been made to Islington church, and the other to St. George's in the Borough, when the sight of the water in crossing the bridge made her feel giddy.

To a frame thus nurtured in the city's heart came cholera in its first visit to the metropolis. This victim did not die of it, but she never recovered from its collapse, and, as we have said, by pain and poor living, was gradually reduced to her present condition.

A recent visitor addressed her with the remark that she was "all alone."

"Yes," she replied, in a peculiarly sweet and cheerful voice, "I am alone, and yet not alone."

"How is that?"

"I feel that the Lord is constantly with me."

"How long have you lain there?"

"For sixteen years and four months, and for two years and four months I have not been lifted out of my bed to have it made, yet I have much to praise and bless the Lord for."

"What is the source of your happiness?"

"The thought that my sins are forgiven, and dwelling on the

great love of Jesus, my Saviour ; I am content to lie here as long as it shall please Him that I should stay, and to go whenever He may call me. But oh ! how wonderful it seems to me that I should be continued here, while those who are young and active are taken away. Four young persons, who used to call upon me, have been taken home within the last six weeks. I have to thank God that I have reason to believe that one of them was led to Jesus by her visits to me."

"That is truly something to be thankful for."

"Yes ; and see how God has left to me the use of one thumb," and she opened and closed her thumb on her crooked and folded fingers.

"Have you also lost the use of the other hand?"

"Entirely."

"Show it to me." She lifted it with great slowness, brought it over her body, and it fell. "Oh, dear," cried she, "my shoulder's out, it has slipped from the socket."

I expressed my deep concern at having been the cause of such an accident.

"You must not be troubled about it," she said, "it has happened before when I have tried to show my hand to my friends." I lifted her arm to put it back, and soon had the satisfaction of hearing the snap made by the bone returning to its place. I saw that the left hand was clenched stiff, and utterly useless.

The most rigid economy has been necessary ; and however long the dark hours, she never burns a candle except in illness. If friends drop in upon her, they sometimes bring their own light with them. She says she can think in the dark on the promises of the Lord.

"How long is it since you began to love Jesus?"

"When I lost my poor mother, and had not a friend beside, then I turned to Him, and He 'took me up,' and He has ever since been 'my Shepherd.' Oh, how I love His word!"

The string of the loving-kindness of the Lord once touched, note after note prolonged the song of praise.

"God makes people so very kind to her, the longer she lies there the more kind He makes them. For six weeks in succession last year, half a cwt. of coals were sent in to her every Saturday, and she could never discover the donor."

Who would not feel their own faith strengthened in a visit like this? We would hope that this simple narrative of facts may meet the eye of some sufferer weary with days or weeks of pain, alleviated, it may be, by every appliance which love can invent and skill devise.

May she, by this truthful sketch, yet speak of God's mercies to a wider circle than she dreams of ; and so in her helplessness be yet "an ambassador for Christ ;" a "worker together with Him," beseeching men that they receive not the grace of God in vain.

THE BROKEN BOTTLES.



ON a hot afternoon of last summer, an invalid, by whom I was watching, asked for aerated water; but there was none in the house. We sent for some to the nearest shop, requesting it might be brought immediately. While seated at dinner soon after, a servant came in, saying, "We don't know what to do with the druggist's boy; he has fallen near the house, with the basket of potash water, and all the bottles are broken but five. He will not go back to the shop, and is in a bad way." "Send him to the drawing-room," I said; and there waited till he came. He was a fine little boy, with large black eyes, which fixed themselves on me in fear. There were no tears in them, but he was flushed, and bit his lip when he felt much during our conversation.

The western sun was streaming on him through a partly coloured window; and its light, at the same time, shone brilliantly on the portraits, hung low and just over his head, of two little boys who have been these fifteen years with Christ in heaven.

"Why do you think I have sent for you to this room?" I asked.

"I think you sent for me to say, *What for did you break the bottles?*"

"And what do you think I feel about your breaking the bottles?"

"Very angry."

"Perhaps you think I have *never* broken anything. Yet indeed I have, in ways I cannot explain to you; but my kindest Friend mended for me all the things I ever broke, and made them new again. You look very unhappy, and afraid at having fallen to-day. Shall I tell you how I can mend your bottles for you?"

He gave a look of unspeakable relief up into my face without fear. "You are to go back to your master, and I am to keep the broken bottles for myself; and when the account comes in I am to pay it, as if the bottles had been whole. You are to go home to-night, and tell your father and mother the exact truth; and here is a book for you, with your name and the day written in it, and this word besides, 'In remembrance of the broken bottles.'"

"Mother is ill in bed, and father is in the house too, for he hurt himself at his mason work; so I'll tell them when I get home."

"Now, tell me exactly how it happened to you, and then I shall tell you what I broke, and who it was that made everything new for me; for I believe that we both by these broken bottles may learn a lesson that we shall never forget, about our sins and about our Saviour."

"My master told me to go as quick as I could, and this is the

pad he gives me to keep the basket from hurting my head; and I came on all right till just a wee bit from the door, where there was a hole in the pavement. My foot went in, and down I fell. I gathered up the broken bits and came in, for I knew you was in a hurry for the water, and then I was feared to go back to the shop."

"And God, my Master," said I, "sent me into the world with His holy ten commandments, and I fell and broke them all. I was afraid to go back to God, and yet I knew I must. So I turned back all full of fear, and met the Lord Jesus. He told me that He knew what I had done, and that He loved me so much that He had left His Father's house to be punished in place of me, that He had made new all that I had broken, and could take nothing from me but the broken pieces, to hide them in the grave whence He had risen. Now, look at the picture above you. I had three little boys once. They also broke many things, and but for Jesus must have been punished, too; but He made new all they broke, and took them away with him home to God; and I am going to live with them there by and by. You do not wonder now that I love a little boy like you, and that it makes me so happy to take from you your broken bottles. But will you all your life remember, that just as your master could not make you pay for those bottles when I had paid for them—could not take the money twice—so, if you trust Jesus with all you have broken, He PAYS and you go FREE. This is how God saved me; this is how God saves every one who comes to Jesus. And will you not be very careful now, when your master sends you out, to observe holes in the pavement, and to keep from falling?"

"Yes."

"But it is your *soul* that I am thinking of, and I shall be praying often for you. Your time is your master's and I must not keep you here."

The servant came back a little after, to say he wondered at the little boy's forwardness, for instead of being grateful for what had been done for him, he would not leave the house without a message being sent up to the lady that he wanted from her, and was sure that she would give him, seven empty bottles to take back to his master with the other five.

Reader, do you know the joy of being fully understood when you have tried to prove your love to another? And have you yielded to the God of Love that supreme joy of being trusted to the uttermost? Have you ceased to deal with him on the niggard scale of fear, as though He grudged you what He gives you? Have you learnt that you can in no way repay Him for His unparalleled sacrifice of His Son for you, except by making further, fresh demands upon His unbounded riches in that all-worthy name? There is no fear in love. His perfect, matchless love throws overboard all fear.—*Extract from a New-Year's Tract published by P. Drummond.*

ON THE DEATH OF A BELIEVING CHILD.



LITTLE thought when last we met,
Thy sun on earth was nearly set;
I said what I can ne'er forget—
Dear child, we'll meet again.

Though thou wert tossed upon thy bed,
And sometimes cried, "My head, my head!"
Yet still the smile came back—I said,
Fair child, we'll meet again.

No hope thy weeping mother had,
Thy sister's face was pale and sad,
But thine was always bright and glad—
Dear child, we'll meet again.

"'Twas kind," thou saidst, "in God to die,
For worm like me—once would I fly
A darkened room—now Christ is nigh"—
Fair child, we'll meet again.

"I love you well, my mother dear;
I love you all, yet shed no tears,
I'd rather be with Christ than here—
Farewell! we'll meet again.

"I fain would live to preach to men;
But if my God should spare till then
I would be loth to die again"—
Dear child, we'll meet again.

The Sabbath sun rose bright and clear
When thine was setting on us here,
To shine more bright in yonder sphere—
Farewell! we'll meet again.

I stood beside thy silent bed;
Thy marble brow was cold and dead,
Thy gentle soul was fled—was fled—
Dear child, we'll meet again.

I saw thee in thy narrow rest,
The clods upon thy coffin pressed,
The clouds dropped tears—yet in my breast
God said, "We'll meet again."

Yes, parents, smile through all your tears,
A crown of life your darling wears,
The grave a shady porch appears
To where we'll meet again.

The precious dust beneath that lies,
Shall at the call of Jesus rise
To meet the Bridegroom in the skies—
That day we'll meet again.—*McCheyne.*



"THEY."

GREAT many excellent people have had their worldly prospects entirely destroyed, and hundreds, nay thousands, have had their hearts wrung with anguish, in consequence of the slanders of the family of "*They*." If a man repeat a slander in the street, and he is asked who told him so, his answer is, "*They* said so." "*They*" ought to be hooted out of society; for "*They*" have done more mischief in the domestic and social circles than any other family under heaven. How easy it is for a slander to be propagated, which, perhaps may ruin a young man's prospects for ever; and it must be borne in mind that "*They*" are always implicitly believed. An example by way of illustration:—A friend meets another in the street, and asks if he has seen Mr. Q. that morning. His answer is No; that he heard he had been gambling all night. The response is—It is impossible, for he drank tea with me last evening, and did not leave until ten o'clock; who told you so? "*They*" told me so, is the answer; and as he desired a favour of me to-day, I shall not grant it until I know the truth of the business, for I don't intend to assist gamblers. So poor Mr. Q., who had always borne a good character—who drank tea with his neighbour—and who, on his return to his residence, retired to his rest—and, withal, never saw a gaming table in his life, is branded with the title of a *gambler*, because "*They*" said so. A slander is like dust; it finds its way into the most remote recesses, and spreads like the clouds, over the whole face of the heavens. We advise our readers to place very little or no confidence in any story whose propagator is "*They*." "*They*" should never be believed in religion, morals, politics, or in any matter pertaining to social life.

THEY say—Ah! well, suppose they do,
But can they prove the story true?
Suspensions may arise from nought
But malice, envy, want of thought;
Why count yourself among the "*they*,"
Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say—but why the tale rehearse,
And help to make the matter worse?
No good can possibly accrue
From telling what may be untrue?
And is it not a nobler plan
To speak of all the best you can?

They say—well, if it should be so,
Why need you tell the tale of woe?
Will it the bitter wrong redress,
Or make one pang of sorrow less?
Will it the erring one restore
Henceforth to "go and sin no more"?

*They say—Oh ! pause and look within,
See how thine heart inclines to sin ;
Watch, lest in dark temptation's hour,
Thou, too, shouldst sink beneath its power ;
Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall,
But speak of good, or not at all.*

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.




N one of the shelves in my library, surrounded by volumes of all kinds, on various subjects and in various languages, stands an old book, in its plain covering of brown paper, unprepossessing to the eye, and apparently out of place among the more pretentious volumes that stand by its side. To the eye of a stranger it has certainly neither beauty nor comeliness. Its covers are worn ; its leaves marred by long use ; its pages, once white, have become yellow with age : yet, old and worn as it is, to me it is the most beautiful and most valuable book on my shelves. No other awakens such associations, or so appeals to all that is best and noblest within me. It is, or rather it *was*, my mother's Bible—companion of her best and holiest hours, source of her unspeakable joy and consolation. From it she derived the principles of a truly Christian life and character. It was the light to her feet and the lamp to her path. It was constantly by her side ; and, as her steps tottered in the advancing pilgrimage of life, and her eyes grew dim with age, more and more precious to her became the well-worn pages.

One morning, just as the stars were fading into the dawn of the coming Sabbath, the aged pilgrim passed on beyond the stars and beyond the morning, and entered into the rest of the eternal Sabbath—to look upon the face of Him of whom the law and the prophets had spoken, and whom, not having seen, she had loved. And now, no legacy is to me more precious than that old Bible. Years have passed ; but it stands there on its shelf, eloquent as ever, witness of a beautiful life that is finished, and a silent monitor to the living. In hours of trial and sorrow it says, “Be not cast down, my son ; for thou shalt yet praise Him who is the health of thy countenance and thy God.” In moments of weakness and fear it says, “Be strong now, my son, and quit yourself manfully.” When sometimes, from the cares and conflicts of external life, I come back to the study, weary of the world and tired of men—of men that are so hard and selfish, and a world that is so unfeeling—and the strings of the soul have become untuned and discordant, I seem to hear that Book saying, as with the well-remembered tones of a voice long silent, “Let not your heart be troubled. For what is your life ? It is even as a vapour.” Then my troubled spirit becomes calm ; and the little world, that had

grown so great and so formidable, sinks into its true place again. I am peaceful, I am strong.

There is no need to take down the volume from the shelf, or open it. A glance of the eye is sufficient. Memory and the law of association supply the rest. Yet there are occasions when it is otherwise; hours in life when some deeper grief has troubled the heart, some darker, heavier cloud is over the spirit and over the dwelling, and when it is a comfort to take down that old Bible and search its pages. Then, for a time, the latest editions, the original languages, the notes and commentaries, and all the critical apparatus which the scholar gathers around him for the study of the Scriptures are laid aside; and the plain old English Bible that was my mother's is taken from the shelf.—*Dr. Haven.*

BAD BOYS MAKE BAD MEN.



MANY years ago a little boy lived in ancient Rome who was very cruel to harmless animals. He delighted to torture and kill flies, and would pursue the little creatures hour after hour with a pin, to pierce them through, and see them flutter and die in agony. Do you think that a boy so cruel became a kind, loving man? Not he. As he grew older he exhibited the same cruel disposition towards men. At last he was made emperor of Rome, and then he advanced in cruelty at a most fearful rate. This man was the bloody Nero, who killed his own wife, and ordered his mother to be assassinated. Nor was this all. He delighted so much in cruel things, that he finally ordered the city to be set on fire, just to see how it would look. And when it was burning, he seated himself upon a high tower, and sang and played upon his lyre. Was this strange? Is not a cruel boy likely to become a cruel man? Killing men in manhood is only a further development of killing flies in childhood.

An aged sea captain, who had spent a long life upon the ocean, said to a lady, "On shipboard I can tell in a very short time what any sailor was in his boyhood." It was because "the boy is father to the man." He added, "I find invariably that a bad sailor is made out of a bad boy." When he saw a reckless, profane, vicious "son of the deep," he at once concluded that he was little better when a lad. Now this is just what might be expected. It is just what is seen in other things. Poor wool or cotton makes poor cloth. Poor cloth makes a poor coat. Poor farms produce poor crops. Poor timber makes a poor house. And so wicked children make wicked men and women.



KNEEL, MY CHILD.

KNEEL, my child, for God is here ;
 Bow in love, but not in fear ;
 Kneel before Him now in prayer,
 Thank Him for His constant care ;
 Praise Him for His bounties shed
 Every moment on thy head.
 Ask for light to know His will ;
 Ask for love thy heart to fill ;
 Ask for faith to bear thee on,
 In the name of Christ His Son.
 Ask for peace to lull to rest
 Every tumult of thy breast ;
 Ask in awe, but not in fear :
 Kneel, my child, for God is here.

“When I was a little child,” said an aged minister once, “my mother used to make me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head while she taught me to pray. She died when I was very young ; but still, when going to do wrong, I seemed to feel her soft hand upon my head. When I grew to be a man, the thought of that same hand still kept me safe.”

EARLY PIETY.

(THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.)

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."—*Eccles.* xii. 1.



TWO old men sat in the shade of a chestnut tree one hot summer's noon. Their hair was white and their faces full of wrinkles; they had but little strength left, and their figures were bent and feeble. They talked, as they sat, of old times, for they had always lived in the same village, and had known one another for sixty years or more; and while they talked, a fine boy of ten years old, with rich brown hair and a bright rosy colour, came springing up to them, and, out of breath with play and laughter, sat down at their feet. He was the grandson of one of the old men, and a happy, joyous child he was.

"It is my birthday, grandpapa," said the boy; "I have so many presents! a top and a ball and some books."

His grandpapa looked sadly at the child, and said, "I hope you will grow up a wise and good man, Arthur, and a happier man than I have been." "Why, grandpapa?" asked the boy. "I did not remember my Creator when I was young, my boy. I was always putting it off till another day, and when my friend here used to say that youth was the best time to think of God and to give my heart to Him, I would say there was time enough yet, and I forgot God in whose hands my life was. Then came the cares of life, and I seemed to have no time. I had to work for my living, to toil all the long days, and sometimes nights, in my counting-room at my books, and I found it difficult then to think of God. At last I was very ill; God took away the health for which I never thanked Him, and the strength which I thought was all my own; but in illness and during nights of pain and bitter suffering, I found I could not think of God, nor study my Bible which I had neglected, nor learn of Jesus whom I had rejected. God raised me up again, however, but then I had other sorrows and cares, and still seemed to have no time for religion. I have at last, I hope, given my best love to God, but how sad is the thought to me that I have nothing but a poor world-weary heart to offer."

The boy looked grave: his grandpapa went on. "It is an easy yoke that Christ bids us take. Is it not, friend Gray?"

"It is indeed!" said the other old man with a smile. "Bear this in mind, dear boy, that while serving God in youth saves us from many sorrows, it does not take away from us one real pleasure. Don't let your birthday pass away without at least a prayer that God would help you to remember Him now in the days of your youth." The child lifted up his heart, and God heard his prayer.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

TO MAKE BEEF TEA.

Put one pound of gravy beef with ten peppercorns into three pints of cold water, and boil it two and a half hours, until reduced to a quart. Then put a large crust of toasted bread into it. Let it boil half an hour longer, and, when strained, it is ready for use.

BEEF CHEEK SOUP.

Put a beef cheek, three or four turnips, two or three carrots, three or four onions, one pound of rice, and half a pound of treacle, into thirteen quarts of cold water, and boil them five hours. Then take out the cheek, and press the other ingredients through a cullender into the soup. Afterwards thicken it with a quarter of a pound of oatmeal, and boil it a quarter of an hour. Add a little pepper and salt. The cheek is good, if eaten cold; or it may be made into a stew, similar to that produced from the beef taken out of the beef tea.

CALF'S FOOT BROTH.

Take two calf's feet, and boil them in a gallon of water four or five hours, until the liquid is reduced to two quarts. The feet may be eaten with milk thickened with a little flour, or made into a calf's foot pudding.

MUTTON BROTH.

Let one pound of a neck of mutton, a turnip, and an onion, be put into two quarts of cold water, and boiled a little more than two hours, until it is reduced

to three pints. Then take out the meat, turnip, and onion, and skim off the fat. Thicken the broth with a large spoonful of oatmeal, and let it afterwards boil ten minutes. It will then be ready for use.

BROWN STEW.

Boil two or three carrots and three or four onions in five pints of water, three hours. Add to these the meat from the beef tea, when cut into small pieces, with a quarter of a pound of sago, and a little pepper and salt. Stir it continually while stewing for ten minutes, and afterwards let it stand a quarter of an hour to thicken. This stew, with potatoes, makes a good dinner.

HOW TO CURE A COLD.

The moment a man is satisfied he has taken cold, let him do three things—*First*, eat nothing; *second*, go to bed, cover up, in a warm room; *third*, drink as much cold water as he can, or he wants, or as much herb tea as he can; and in three cases out of four he will be well in thirty-six hours. To neglect a cold for forty-eight hours after the cough commences is to place himself beyond cure, until the cold has run its course of about a fortnight. Warmth and abstinence are safe and certain cures when applied *early*. Warmth keeps the pores of the skin open, and relieves it of the surplus which oppresses it, while abstinence cuts off the supply of material for phlegm, which could otherwise be coughed up.—*Dr. Hall.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Children's Treasury, for February.—Foxe's Book of Martyrs, with Introduction by the Bishop of Carlisle. Shilling edition (*Book Society*).—Golden Hours (*Macintosh*).—Bright Examples (*Partridge*).



THE conduct of parents in not maintaining due authority over their children, is a very common and very serious evil; it opposes the gracious plan of Providence, disturbs the peace and good order of society, mars the comfort of home, and contributes in many instances to the present misery and everlasting ruin of those who ought to be as dear to them as their own souls.

God, in entrusting you with children, has given you an authority which you are not at liberty to lay down, and which you are bound to employ in curbing their strong passions, in breaking down their self-will, and bringing them to a docile and submissive frame of spirit. It is the first duty of a child to obey, and you are bound steadily to enforce it, from the earliest period of their lives, with mingled tenderness and faithfulness.

How is it, then, that children are so often undutiful and refractory; struggling for the mastery; many times refusing to do what their parents bid them; and, instead of honouring their father and their mother next to God himself, treating them with neglect, and rudeness, and scorn? Surely in this matter there is a great fault amongst parents: they do not *begin at the earliest age* to oppose the self-will of their children, and they fail to establish that authority and enforce that discipline which are needful for the welfare and happiness of both parents and children.

Harshness and severity I am far from recommending; but a proper authority over your children must at all events be maintained. I mean such an authority as that you should say to one, "Go," and he goeth; and to another, "Do this," and he doeth it; and this can be only acquired by steadiness and unbending resolution. If you correct them one moment and fondle them the next, they will soon disregard your threatenings and corrections, because they know, if they cry a little longer and a little louder, they shall certainly gain their point. Correct them as seldom as possible, and never in passion; but fail not when necessary to correct them. "Correct thy son," says the inspired writer, "and he shall give thee rest: yea, he shall give delight to thy soul. The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Nay, God goes so far as to declare, that "he that spareth the rod, hateth his son: but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." In a word, you must never suffer your children to get the better of you by frowardness and obstinacy, and, though the matter in dispute be a trifle, still accustom them to obey from their earliest years. Thus brawls and contentions will be strangers to your houses. While you keep your places, your children will know theirs; and by this due subordination, things will go on pleasantly and peaceably.

To show the stress which the Almighty lays upon the due exercise of parental authority, He assigns it as the motive for reposing confidence in Abraham, and revealing His secret purposes to him; namely, that He knew "Abraham would command his children and his household after him."

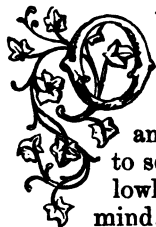
Oh, how dearly did good old Eli pay for his excessive indulgence to his children! He was the high-priest of God, and pious himself; but through partial affection he had failed to correct the evil propensities of his sons: his rebukes had been too mild to be heeded by them; their wickedness was not repressed with sufficient firmness. And hence he was deemed an accomplice in their crimes, and was visited by the Divine displeasure in such an awful manner as to make the ears of all who heard of it to tingle. His two abandoned sons, unrepenting and unpardoned, as far as we know, were both slain in one day; he himself lived just to hear this, and that the ark of God was taken by the Philistines, and then he fell backwards and died; leaving a salutary warning to others, to the end of time, how they prefer the humours of their children to the honour of God.

Imagine not, I pray you, that undue indulgence will be repaid by the gratitude and love of the children, who are thus spoiled. A young man whose disorderly and wicked life brought him to an untimely end, when he was about to suffer the just sentence of the law, desired to speak with his aged mother, who had come to the fatal spot, to take the last look of a son whom she had too fondly indulged, and had neglected to "chasten betimes while there was

hope." But when she came near the dying man, he bitterly reproached her for her foolish fondness to him in his youth, for allowing him to have his own way, and for not checking his unruly passions, which by long indulgence had gained the mastery, and had led him through a course of violence and guilt, to a shameful and premature death.

With this sad scene let me contrast the dying bed of a sweet child, who had been trained in the ways of religion and truth by a parent kind but judiciously firm; and as she sunk to rest, in peaceful reliance on her Saviour's merits and her Saviour's love, she affectionately thanked her beloved mother for all her tender care and kindness; but added (pray mark her words!) "I THANK YOU MOST OF ALL FOR HAVING SUBDUED MY SELF-WILL!"

FOOD AND RAIMENT.



UR perverse, crooked hearts turn all we use into disorder. Those two necessities of our life, *food and raiment*, how few know the right measure and bounds of them! Unless poverty be our carver and cut us short, who, almost, is there that is not bent to something excessive! Far more are indebted to the lowliness of their estate than to the lowliness of their mind, for sobriety in these things; and yet some will not be so bounded neither, but will profusely lavish out upon trifles, to the sensible prejudice of their estate. To a sincere and humble Christian very little need be said. A tender conscience, and a heart purified from vanity and weaned from the world, will be sure to regulate these and other things, and will be wary, first of lightness and fantastic garb in apparel, which is the very bush or sign hanging out, that tells a vain mind lodges within; and second, of excessive costliness, which both argues and feeds the pride of the heart, and defrauds, if not others of their dues, yet the poor of their charity, which, in God's sight, is a due debt too. Far more comfort shalt thou have on thy death-bed, to remember that at such a time, instead of putting lace on my own clothes, I helped a naked back to clothing; I abated somewhat of my former superfluities to supply the poor's necessities; far sweeter will this be than to remember that I could needlessly cast away many pounds to serve my pride, rather than give a penny to relieve the poor (1 Tim. vi. 8).—*Leighton*.

"THESE WORDS WHICH I COMMAND THEE THIS DAY, SHALL BE IN THINE HEART: AND THOU SHALT TEACH THEM DILIGENTLY UNTO THY CHILDREN, AND SHALT TALK OF THEM WHEN THOU SITTEST IN THINE HOUSE, AND WHEN THOU WALKEST BY THE WAY, AND WHEN THOU LIEST DOWN, AND WHEN THOU RISEST UP."—*Deut. vi. 6*.




READING THE BIBLE.

"Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."
(PSALM cxix. 18).



HE psalmist here speaks of what is called in other parts of Scripture "the eyes of the mind," or of the understanding. We may read the Bible over and over with our bodily eyes, while all the time the eyes of our understanding may be shut; and then we shall see nothing of the "wondrous things" here spoken of. We may like the stories, or admire the poetry, but that will be all; and when we hear or read of Christians finding such treasures in the Bible, and spending days and years in its study, we shall be surprised and puzzled, and not understand them. But, when the Spirit opens the eyes of the soul, then the change is great indeed. We see in every page "great and mighty things," wonderful, beautiful, delightful truths, which we never observed before. We feel that it is like no other book, that it is indeed a message from heaven to ourselves. Lord, open thou mine eyes, if they are still closed, and let me see something of these wondrous things in the Holy Scriptures. Let me never begin to read them without praying first for the teaching of the Spirit, and then I shall find them every day more wonderful, more precious.

BE GENTLE.

“ NEIGHBOUR, I'm so frightened,
 Poor little Tommy's hurt ;
 He came in where the clean clothes lay,
 All over mess and dirt.

He would not mind me when I spoke,
 And tossed the things about,
 Ironed and folded as they were,
 And sorted to send out.

And he was saucy when I spoke,
 And said what he ought not ;
 Unluckily a stick was near—
 You know my temper's hot.

I struck at him a sharp, quick blow,
 It chanced upon his head ;
 I can't believe it while I speak,
 He fell down—like one dead.

He's better now, but do come in,
 I'm very sad at heart ;
 It seems to me *there's something* wrong,
 More than the pain and smart.”

The child lay with a dreary look,
 And an unmeaning gaze ;
 The doctor came and did his best,
 But there he lay for days.

The blow has hurt the tender brain—
 Poor little naughty child !
 It was a punishment too sharp ;
 Try, mothers, to be mild.

Not word and blow with thoughtless haste,
 And then this bitter grief—
 A malady that none can reach,
 No doctors give relief.

And never strike a young child's head,
 That tender part, the brain
 Is slightly covered, and if hurt,
 May never heal again.

Poor little Tommy ! now he lies
 A little idiot boy ;
 And no one knows what he may feel
 Of suffering or of joy.

He meets his mother's anxious gaze
 With calm, unmeaning smile ;
 And little knows the agony
 That wrings her heart the while.

Poor mother, in your patient love
 You're never hasty now,
 And tears and kisses shower down
 Upon his fair, young brow.



"THE MASTER CALLETH FOR THEE."

CRABSTOCK does not become a Ribston pippin by having a slip from one grafted upon it; but the tough and hardy crab makes a better stem for the graft than a lighter and weaker one. Grace does not do away with nature; but the nature, on which grace is grafted, will modify the fruits that spring from that grafted grace. The strong, decided, energetic natural man will make, when God's grace is added, the strong, decided, energetic Christian. The bitterness of the crab will be neutralized and kept in check without its other distinctive characters being lost. Mrs. M—— was a case in point. She was a woman of very strong character and violent temper. No one could look at her large, full, dark, determined eye, or her strongly marked features without seeing that she was a woman of no common mould. At the time I first knew her she seldom or never came to church, and though a person of honesty and uprightness in her general dealings, had "no fear of God before her eyes."

The cholera came into the parish—that mysterious disease which has baffled, because it was *God's will that it should baffle*, the researches of all who have tried to ascertain its cause. Mrs. M——'s mother was attacked by cholera, and I went to visit her. I have now before me the humble room—very neat, clean, tidy, for Mrs. M—— was no slattern. The aged mother was lying on her bed, her face showing the symptoms of the terrible disease, which was providentially on the ebb, but which left its unmistakable signs behind it; the daughter-in-law sitting by to listen to that Book, to which she was almost a stranger. I trust and think that the sick woman "received the truth in the love of it." But I know that her daughter did. How do you know that? "By their fruits ye shall know them." How do I know that there has been a graft on that crabstock? I look at it—I know it to be a crab. I look at the apples. I see them to be large, full, ruddy; I know that they cannot be crab-apples, for they are small and hard as bullets. I *taste* these apples, and find them sweet, juicy; I know that they are not crabs, whose juice is so bitter and taste so nauseous. So I do *know* that Mrs. M—— received "into her soul that word which, when grafted there, is able to save the soul." She became "a new creature in Christ Jesus." Her natural firmness of purpose remained, but it now made her mind as firmly set on God and His service as it had once been set on other things; nothing now kept her from God's house. No matter what the weather was, she was in her place, not only on Sundays, but on the week-day service. There she sits, I see her now against that iron pillar under the gallery—

though there are few present, for the night is wet and stormy—the wind is driving the rain and dashing it heavily against the windows, and her drenched umbrella is parting with some of its moisture on the stone floor; the weather has not kept *her* away, nor G—— in the gallery above her. They have *come* for a blessing, and they have *got* it, and they return home, through the dark stormy night, warm at their hearts, for *He* has met them whom they love to serve. He has made them joyful in His house of prayer. He has blessed to them the word, which has been read and taught; and they go back to their duties and to their trials (for what Christian has not both?) braced and girded, in Divine strength, to meet them.

Never, that I remember, did I miss Mrs. M—— from beside her pillar, till she came no more simply because she could not come. Internal disease of a very serious and painful character began to show itself, and her face gave evidence of suffering, though her eye kindled and her smile was as bright and true as ever, when she welcomed or parted with the minister of her Lord.

At last, she could not leave her bed. Her daughter, as I afterwards learned, did not do a true daughter's part, but was careless and loved to go abroad; and she smarted for it, like one of old, whose mother's weakness of eyes, as has been quaintly and truly said, poor Dinah inherited. Still there was no impatience nor complaining on the part of the suffering mother.

I left my lodgings one morning to visit in the parish, having put down the names of those on whom I meant to call. I was passing under a low archway, which shortened the distance to a particular part of the parish, when all at once Mrs. M—— came into my mind. I had not got her on my list, but so strong was the impression that I at once went on to see her. When I went into her room, she said,—

“O sir, I am so glad to see you, I have been praying that you might come.”

“Indeed! what has made you so particularly wish to see me to-day?”

“The doctors have been to see me—three of them; they have been consulting about my case, and they told me just now that the pain will go on increasing till it reaches my brain, and that I *shall die raving mad!* Is not that dreadful?”

I said, “I have no doubt, Mrs. M——, that the doctors are right, that they have formed a correct conclusion from your symptoms, and that if the disease were to go on according to its *natural* course, it would end as they have told you. But, remember, there is One who can make it take what course *He* pleases, and if it be good for you, He will turn away that dreadful ending which you fear.”

“It is not pain I fear,” she said, “I can bear that; but to lose my reason,—not to be able to pray, or to think of God, that is what I dread.”

"Well," said I, "I *now* see why I have been sent to you to-day, for your name was not on my list, and so we will at once ask God, that if it be really for your best good, He will turn away the thing you dread."

We did ask, then and often; and HE answered.

The terrible disease went on; pain increased, and became almost incessant; her poor body wasted day by day. Once, to allay the exceeding pain, they gave her opium in some shape. It clouded her mind, though for a while, it eased her pain, but because it clouded her mind, and hindered the communion of her soul with God, she never took it again, and her sun went down without a cloud. Her death was a calm, mellow, autumn sunset,—the departure of one "rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, rooted in charity," *because* she had continued "instant in prayer."

I have lived to see her poor erring girl reclaimed, and brought in penitence to the Saviour's feet,—her mother's prayers heard for her child as well as for herself, and coming down in blessings on her head, long after her parent had passed into the skies.

I often think of her place by the iron pillar, and rejoice to believe that He, whom she truly loved and so heartily served, has made her "a pillar in the temple of our God, to go out no more for ever."

Her character and her life seemed to say, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it WITH THY MIGHT."

What would she *now* say of her affliction, but that her "light affliction, which was but for a moment, has worked out for her a greater and more exceeding weight of glory"?

And there is one lesson which the event of that solemn day fastened upon my memory. And it is this: that, however the *servant* may have arranged his work for the day, the *MASTER* may have planned other work of his to be done, which the servant, putting his own aside must do, and which he will find it to be as much his duty as his happiness to do.—*Canon Champneys*.



THE PERSECUTED WIFE.

POOR woman at Berwick St. John, in Wiltshire, the wife of a day-labourer, being brought, by the grace of God, to a saving knowledge of Christ, her husband became a bitter persecutor; and because she would not relinquish the service of God, he frequently turned her out of doors in the night, even during the winter season. The wife, being a prudent woman, did not expose his cruelty to her neighbours, but on the contrary, to avoid their observation, she went into the adjacent fields and betook herself to prayer.

Greatly distressed, but not in despair, her only encouragement was, that with God all things are possible ; she therefore resolved to set apart one hour every day to pray for the conversion of her persecuting husband. This she was enabled to do, without missing a single day, for a whole year. Seeing no change in her husband, she formed a second resolution, to persevere six months longer, which she did up to the last day, when she retired at about twelve o'clock as usual, and, as she thought, for the last time. She feared that her wishes in this instance were contrary to the will of God, and her desire not being granted, her expectation appeared to be cut off. That same day her husband returned from his labour in a state of great dejection, and instead of sitting down as usual to his dinner, he proceeded directly to his chamber. His wife affectionately asked him, "What is the matter?"

"Matter enough," said he; "I am a lost sinner. About twelve o'clock this morning," continued he, "I was at my work, and a passage of Scripture was deeply impressed on my mind which I cannot get rid of. I am lost!"

His wife encouraged him to pray, but he replied, "O wife, it is of no use; there is no forgiveness for me." Smitten with remorse at the recollection of his former conduct, he said to her, "Will you forgive me?" She replied, "Oh, yes." "Will you pray for me?" "Oh, yes, that I will." "Will you pray for me now?" "That I will, with all my heart." They instantly fell on their knees and wept, and made supplications. His tears of penitence mingled with her tears of gratitude and joy. He became decidedly pious, and afterwards greatly exerted himself to make his neighbours acquainted with the way of salvation by Jesus Christ, giving a piece of land which came into his possession for the erection of a house of worship.

BE SOBER-MINDED.

"Young men likewise exhort to be sober-minded."



MUST own that I grieve to observe the immense circulation of newspapers like *Punch*, and publications of the "Pickwick" class, in the present day. It is a bad sign of the times. We seem to be fast losing our character as a sober and a thinking people. One would suppose there was enough in the aspect of public affairs to make every one grave; but instead of gravity, there seems a growing determination to laugh, and not to think. It reminds one painfully of Nero fiddling while Rome was burning, or the Greeks of Constantinople swallowed up in their games while the Turks were under their gates. Solomon says, "The mouth of fools feedeth on foolishness." Do we not see much of this around us?—*J. C. Ryle.*



THE MARTYRDOM OF FRITH.

FRITH was a young man famed for learning, and was the first in England who wrote against the corporeal presence in the sacrament. His book was answered by Sir Thomas More; but Frith never saw his publication till he was in prison, and then, though he was loaded with irons, and had no books allowed him, he replied.

For these offences he was seized in May, 1533, and charged with not believing in purgatory and transubstantiation. He gave the reasons that determined him to look on neither of these as articles of faith. The bishops seemed unwilling to proceed to sentence; but he continuing resolute, Stokesly pronounced it, and delivered him to the secular power, at the same time desiring that his punishment might be moderate; a piece of hypocrisy which deceived no one.

Frith, with a fellow-martyr named Hewitt, was brought to the stake at Smithfield on July 4th, 1533. On arriving there he expressed great joy, and even embraced the fagots. A priest, named Cook, who stood by, told the people not to pray for them more than they would for a dog. At this Frith smiled, and said, "God forgive you." The fire was then kindled, and the martyrs burned to ashes.—*Foxe's Book of Martyrs*: (*Book Society*).

HAPPINESS IN POVERTY.



IN a courtyard, retiring from the streets of an ancient border town, lived John and Alice Morgan. It was a rude sort of place, surrounded by mean dwellings of very various forms. Here a pent-house roof hung over a low entrance ; there the outside stairs led to the door of another tenement ; and all seemed crumbling to decay. Yet there John and Alice had been happy many a year, in their one room up a dark and worn staircase.

Poor and humble as they were, they were examples of the refining and enriching work of grace among the aged and lowly. Their lives were marked by few incidents : he was a bed-ridden old man ; she, only able to move painfully about their room as she performed her daily housewifery. It was pleasing to see the kindly intercourse which subsisted between them ; the mutual consideration of each other's feelings and comforts ; the courteous reception of the occasional visitor ; the whole aspect of comfort wrought out of such scanty materials. Living on parish allowance eked out by charity, they were in their ways Christian gentlefolks : they had sat together so many years at the feet of Jesus, that they had imbibed, to a great extent, His blessed character. Their very faces expressed the gentleness and urbanity of that genuine polish which the gospel alone can impart to both rich and poor.

They read the Bible together till every page was familiar to them. It was a sore trial when their sight had begun to fail, and they could not read that precious book in the shady corner where John lay in bed, under his patch-work coverlet, and where for many a month Alice had been wont to sit and listen to him. That trial was an unconfessed one, for John and Alice were no beggars ; but it was happily discovered, and a Bible with large print was given to them. Then it was pleasant to hear his deep voice reading responsively in the psalms, their hearts full of gratitude. The old man had a fine taste for sacred poetry, and used to repeat a great number of hymns, applying them intelligently and happily to his own heart's experience : he used them as a medium for the expression of his thoughts. Alice was a very simple-minded woman, not equal in natural gifts to her husband. To stand painfully at the washing-tub, to cook their small meal, or boil the kettle for their greatest luxury, a cup of tea, or carefully to dust the rickety chairs, each covered with a patch-work cushion of her own contrivance—these were her forte ; yet was she always ready to sit down with a pleased smile to give heed to the reading of some good book, or to listen with pleased application to her husband's remarks on the subject in hand.

Poor in this world, they were rich in faith, and heirs together of the heavenly inheritance. When it appeared that the growing infirmities of the husband were likely soon to break their earthly

union, it was feared that the loving, independent wife would scarcely be able to survive the shock of separation: a lonely widow's portion looked desolate indeed in the midst of so much infirmity. But it proved otherwise. When the time was nearly come, he called her to the bedside, and said, "Alice, the Bible tells thee, 'Thy bread shall not fail, and thy water shall be sure.'" Then, referring to a hymn which had been written by a young visitor of theirs, who had preceded the aged saint to glory, he added—

"Take me to Thy glorious throne,
And the twain shall be but one."

And so, with eyes turned towards that blessed home above, he fell asleep in Jesus.

Alice lived several years longer in that upper chamber. Many kind friends were added to her, and she was enabled to bear her testimony to the ever present help of Him who has promised to be such an one to the widow. Her latest words were, "It is all true that my husband told me, when he was going, 'Thy bread shall not fail, and thy water shall be sure.'"

This is only a truthful statement of the power of genuine Christianity in adding beauty and grace to the simplest elements of society, and to the hardest lot. Doubtless, there may be many such instances; and it is good to be taught by them that the disciple of Jesus must himself be, like the wisdom that is from above, first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated. How lovely do the nearest ties of life become where such a spirit dwells! Would that every cottage home were thus adorned with the beautiful fruits of the Spirit! would that every husband and wife thus adorned the doctrine of God our Saviour!

A WORD OF COMFORT.



HE cross now—the crown to-morrow. Now the bed of languishing—to-morrow the throne of Jesus. What encouragement to "fight the good fight of faith!" The body now bears the spirit down; wait till the dawn of day, and the spirit will bear the body up. A few breathings more in this dull and oppressive element—then all will be health and buoyancy, strength and gladness, purity and peace—the body changed, the heart all holy. Even now the Lord is with you; but you cannot see Him for the darkness of night. You walk by faith, not by sight. Yet you can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." He lives—He thinks upon you—He is with you—He will never leave you nor forsake you. He is a Friend, a Brother, a Lord; a Friend, to guide you by His counsel; a Brother, to sympathise with you in all your sorrow; a Lord, to defend you from all evil, and make all things work together for your good. No safety but at His side; no comfort but in His bosom; no strength but in His arm; no holiness but in His steps.—*Hewitson.*



CROSSING THE RIVER.

(A PAGE FROM BUNYAN.)

WHEN days had many of them passed away, Mr. Despondency was sent for; for a Post was come, and brought this message to him: "Trembling man, these are to summon thee to be ready with thy King by the next Lord's-day, to shout for joy for thy deliverance from all thy doubtings." "And," said the messenger, "that my message is true, take this for a proof:" so he gave him the grasshopper to be a burden unto him. Now, Mr. Despondency's daughter, whose name was Much-afraid, said, when she heard what was done, that she would go with her father. Then Mr. Despondency said to his friends, "Myself and my daughter, you know what we have been, and how troublesomely we have behaved ourselves in every company. My will and my daughter's is, that our desponds and slavish fears be by no man ever received, from the day of our departure, for ever; for I know that after my death they will offer themselves to others. For, to be plain with you, they are ghosts

the which we entertained when we first began to be pilgrims, and could never shake them off after; and they will walk about and seek entertainment of the pilgrims; but, for our sakes, shut ye the doors upon them."

When the time was come for them to depart, they went, to the brink of the river. The last words of Mr. Despondency were, "Farewell night, welcome day." His daughter went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said.

Then it came to pass, a while after, that there was a Post in the town that inquired for Mr. Honest. So he came to his house where he was, and delivered to his hand these lines: "Thou art commanded to be ready against this day seven-night, to present thyself before thy Lord, at His Father's house. And for a token that my message is true, 'All thy daughters of music shall be brought low.'" Then Mr. Honest called for his friends, and said unto them, "I die, but shall make no will. As for my honesty, it shall go with me; let him that comes after be told of this." When the day that he was to be gone was come, he addressed himself to go over the river. Now the river at that time overflowed the banks in some places; but Mr. Honest in his lifetime had spoken to one *Good-conscience* to meet him there, the which he also did, and lent him his hand, and so helped him over. The last words of Mr. Honest were, "Grace reigns." So he left the world.

After this it was noised abroad, that Mr. Valiant-for-truth was taken with a summons by the same Post as the other; and had this for a token that the summons was true, "That his pitcher was broken at the fountain." When he understood it, he called for his friends, and told them of it. Then said he, "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am got hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My Sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battles, who now will be my rewarder." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river side, into which as he went, he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

Take comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends,—
Why then dejected weep?

A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

WHAT IS OBEDIENCE?

(THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.)



HERE are some children who obey, yet disobey.

Fanny's mother said to her one day, "Go up-stairs, my daughter, and bring down a dress of mine."

Fanny stood pouting about it for a good while. At last, however, she went, brought it, threw it at her mother's feet, and said in a sulky tone, "There it is."

She was one who obeyed, yet disobeyed; she did what her mother told her, but in doing it, she did not honour her mother.

A little boy once brought in a dirty stone out of the yard. His father told him to throw it out again. He dared not disobey his father, and so he carried it out. He dared not speak a cross or saucy word, but when he had crossed the door where his father could not see him, he turned and gave a very surly, saucy look. Did he not obey his father? and yet he disobeyed him, and mocked him with his eye.

I know a little girl that has a very pleasant home, and the kindest of parents; yet she is often discontented and unhappy. She pouts with her lips, throws her arms about and sulks, stamps with her feet, and makes herself disagreeable and unhappy. She had a kind mother, who told her what she must do, and what she must not do; but I will tell you what I heard:

"Caroline, you must not take my scissors, my dear."

"Why, mother, I have no scissors of my own to cut off my threads, with," said she pettishly.

"Well, my dear, I will give you a pair, but you must not take mine."

"I'm sure I don't see why! it is only just to cut off my thread."

The scissors were of the finest kind, and highly polished; and Caroline's mother knew she would soil them, if she should handle them with her moist hands.

"Caroline, my dear, you must not climb on the chair to reach your work. You must ask some one to get it for you."

"I'm sure I don't see why! it is less trouble to get it myself than to ask somebody for it."

That very afternoon Caroline mounted a chair to get her work. She reached too far, and over went the chair, and Caroline with it. Her work was scattered over the floor—her needle-book in one direction, the thimble in another—the balls of cotton in another; and what was worse than all, her head struck the edge of the door, and a large gash was cut in her forehead. She cried sadly, and did not get over her hurt for some weeks. Was it less trouble for her to get it herself, do you think? It is a good rule through life, to do what God requires us to do, whether we see *why* or not.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

TO BOIL POTATOES.

Select them of nearly equal size, boil them by the general rule for roots, etc., and when tender, drain the water from them, and let them stand over or by the side of the fire uncovered until all the moisture has evaporated, shaking them occasionally. If they are not wanted immediately, lay a cloth over them, but it is better to peel and serve them without delay. Some put each potatoe into a clean warm cloth, and twist it so as to press all the moisture out and render the potatoe quite round. This method is advisable when it is intended to mash the potatoes, or to use them for puddings or cakes.

ARROW-ROOT.

Mix one ounce of arrow-root in a little cold water. Add about a small tea-cup full more water, when the arrow-root is quite free from lumps. Boil a pint of milk, and pour the arrow-root into it. While boiling, stir the whole for three or four minutes. Let it stand half an hour, to thicken.

TAPIOCA MILK.

Take two ounces of tapioca. Wash it well. Soak it four or five hours in half a pint of water. Put it into a saucepan, with the water in which it has been soaked, and a pint of milk. Stir it five minutes while boiling. Let it stand half an hour afterwards, to thicken.

TAPIOCA JELLY.

Take a quarter of a pound of tapioca. Wash it well. Soak it afterwards, four or five hours, in a pint and a half of water, with the rind and juice of a lemon. Boil, and stir it a quarter of an hour in the same water in which it has been soaked. Add half a quartern of white wine and an ounce of sugar. Let it stand half an hour and strain it into a basin. When cold, it is fit for use.

SUCCESSION OF CROPS.—This is a practice which rural labourers in general are but little acquainted with, though when judiciously executed it is of the greatest advantage. Mixed crops are allowable in cottage gardening: for instance, a sprinkling of radish and coss-lettuce seeds may be sown with the onions, and when the radish and lettuce are drawn, being ready for use, the onions suffer no injury. Broad beans are sometimes planted at the same time, and in the same drill, with potatoes, and without any very visible damage to the latter crop. In this way many more useful vegetables may be raised on a given portion of land than by the old-fashioned custom of sowing broadcast only one patch of each of the common sorts, occupying the ground for the whole summer. Even the onion ground may be planted with cabbages just before the former are fit to pull, and these plants, whether savoy or common cabbage, become fine useful stuff for winter use.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE Churchman's Penny Magazine; Old Jonathan; Children's Treasury; Good Words for Mothers (*Book Society*).



ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON says, "Fill the bushel with good wheat, and there will be no room for chaff and rubbish." This is a good thought for every mother while tending her children, and watching the growth of their power in body and mind.

"As soon as they be born," the Bible says, "children go astray, speaking lies." So soon, therefore, will a Christian mother begin to "train her child in the way he should go," that *good habits* may be formed, ready to carry out *good principles* as the child grows old enough to understand the reason for his conduct.

Good moral habits are essential to the healthfulness of the home; and these may be best taught by the watchful mother's training. One important part of her work is to remove *hindrances* out of her children's way to health and happiness. No dirt, or dirty habits, for example, should be permitted. Washing their hands and faces many times in the day will often remove a sense of discomfort which makes them fretful, as also will giving them food at regular periods. Ragged dress, too, and broken fastenings, add a feeling of degradation, that a careful mother will prevent as far as possible by keeping their clothes whole, neat, and clean. Making their own garments, we may here remark, gives useful employment to girls, and is an important aid in training them up to thrifty habits. Many

families go in rags because they never learned to sew ; while the same wages in the hands of those who know how to employ that useful "one-eyed servant," the needle, keep the household looking always respectable.

Children also should have time to *play*. Happiness is a great promoter of health. The Bible mentions "boys and girls playing in the streets," as one sign of national prosperity. They do not need expensive toys. A little French prince turned from his new year's present of toys from an empress grandmother to watch some peasants making dirt pies, and, it is said, begged the queen his mother to allow him to join in the sport which seemed so charming to his childish eye, as offering some scope to his ingenuity. A few odd bits of wood, or scraps of broken crockery, stones, and oyster shells, afford inexhaustible amusement, cost nothing, and do not spoil ; while if the mother will now and then put in a word to show an interest in her little ones' games, her own spirit will be refreshed and cheered by their light-heartedness.

Children are wonderful imitators, so that it is comparatively easy to lead them early into good ways. They are never so happy as when trying to do what they see older people do. Their plays chiefly consist in copying elders. The little cottager "makes believe" to go to market, to plant a garden, to make hay, to wash, to build, too cook, and to teach in school. The boys are never merrier than when playing at horses, or in some other way aspiring to be like their elders. Many of these games bring the bodily organs into excellent exercise, and strengthen and build up the system wonderfully. These amusements, too, often really prepare the children for the actual business of life, so that they the sooner become helpful to their parents. They should be watched and encouraged therefore in their play to habits of thoughtfulness and self-reliance.

Let it be remembered also, that, while by all means it is well to send children to school, the largest portion of their education, whether for good or evil, is carried on at home, often unconsciously in their amusements, and under the daily influence of what they see and hear about them. It is there that "subtle brains and lis-som fingers" find scope, and learn to promote the well-being of the community. We cannot tell what duties our children may be called to perform in after-life ; many of England's greatest men were born poor cottagers. But we *can*, in a great measure, preserve their brains and limbs from injury ; we can cultivate their faculties and teach them to exercise all their senses—to use their hands diligently and skilfully, to observe with their eyes, to listen to good instruction ; in short, we can, by God's help, teach them, as the prophet says, "to choose the good and refuse the evil." We can encourage them to be apt to learn, so that they may with readiness set about any duty which God may place before them.

Are the children naughty ? Must they be punished ? "The

Lord loveth the son whom He chasteneth;" "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten," are texts which will mitigate the anger of both father and mother, and teach them to adopt such means of correction as shall improve instead of harden their children's minds. Is a little daughter lame and sickly? Does a son get into a hard place? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him;" "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you," saith the Lord.

Does work fail and removal among strangers seems inevitable? The children's conclusion that "Father will see about it," "Mother will be with us," are phrases full of deeper meaning to their parents' ears as they raise their hearts to God, and remember, "Thou compassest my path;" "Thou knowest my way;" "Though I walk through the midst of trouble Thou wilt revive me."

"Within Thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find Thine hand;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still by God."

And when strength fails, and a dear child is languishing into another life beyond the grave, who can tend the dying bed like a mother? in whom is there so much trust as in a father's love? Talk about duty to children, there is no pleasure sweeter than that of training them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, repaid as it is by their fervent friendship in after-life, and the hope of presenting them washed in a Saviour's blood and faultless before the great white throne at the last day.

THE RAGGED SCHOLAR.

Suggested by the last words of a little ragged scholar. "Mother," said Mary, "I am going to Jesus, and if He asks me why you don't come, what shall I say?"



COME nearer, nearer mother,
Wipe this damp from off my
brow;

Take this little hand and
press it;

Mother, I am going now—

To the land where all is glorious,
Oh how glorious! oh how bright!
I have had the angels' warning;
Angels I have seen to-night.

Fare you well, my dearest mother,
I must leave ere break of day;
Should they ask me if you're coming,
What, oh what shall Mary say?

Speak; remove my only pain.
Must I sing farewell for ever?
Say that we shall meet again
Where death hath no power to sever.

Speak, oh speak, if I am dying,
Mother, oh, before we part,
For the hand of death is lying
Cold and heavy on my heart.

Ah, I see your bosom heaving,
I can see the tear-drop fall,
And your lip the prayer is breathing,
And your heart obeys the call.

Do you say you'll follow after?
Oh, be to your promise true.
I'll be waiting to receive thee;
God hath heard my prayer for you.

I depart in joy believing,
I have peace no tongue can tell;
Kiss me now, my mother dearest,
For awhile, farewell, farewell!



THE KING AND THE GIPSY.

KING George the Third was one day riding in Windsor forest. In turning under a row of oak-trees, he heard a cry of distress. He looked to the spot whence the sound came, and saw a gipsy child, who was weeping aloud. The king drew nigh, and asked why she was crying. "Oh, sir, mother is dying," said the child, pointing to a low kind of tent, where lay a female gipsy in the last moments of life. An elder girl was kneeling by her side. "My poor mother, sir," said the girl, not knowing to whom she spoke, "wants a pious person to teach her and to pray with her before she dies; but I don't know where to find one." The woman now looked piteously on her visitor, but was unable to speak a word. "God has sent me to instruct and comfort your mother," said the king. He then sat down on a pack by the side of a wretched bed, and began to speak on the evil of sin, and directed her to Jesus, who could save the chief of sinners. After she had listened to the words of mercy, the poor woman smiled, as if hope had entered her mind; and as the king sat gazing on her she breathed her last. The king gave some money to the poor gipsy children, told them who he was, and

directed them to look to him for help, but more than all, to seek God as their Friend and Father.

How worthy of a king was this object, to seek to save a soul from death, a soul that was of more value than a world, and that will live when earthly crowns and kingdoms shall have long ceased to be. But what shall we say of the love of Him who was "God manifest in the flesh;" who "came to seek and to save that which was lost"? "Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor." To redeem our souls He became the "Man of sorrows," and shed His "precious blood." Shall such love be shown, and such a price be paid, and will not you care about the salvation of your own soul? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."



"REJOICE WITH ME."

THANKSGIVING tea-meeting of about fifty persons was recently held in Sidney Street, Commercial Road East. The convener of the meeting was a working man. After tea, he said:—Dear friends, in the invites sent out to you there was a quotation from LUKE xv. 6, "Rejoice with me." No doubt most of you are curious to know wherefore you have been called together. Permit me, in as few words as possible, to state that God, in His wisdom, has made me the father of nine children. The first of these, which He took to Himself, was an infant, of whose eternal safety I never had a doubt. The next was a little boy of about seven and a half years, to whom the Lord revealed Himself, and he truly became a preacher of righteousness to his mother. Well, as many of you know, when the cholera was raging in 1866, it pleased our heavenly Father to take two of my daughters by that scourge—one aged twenty-three, the other nineteen. We buried both in one grave. The joy is, they both knew the Lord. Since then (having five still living), my eldest daughter, aged twenty-eight, has been brought to the Saviour. My two sons—one nineteen, the other fifteen—have also found peace through the shed blood of Christ. My daughter Hannah, aged eleven, has recently been converted. And while going over to Bromley to invite some of our friends who are here, I was asking the dear Lord to give us a good meeting, that my friends and neighbours might "rejoice with me" over the Lord's goodness and grace to so many of my children; whilst so communing with my heavenly Father, He very kindly gave me His precious word for the last of my children, now eight years old. So, dear friends, as a parent desirous of the salvation of my offspring, I may say that my happiness is complete on that point. This, dear friends, is the reason why my dear wife and I have called you together.

I wish it to be a rejoicing meeting, and I therefore repeat the text, "Rejoice with me," for that which was lost is found. Now, if there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, is there not, think you, great joy in the same place over a whole family brought to the Lord. Yea, indeed there is. And such being the case, should there not be joy, joy unspeakable, in our hearts at this manifestation of the grace of God towards a whole family. In view, then, of His abounding mercy, my friends and neighbours, I say once more, "Rejoice with me."



BELIEVE AND LIVE.

AFTER all, faith in God's sayings, which is surely a very obvious, simple, and intelligible idea, how seldom is it realized by any of us! People think they believe in them because they so far acquiesce as not to gainsay them; and yet, with this acquiescence, an acquiescence so resolute and strong that you would be shocked to utter aught in contradiction to them, there may yet be no faith. For let there be but belief in the gospel, and where lies the hindrance to peace, joy, confidence in the good-will of a reconciled Father, *even at this moment*? Why postpone all this? Why not rely on the good tidings of great joy, and be glad accordingly? How long shall we put off trusting to God for that redemption which is through the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of sin? It may startle you to be told that this last question is tantamount to the following: How long shall we persist in holding God to be a liar? He Himself distinctly resolves it to this alternative: He tells us of the record that He has given of His Son, even that He has given us eternal life, and that this life is in His Son; and He complains of being made a liar by all who will not believe all this! "He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself: he that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the record that God gave of His Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John v. 10-12). This, one might think, is bringing salvation very near to us. It is telling us to take and live; to trust and be satisfied. On this footing, and it is the true one, there should be an instant transition from death to life, from darkness to the marvellous light of the gospel. Let us not think that the way of being washed from our sins is anything more complex or circuitous than this, else we fall into the error of Naaman the Syrian, when told to wash him from his leprosy in the waters of Jordan.

We are washed from our sins through the blood of Christ. But this is through faith in His blood. Let us so believe; and so shall it be done unto us. These are plain sayings; yet how few think of a salvation so nigh, and so placed by God within our reach, even that God who offers and entreats, and beseeches and commands, nay, threatens it upon our acceptance! What need of prayer, then, that the scales might fall from our eyes!—*Dr. Chalmers, in a letter to his daughter.*

THE LILY OF ST. CROIX.



N the south of France, among the mountains of the Auvergne, lay the little village of St. Croix. It was a beautiful spot, on the north bank of the fair Garonne, near to its fountain head; and the inhabitants were a gentle, kindly people, uniting the careless, buoyant glee of the children of the South, with much of the fortitude and steadfast courage of the sons of the mountains. In this secluded hamlet dwelt a carpenter, called Gérard Aurillac. His wife had been long dead, and he lived with his only child, and her faithful nurse, in a little cottage on the outskirts of the village, nearest to the mountains.

Many years before our story opens, a minister of the Huguenot faith had found refuge from persecution among the hospitable inhabitants of St. Croix. Faithfully and zealously he had preached the doctrines he held, and when he departed, more than one among those simple people had exchanged the errors of Rome for the faith of the suffering Huguenots.

Foremost among these was Gérard Aurillac and his wife; and their little girl had been lovingly treated by the good minister. At the time of her mother's death, little Adele had just completed her fourth year. An old woman, who had always lived in her mother's family, and who during her illness had taken charge of the little household, remained with them, and gave, as far as she was able, a mother's care to the little girl. But it was her father who became her instructor, companion, and nurse. She was always at his side in the workshop; her meals were taken on his knee, and she slept nestled in his bosom. During his walks she was seldom absent, clinging to his hand, and, when weary, seated on his shoulder or carried in his strong arms. From his lips she learned the simple Huguenot hymns, with their wild, sweet tunes, which she carolled forth in her fresh young voice of exquisite melody. Often her father would join his deep tones to her silvery notes; and the kindly villagers would say, as they paused to listen, "It is Gérard Aurillac and his little blind girl singing praises to God."

Yes, little Adele was blind. Not once had she seen the blue sky and the bright stars above head, or the green grass sprinkled with many-coloured flowers beneath her feet. Her beautiful blue eyes, with their long, dark lashes, had never seen her father's face, or the tender, wistful, loving smile, it always wore for her. She was very fair, with soft, brown curls, and such a gentle smile, and pure white brow, that she was known throughout the hamlet by no other name than the "Lily of St. Croix."

After her mother's death, Gérard had, with much trouble, procured a large and beautiful dog, which he trained to be his little daughter's constant companion and protector. She would hold fast to the chain attached to his neck, and show him some article belonging to her father, when trusty Fidèle would lead her slowly and gently to him.

When Adele was about eight years of age, the persecution against the Huguenots was carried on with redoubled violence. It soon became known that the hamlet of St. Croix was devoted to the reformed faith; and that the good curé, having been himself a Huguenot in secret, was the reason of its unusual freedom from persecution. He was a good, but weak old man, who dared not confess his opinion openly; and, at his death, the people had continued to meet for worship, which was conducted by Gérard Aurillac. This was soon discovered, and news brought to Gérard that they were seeking his life.

It was on a clear, bright morning in June, that a man came up to the carpenter's little cottage, saying that a wealthy gentleman, who lived about five miles distant, had sent for him to execute a piece of work which would not take him more than a few hours. The messenger was known to Gérard as a workman in the gentleman's employment, so he at once prepared to accompany him. Telling his little girl that he would be back before sunset, he bade her a fond good-bye, and swinging his tools on his shoulder, set forth at a rapid pace.

Sunset came and passed, and still Gérard did not return. Little Adele looked in vain for his coming, and strained her ear to catch his well-known footsteps. She was obliged, at length, to eat her supper and go to bed without him. It was the first time he had ever been absent at night, and her little heart felt desolate and lonely. She would not consent to share old Jacintha's couch, but crept to her accustomed place, saying, "He will come before morning; I know he will come before morning."

It was long ere she slept, and when she awoke the sun was already up. She rose, and called for Jacintha; but the old woman, thinking her sleep was too sound to be speedily broken, had run over to a neighbour's house to inquire if anything had been heard of Gérard, for she knew that he would not voluntarily have stayed a night from his child. Finding herself alone, Adele called her dog, and, filled with anxiety for her father, showed Fidèle a coat

belonging to him, bidding the sagacious animal to seek him. Instantly he set forth, and Adele with him. The fresh, dewy morning, the cool, flower-scented air, and the song of the birds, all combined to make the little girl feel relieved of half her fears; and she ran gaily on, talking to her dumb companion of her father's delight when he should see them coming to meet him, and then burst forth into a song of joy, like a bird set free.

ADELE'S HYMN.

"In the Lord I'll put my trust,
Knowing that His power must
Win the victory;
For His arm is strong to save;
He hath triumphed o'er the grave;
Death shall no more dominion have;
Christ shall set us free.
Free! free! We are for ever free!

Welcome woes for Christ's dear name;
Welcome suffering, welcome shame,
If for Him they come.
Welcome dungeons, dark and drear!
Death itself can bring no fear,
If the risen Christ is near,
And will take us home!
Home! home! For evermore at home."

For some time they proceeded along the high-road; but at length the dog turned off into what Adele could feel to be a woodland path. Along this they hurried for a considerable distance, when the path began to descend rapidly. Adele now recognised it as a small but very deep glen, which, from its extreme seclusion, was often chosen by the Huguenots, as the place of their secret meetings for worship. Soon she heard voices, and in another moment the welcome tones of her father reached her ear. She urged her dog forward, and bursting through the underbrush she cried, "Father! father! I have found you at last."

"Adele! oh, merciful Father, my child! my child!" came in tones of agony from Gérard's lips; but Adele scarcely heard, for her trusty guide had led her close to her father's side, and her arms were around his neck, her face hidden on his breast. But it was in no peaceful congregation that Adele had found her father. He was kneeling, with his arms secured behind him, at the foot of a giant tree, and opposite stood a file of soldiers, with their weapons levelled full upon him. Two priests were the only other persons present. On the morning before, Gérard had been captured by the soldiers, who were lying in wait for him near to the glen. The messenger, being a strict Catholic, had been easily induced by the priests to betray the poor carpenter into their hands; and his work was done effectually. Gérard was hurried to a house in the neighbourhood, where, after being examined by the priest, and proving firm in his refusal to give up his faith, he was condemned to be shot the next day, on the very spot where he had

so often led in the worship of God. His body was to be left where it fell, as a warning to the rest of the villagers. At the moment that Adele appeared, the poor martyr was making his last prayer to God for his blind and helpless child, so soon to be an orphan. "My darling! my darling!" he cried, "my poor helpless little one!" and his tears and kisses covered her fair, innocent face.

"Papa, why do you not put your arms around me? Why do you kneel here so strangely?" questioned the child, a vague terror stealing over her. "Are you not praying to the congregation, papa?"

Before Gérard could answer, one of the priests approached and tried to lead her away, saying harshly, "Your father is a heretic, girl; and he has taught you his wicked belief, I see. No, this is no congregation, but an execution. Do you understand, or must I tell you more plainly? Your father is to be shot, and unless you come away a bullet will find you too. Come away, I say."

But she clung more closely to him, sobbing, "Are they going to kill you, my papa? Oh, let me die with you! Do not leave me; I have no one but you—no one but you."

"My darling! my darling! you have Jesus!" cried the almost distracted man. "O God, have mercy on my poor, poor child!"

Suddenly, with a quick motion, which Gérard saw not, the priest, who had not yet spoken, gave the signal for which alone the soldiers waited, and the ten carbines were fired simultaneously. With one cry of, "O God! my child," Gérard fell on his side, his little daughter still clinging to him. The soldiers rushed forward, and found them both dead, pierced by the bullets, some of which had passed through both. Owing to Adele lying on his breast, the wounds in Gérard's body would not have been fatal, had not one of the soldiers, more merciful than his fellows, raised his weapon and sent the unerring bullet through the poor man's temple, causing a death as instantaneous as had been that of his child. And there the villagers found them, even as they fell; the strong, brave man, and, on his breast, the gentle, helpless child, no longer blind. With care and skill they carved the simple cross which marks the spot. Above, a crown, with this inscription on it:

"Here lies Gérard Aurillac, the martyr; a faithful follower of Jesus Christ, and a member of the Huguenot church."

Below, a broken lily with the additional words:

"And his blind daughter who suffered with him, dying on his breast—Adele, the gentle Lily of St. Croix."

A little while, through grief and care,
Thy servants, Lord, their cross must bear;
Still let this thought our hearts beguile,—
It is but for a little while.



LEARNING TO WALK.



ONLY beginning the journey,
Many a mile to go ;
Little feet how they patter,
Wandering to and fro !

Trying again so bravely,
Laughing in baby glee ;
Hiding its face in mother's lap,
Proud as a baby can be.

Talking the oddest language
Ever before was heard ;
But mother—you'd hardly think so—
Understands every word.

Tottering now and falling,
Eyes that are going to cry.
Kisses and plenty of love-words,
Willing again to try.

Father of all, oh, guide them,
The pattering little feet,
While they are treading the up-hill road,
Braving the dust and heat !

Aid them when they grow weary,
Keep them in a pathway blest,
And when the journey's ended,
Saviour, oh, give them rest!

SARAH MARTIN.



SARAH MARTIN, of Great Yarmouth, was brought up to the business of a dressmaker, and followed this vocation in her native town. Her mind was brought under the saving influence of religion at the age of nineteen. Like most others, whose conversion to God is real, she no sooner experienced the blessedness of true religion than she longed to diffuse it. The first impulse of her zeal was a strong desire to visit the workhouse, and read and pray with its inmates. God, who inspires such wishes, will always make way for their gratification; and it was her felicity not only to gain admission to the house, but to receive a hearty welcome and a patient attention from its inmates. In the same year, when passing the jail, she felt a strong inclination to be admitted within its gloomy walls and cells, to read the Scriptures to the prisoners. She kept her wish a secret, lest her friends should interfere, and hinder her in this work of mercy. God led her, and she consulted none but Him. Difficulties presented themselves, but they soon vanished before the power of faith, prayer, and perseverance. The governor, aware of her consistent piety and benevolent character, indulged her in her generous plan of benefiting his guilty charge. Her frequent visits soon became habitual ones. Finding, on one occasion, a female convict who was about to be transported making a bonnet on the Sabbath, she immediately obtained permission to set up regular Sabbath service, which till then had been neglected, and which from that time was conducted by herself.

To carry out her schemes for the improvement of the prisoners, she now sacrificed one day's profitable labour to give it to them. A pious lady, aware of this generous sacrifice, bought another day's labour of her for the jail, by allowing her what she usually received for her day's work. Books were wanting for the instruction of the women, and to obtain these she raised a quarterly subscription among a few friends. In connection with these visits to the jail, she carried on, during an hour or two of the day, the instruction of a few boys and girls, and kept up also her unabated attention to the paupers in the workhouse. As the close sick-rooms of that asylum of poverty materially injured her health, she was compelled to relinquish this sphere of benevolence, and take up in lieu of it a workhouse school. At length her whole time was redeemed from making ladies' dresses, and given to the blessed work of instructing and reforming the victims of sin and of justice; for, as may be supposed, her business would naturally and

necessarily decline in consequence of her irregular attention to it. Her support failed with her business, except what she derived from the interest of two or three hundred pounds. But with strong and unpresumptuous faith, she exclaimed, "The Lord will provide." And so He did. She had by this time become, quite unintentionally, a public character. The corporation knew, approved, and sanctioned her labours; and did more than this, for they voted her an allowance from the public funds. Her delicate and generous mind was wounded by the offer, and for awhile she pertinaciously refused it, till it was literally forced upon her, by her acceptance of it being made the condition of the continuance of her visits to the jail. This, of course, subdued all opposition. In this career she continued setting up one institution after another in the jail, for the benefit of its inmates, all tending to instruct their minds, to reform their morals, to promote their industry, to soften the rigour of their imprisonment, and to prepare them either for their return to society, or for their banishment into a land of exile. Nor did her solicitude leave them when they were discharged from prison, but followed them with its counsels and its vigilance into whatever situation she could trace them. It was her custom to compose addresses in the form of short sermons to be read to them at their Sabbath worship, and which did honour to her head and heart. A few of these are printed at the end of her memoirs. So efficient were her services in the jail, that most honourable mention of them was made in the report given to Parliament by the Inspector of Prisons. Her influence, which consisted of the meekness of wisdom and the gentleness of love, was unbounded over her guilty and degraded pupils. Men, as well as women, hardened in crime, would, by their attention and kindness to her, yield the spectacle of the lion crouching at the feet of the lamb. In this way did this modest and unassuming young woman pursue her beneficial career, struggling all the while with a feeble frame, till, worn out with the efforts of her self-denying zeal, the operations of which were often carried on amid vermin, filth, and vice, so abhorrent to her physical and moral sensibilities, she ceased from her labours and entered that world where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. In prospect of her decease she composed a funeral sermon for herself, to be read to the prisoners after her death, and a touching and beautiful address it is.

The name of Sarah Martin will never cease to be mentioned with a tribute of esteem, as long as there are hearts to feel, or tongues to express, a high admiration for pure, disinterested, and self-denying benevolence. She rests from her labours, and her works do follow her.

"Servant of God, well done!
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."



WHAT JESSIE LOST IN THE BROOK.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.



JESSIE was a little girl going to school. She had her spelling-book, and slate-pencil, and sewing-work, and thimble, and a box of beads, and she had *time* too. "Good-bye, mother," she said, kissing her. "Good-bye, my dear," said mother; "don't *lose* anything."

A little brook crossed the road on Jessie's way to school.

It was running to the river, and it ran very fast. Jessie stopped to look on it as it twinkled in the sun. She stooped down and put in her hand to stop it. It would not be stopped. It jumped over her hands and through her fingers, and ran off as fast as it could. While Jessie was playing with the water she lost something. But she did not miss it then. I should not wonder if the water's not stopping put the little girl in mind that *she* ought not to stop; so she jumped up and hurried to school.

When she got to school the door was locked, and a card with staring letters, "Late!" hung at the door. "O dear, dear," cried Jessie, very much vexed; "now I shall get a bad mark, for I have no excuse." When the door was unlocked, she went in; and at noon she told Miss Marvin how it happened she was late.

"You met with a serious loss at the brook, did you not, Jessie?" said Miss Marvin; "something you can never find?"

"Loss!" said little Jessie, looking up surprised. "I did not miss anything. It was not my spelling-book, surely?"

"A greater loss than your spelling-book, because the book might be picked up," said the teacher. "Not my silver thimble?" said Jessie, feeling in her pocket. "A silver thimble could be found," said Miss Marvin, "this cannot be!"

"Did you think that I lost my box of beads?" asked Jessie. "If you had, I suppose you could easily buy another box." "So I could a slate-pencil, if I lost that." "Yes," said Miss Marvin; "but what you lost cannot be found or bought again, nor can it be made up any way; it is lost for ever." "O," said Jessie, looking sorry and puzzled. "But what is it, Miss Marvin?"

"It is *lost time*, Jessie," said the teacher. "Yes," said the little girl, blushing, "that I *did* lose by the brook. I lost time." "And you missed it very much when you got to the school-room door," said the teacher. "O, I did, Miss Marvin," said Jessie, "I did. I would have given anything for a minute more."

But a minute lost can never be got back; it is gone for ever. Nor can one be borrowed, or bought, or begged. A rich woman who had not long to live once cried out: "Thousands of pounds for an inch of time!" But thousands of pounds could not buy it.

God gives every child golden minutes enough to *use*, but none to lose. Spend them, my little ones, in such a manner that you "may give for every day some good account at last."

CHILDHOOD'S HOURS.



MID the blue and starry sky,
A group of hours one
even

Met as they took their up-
ward flight
Into the highest heaven.

And they were going up to heaven,
With all that had been done
By little children, good or bad,
Since the last rising sun.

And some had gold and purple wings,
Some drooped like faded flowers,
And sadly soared to tell the tale
That they were misspent hours.

Some glowed with rosy hopes and
smiles,

And some had many a tear;
Others had some kind words and acts
To carry upward there.

A shining hour, with golden plumes,
Was laden with a deed
Of generous sacrifice, a child
Had done for one in need.

And one was bearing up a prayer,
A little child had said,
All full of child-like faith and love,
While kneeling by his bed.

And thus they glided on and gave
Their records dark and bright
To Him who marks each passing hour
Of childhood's day and night.

Remember, children of the earth,
Each hour is on its way,
Bearing its own report to heaven
Of all you do or say!

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOW TO TREAT WORMS.

Take a dose of rhubarb and magnesia every morning fasting; drink half a pint of lime water in hot milk during the course of the day, or give twenty drops of turpentine on sugar twice a day. Strong senna tea given every morning as an aperient is good. Children should be made to eat freely of salt with their food, and drink occasionally wormwood tea, or a tea made from walnut leaves: this would often prevent worms.

ABSCESSSES AND TUMOURS.

Abscesses and tumours chiefly require local treatment, such as fomentations, poultices, or drawing salves. If the patient be feverish and irritable, take some active aperient medicine.

TO CURE A QUINSEY.

Mix equal quantities of linseed oil, oil of olives, oil of turpentine, and water of ammonia; the throat to be well rubbed with it, and a flannel kept round.

DIZZINESS IN THE HEAD.

One tablespoonful of ginger, one of camomiles, and one of aniseed, put into a jug, and three pints of boiling water poured over. Keep it warm by the fire, and take a teacupful three times a day.

TO CURE COSTIVENESS.

Drink every day a pint of water, with one table-spoonful of oatmeal and one of treacle stirred into it.

CURE FOR DEAFNESS.

Put into the ear a little salt butter, every night for a fortnight.

TO PROCURE SLEEP.

Take a little bit of camphor, the size of a pill, every night; or have one pound of hops, sewed up as a pillow in muslin, and either put it under the pillow in general use, or lay the head upon it. This will often procure sleep when opiates are objectionable.

FOR EPILEPSY.

A tea spoonful of salt, put into the mouth of a person during a fit of epilepsy, will often relieve, and restore consciousness.

CHILBLAINS.

Boil some turnips, and mash them to a pulp; put them into a tub or large basin, and place the feet in almost as hot as can be borne, for a short time before going to bed. Persevere for a few nights, and the irritation of the chilblains will be cured. This must be done before the chilblains are broken.

CHAPPED LIPS.

Two teaspoonfuls of clarified honey, with a few drops of lavender water, mixed. Anoint the lips frequently.

WEAKNESS OF THE ANKLES OR WRISTS.

Pour over them, night and morning, one gallon of salt and water, one pound of salt to the gallon.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Hymns for Quiet Hours.—Hymns for Mothers' Meetings (*Partridge*).—Home Visitor (*Hunt & Co.*).—Golden Hours (*Macintosh*).—Children's Treasury; Ladies' Scriptural Missions (*Book Society*).—Nelly Scott (*Morgan & Chase*).



"Train up a child in the way he should go : and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

Each baby that comes into a Christian home brings with it this joint command and promise, as newly given by God to its parents, as when Solomon wrote it among his proverbs. That promise is yours and mine. We must listen to no contradiction of it, nor to any apparent instances to the contrary, so alarming and so common in the Church. We must only look at Eli, Samuel, Aaron, to be warned ; and pass on in the pilgrim road, with our child in one hand and heaven's promise in the other, until God transfer the writing on the mandate to the tablet of the young heart—till we see our children become living members of the Church on earth, or go to be for ever happy sharers in the bliss of the Church made perfect. Those parents who have believed the promise most implicitly have received the most remarkable confirmations of it ; how all-important then to exclude doubt from our minds, and to nourish a faith at once humble, vigorous, and intelligent. Such a faith will keep us active and watchful. How carefully we have seen the vines trained and pruned on the house porches of the south, that they might yield the greatest amount of fruit and shade. When a creeper is trained on a trellis, many days must not elapse between the visits, lest the stems should break away in directions of their own. And the


training of our little children is a life-long work while a child remains to us ;—urgent and pressing, because we do not know how soon it may end. The glossy hair, and thoughtful brow, and full bright cheek, look indeed as if they were to be long with us—to shade a manly forehead one day—to work out many schemes—to live out joyous days. But the life is measured off at a certain length, and to-morrow it may vanish from our sight. Yet if we are diligent and prayerful at our allotted task our labour will tell ; and we shall reap if we faint not. The self-indulgence which hinders us in other things should almost prompt us here. Our very failings which make us shrink from other undertakings urge us to this, for, if neglectful in it, they may all re-appear in our child. Nature comes willingly to be the handmaid of grace in this work. Self-interest, pleasure, duty, all concur. To abate the training would spoil it by making it perceptible and uneven, instead of noiseless and constant. We have taken the reins into our hand ; how dare we lay them down again ? The little wayward feet must be controlled by steady perseverance till childhood end ;—all the sharp corners that are sure to come in contact with peculiar dispositions, must be avoided by watchful care, and all unnecessary collisions averted, if possible, by sleight of hand : but when they do come, entire submission of the will must be secured.

To train up children as a *duty* merely would bring its own measure of present reward. But to choose the training of them as the study of the *heart*, to have it always floating on the surface of the thoughts—more even when the children are absent than when they are with us, and often while they sleep—this indeed scatters sweetness over the daily task. The command to train our children is in itself encouraging. Does it not imply that as we seek to train the little one, our Father in heaven will charge Himself with training us for the work ? Often too we feel that we have learned more by means of our child than we ever taught it. We get back more than we give away. Light breaks out from the lessons we give and the discipline we use, on all the path by which *our* Father is leading us along. Even that chastisement which is a stumbling-block to the world, and which it calls hard and mysterious, can be read at sight by a Christian parent—or almost foreseen by the felt need of it.—“*The Way Home.*”

GRACE AND GLORY.—Grace and glory are one and the same thing, in a different print, in a smaller and greater letter. Glory lies couched and compacted in grace, as the beauty of a flower lies couched and concealed in the seed.—*Hopkins.*

BY FAITH.—It is *by* faith, not *for* faith, that we are justified. Nothing can be a greater corruption of the truth than to represent *believing* as accepted instead of righteousness, or to be the righteousness that saves the sinner.—*J. A. James.*

LITTLE FEET.

“WO little feet, so small that both may nestle
In one caressing hand ;
Two tender feet upon the untried border
Of Life's mysterious land ;

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach-tree blossoms
In April's fragrant days—
How can they walk among the briery tangles
Edging the world's rough ways ?

These white-rose feet along the doubtful future
Must bear a woman's load ;
Alas ! since woman has the heaviest burden,
And walks the hardest road !

Love, for a while, will make the path before them
All dainty, smooth, and fair—
Will cull away the brambles, letting only
The roses blossom there :

But when the mother's watchful eyes are shrouded
Away from sight of men,
And these dear feet are left without her guiding,
Who shall direct them then ?

How they will be allured, betrayed, deluded,
Poor little untaught feet !
Into what dreary mazes will they wander ?
What dangers will they meet ?

Will they go stumbling blindly in the darkness
Of sorrow's tearful shades ?
Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty
Whose sunlight never fades ?

Will they go toiling up ambition's summit,
The common world above ?
Or in some nameless vale securely sheltered,
Walk side by side with Love ?

Some feet there be which walk life's track unwounded,
Which find but pleasant ways ;
Some hearts there be to which this life is only
A round of happy days.

But they are few. Far more there are who wander
Without a hope or friend ;
Who find their journey full of pains and losses,
And long to reach the end.

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger,
Fair-faced and gentle-eyed,
Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway
Stretches so strange and wide ?

Ah ! who may read the future ? For our darling
We crave all blessings sweet ;
And pray that He who feeds the crying ravens
Will guide the baby's feet.

Christian Treasury.



THE MOULDY LOAF.



NCE, as a poor family sat round the table to a scanty meal, one of the children looked up reproachfully at his father, and down distastefully at the portion before him. The portion was bread, and the bread was dry and mouldy.

The father was quick to see his son's discontent; but he spoke gently.

"My dear boy, I am sorry we have nothing more pleasant than dry bread to-day. I am still more sorry that our bread is mouldy; but see——," and he handed his own portion to the boy, who saw then that his father had taken the very worst part of the loaf for his own share, and cut and pared away the most mouldy and bitter parts of his children's slices on to his own plate.

The boy coloured, looked wistfully into his father's kind and patient but anxious countenance, and burst into tears. His mouldy bread was sweet after that.

Christian, you sometimes are tempted to look up reproachfully to your heavenly Father, and down discontentedly at your hard and scanty portion. You half revolt against the mouldy loaf, and are prone to envy the prosperity of others. Perhaps the best cure for this discontent, and the best way to make your bitter

bread sweet, is to be shown of what your Saviour's portion consisted.

"How bitter that cup no heart can conceive,
Which He drank quite up, that sinners might live.
His way was much rougher and darker than mine :
Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine ?"

Is poverty your mouldy loaf? Your Redeemer and Lord was poor. Though He was rich, for your sake He became poor. The Son of man had not where to lay His head. Look at this, His portion; then look back at your own, and it will be more sweet to you.

Is persecution, contempt, derision, or disdain, your mouldy loaf? Your Lord was despised and rejected of men. He was reviled, and persecuted, and hated, mocked, scourged, and crucified. Look at His portion, and then surely your own will be manna to your taste, while you will be ready to sing or to say,—

As much have I of worldly good
As e'er my Master had :
I diet on as dainty food,
And am as richly clad,
(Though plain my garb, though scant my board,)
As Mary's Son and nature's Lord.

The manger was His infant bed,
His home the mountain cave ;
He had not where to lay His head ;
He borrowed e'en His grave.
Earth yielded Him no resting-spot :
Her Maker, but she knew Him not !

As much the world's good will I share,
Its favour and applause,
As He who's blessed name I bear—
Hated without a cause.
Despised, rejected, mocked by pride,
Betrayed, forsaken, crucified !"

The mouldy loaf! Well, it is not pleasant; but yours at any rate may be wholesome and medicinal. May be! Surely it is and must be, or it would not be your portion; for your heavenly Father has all resources at His command, and could feed you on dainties, were it His good pleasure. But He knows what is best for you, and He intends your light affliction, which is but for a moment, to work for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. He knows, as well as you know, that "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous but grievous;" but He means that it shall be made to yield in you the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

Take then your small share of the mouldy loaf, and thank God for it. There is another course to come; and "Blessed are they that are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb."

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God so willeth, God so willeth,  
Every murmur sweetly stilleth.

## HOPE IN DEATH.



BEHOLD, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God."—*Stephen*.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."—*Paul*.

"I would rather die for Jesus Christ, than rule to the utmost ends of the earth."—*Ignatius*.

"I bless Thee, O Lord, that Thou hast thought me worthy to have part in the number of Thy martyrs, in the cup of Thy Christ. For this, I bless Thee, I bless Thee, I glorify Thee."—*Polycarp*.

"Oh how I long for that blessed moment, when this poor, unworthy creature, the last and least of all my Master's servants, shall be called to put off this load of sin and corruption, and to mingle with that harmonious host above, doing homage with them in the blessed presence of my glorious Lord."—*Augustine*.

"O my heavenly Father, Thou hast revealed to me Thy Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. I have preached Him, I have confessed Him, I love Him, and I worship Him, as my dearest Saviour and Redeemer. Into Thy hands I commit my spirit; God of truth, Thou hast redeemed me."—*Luther*

"Rejoice with me; I am going to a place of everlasting joy. In a short time I shall be with the Lord Jesus."—*Ecolampadius*.

"I long to be in heaven, praising and glorifying God, with the holy angels. 'Tis sweet to me to think of eternity. I am almost there. I long to be there."—*Brainerd*.

"Oh, what prospects are before me in the blessed world whither I am going! Will you not share my joy, and help me to praise, that soon I shall leave this body of sin and death behind, and enter on the perfection of my spiritual nature? Sweet affliction, now it worketh glory, glory!"—*Samuel Pearce*.

"I have no more doubt of going to my Saviour than if I were already in His arms: my guilt is all transferred; He has cancelled all I owed."—*Isabella Graham*.

"All is well, well for ever! I see, wherever I turn my eyes, whether I live or die, nothing but victory. I am cradled in the arms of love and mercy. I long to be at home."—*Lady Huntingdon*.

"There is nothing at all melancholy in the death of a Christian. I feel very happy in the prospect of death."—*Sarah Lanman Smith*.

"I see, indeed, no prospect of recovery, yet my heart rejoiceth in my God and my Saviour. Such transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with as no words can express."—*Doddridge*.

"My heart is full, it is brimful; I can hold no more. I now know what that means, 'the peace of God which passeth all un-

derstanding.' I cannot express what glorious discoveries God hath made to me. How lovely is the sight of a smiling Jesus when one is dying!"—*Janeway*.

"I cannot tell the comforts I feel in my soul; they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that He leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul."—*Toplady*.

"I am ready to die, through the grace of my Lord Jesus; and I look forward to the full enjoyment of holy men and angels, and the full vision of God for evermore."—*Carey*.

"All things are mine. God sustains me through wearisome days, and tedious, painful nights. Simple faith in His word keeps my mind in peace, but He generously adds strong consolation. Death has no sting."—*David Abeel*.

"This is heaven begun. I have done with darkness for ever. Nothing remains but light and joy for ever!"—*Thomas Scott*.

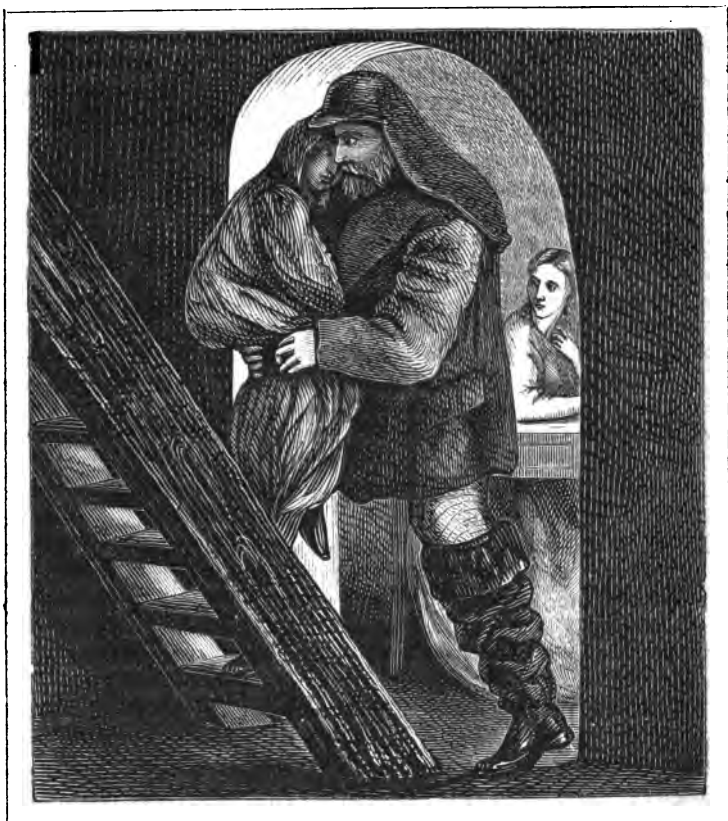
"Home, home—I see the New Jerusalem—they praise Him, they praise Him!"—*Normand Smith*.

"The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. A single heart and single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants; I want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion."—*Payson*.

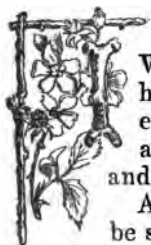
## GEORGE BURDER'S CHILDHOOD.



"CAN never," said the late Rev. George Burder, "forget my birthday, June 5th, 1762. It was on a Sabbath; and after tea, and before family worship, my father was accustomed to catechise me, and examine what I remembered of the sermons of the day. That evening he talked to me very affectionately, and reminded me that it was high time I began to seek the Lord, and to become truly religious. He particularly insisted upon the necessity of an interest in Christ Jesus, and showed me that, as a sinner, I must perish without it, and recommended me to begin that night to pray for it. After family worship, when my father and mother used to retire to their closets for private devotion, I also went to my chamber, the same room in which I was born, and then, I trust, sincerely and earnestly, and, as far as I can recollect, for the first time poured out my soul to God, beseeching Him to give me an interest in Christ, and desiring, above all things, to be found in Him. I am now an old man, but reflecting on that evening, I have often been ready to conclude, that surely I was *then*, though a *little* child, brought to believe in Christ."



## HAVE FAITH IN GOD.



**WAS** once in an awful storm at sea ; we were for many hours tossed about in sight of dangerous rocks ; the engines would work no longer ; the wind raged violently, and around were heard the terrific roar of the breakers, and the dash of the waves, as they broke over the deck.

All this dreary and trying time, while we lay, as might be said, at the mercy of the waves, I found great comfort and support from an apparently trifling circumstance ; it was, that the captain's child, a little girl of about twelve years old, was in the cabin with us. He had come two or three times, in the midst of his cares and toils, to see how his child went on, and it is well known how cheering is the sight of a captain in such a time of danger. As our situation grew worse, I saw the little girl rising on her elbow, and bending her eyes anxiously to the door, as if longing for her father's re-appearance. He came at last. He was a

large, bluff, sailor-like man; an immense coat, great sea-boots, and an oilskin cap, with flaps hanging down his neck, were streaming with the water. He fell on his knees on the floor beside the low berth of his child, and stretched his arms over her, but did not speak.

After a little while, he asked if she was alarmed. "Father," the child answered, "let me be with you and I shall not be afraid."

"With me!" he cried; "you could not stand it for an instant."

"Father, let me be with you," she repeated.

"My child, you would be more frightened then," he said, kissing her, while the tears were on his rough cheeks.

"No, father, I will not be afraid if you take me with you. O father, let me be with you!" and she threw her arms around his neck, and clung fast to him. The strong man was overcome; he lifted his child in his arms, and carried her away with him.

How much I felt her departure! As long as the captain's child was near, I felt her to be a sort of pledge for the return and care of the captain. I knew that in a moment of greatest danger the father would run to his child; I was certain that were the vessel to be abandoned in the midst of the wild waves, I should know of every movement, for the captain would not desert his child. Thus, in the presence of that child I had comforted myself, and when she went, I felt abandoned, and for the first time fearful. I rose, and managed to get on deck. The sea and sky seemed one; it was a dreadful sight. Shuddering I shrank back, and threw myself on my couch. Then came the thought—the child is content; she is with her father; and have I no Father? O God, I thank Thee! in that moment I could answer, Yes. An unseen Father, it is true; and faith is not as sight, and nature is not as grace; but still I knew I had a Father—a Father, whose love surpasseth knowledge. The thought calmed my mind. Reader, does it calm yours?

Oh! cries the trembling soul, the storm is fearful; the sky is hid; we walk in darkness, and have no light. "Be still, and know that I am God," saith the Lord; be happy, and know that God is thy Father.

"Fear not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed, for I am thy God." All things are under the dominion of Christ; and all things, yea, even terrible things, shall work together for good to them that love God. Tempest-tossed soul, as the child clung to her father's bosom, so cling thou to thy God; in the moment of thine extremity He will appear, to be with thee or take thee to be with Himself. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee."

"I will be with thee" when the journey's o'er,  
And Jordan's billows break upon thy sight,  
And in my arms I'll bear thee safely o'er,  
And land thee there upon the shores of light."



## "GOD IS NOW HERE!"



HE owner of that pretty little cottage was an *atheist*. As regards this world, he was very prosperous; a carpenter by trade, he had plenty of work, health, and strength, and all he wanted. For years he lived despising God. He had a loving, praying, pious wife, but she had a long, long time to wait before her prayers were answered, though at last they were answered, and in a wonderful way too. One other treasure the carpenter possessed—a dear little girl, whom he loved with as fond a love as father ever bestowed on a child; but, alas! such was his hatred of religion, that, notwithstanding the entreaties of his wife, he would not hear of her even going to school, lest she should learn to read *her Bible*, and be taught about the *Christian's God*; so the little one lived untaught save by her gentle mother, who ceased not to pray that her husband's heart might be softened to receive the truth.

At last, God's time of converting grace came. The carpenter was taken ill, he became more and more so; his wife's fears were aroused. "Oh! if he should die," thought she, "what *will* become of his soul?" She prayed and prayed, and when she saw the strong man becoming weak as a child, she determined to go to the minister, and entreat him to visit her poor husband. That minister had long striven in vain to speak words of truth to the atheist, but he had resisted his every approach with insult and scorn. Now this messenger of peace at once rose joyfully to go with the anxious wife; but no sooner did the sick man get a glimpse of him, than he assailed him with oaths and curses, and bade him begone and never darken his door again. The man of God, seeing it was useless to remain, mournfully left the wretched man, inwardly praying that he might yet turn and repent.

The terrified wife came in for no small share of abuse at daring to fetch the minister; meekly she bore it all, and continued lifting up her heart in prayer for her husband. Presently he exclaimed, "I'll never let that man into my room to talk to me of his God, in whom I don't believe. Bring me a board and a piece of chalk." The wife obeyed, and what were her feelings of horror when she saw his hot, fevered fingers slowly write in capital letters, "GOD IS NO WHERE." "Place this," said he, "at the bottom of my bed, that I may see it every time I open my eyes, and that all who enter may see my creed." The poor wife dared not expostulate, and tremblingly did as he bid her: then she sat apart still pleading forgiveness for her hardened husband. The fever increased until delirium came on, and the life of the atheist was in imminent danger; death seemed at the threshold.

Then shone forth the character of the minister; he came to the chamber of disease, his presence was unnoticed now, for reason was obscured. He at once decided to take the little girl to his

own home that she might be out of the way of infection; he strengthened the sorrowing wife and prayed with her. The little girl was received as a sacred loan by the minister's wife, who determined to make the most of the short time she might be with her, and teach her lessons of truth. She found her an apt and willing learner; she took her to the Sunday-school, when, for the first time, she heard the word of God read and explained to the assembled children. She was allowed to be present at family worship, and heard with delight her loved father prayed for that he might recover.

Ere long God, in His infinite mercy, arrested the hand of death, the fever abated, then was subdued; the poor man was pronounced out of danger. The wife's heart overflowed with gratitude, the minister praised God in the congregation. The first request the sick man made was that his treasured little girl might be brought to him, and the doctor promised that if all went on well in a little time he might see her. Days passed and the sick man gained strength, but he showed no gratitude to God, and his eyes still fell on the words of that terrible board at the bottom of his bed, for his wife had not dared to run the risk of exciting him by removing it. At length permission was given for his little girl to see him *for only a few minutes*,—those few minutes were pregnant with eternal import! She was placed on the pillow near her father, and that heart which was at enmity with God, was softened with the tenderest emotions towards the child.

"Well, my pet," said the carpenter, "where have you been while father has been lying ill?"

"Oh!" said the little one, "I've been so happy; the minister's lady is so kind; I love her so: the minister took me away, and has been so good to me: and they have taught me to read, and given me a book full of beautiful pictures; and I can read ever so many little words."

The father listened with delight to his sweet, artless prattler; then said, "You can't read much yet, I should think: could you read to me the words on that board at the bottom of my bed?"

"Oh, yes, father, let me try," said the little one; and she began slowly spelling and repeating each letter—G O D I S—she then stopped, got very red, looked again, then said, "Oh, father, I've got it—GOD IS NOW HERE," and added, "Yes, father, so He is, and He's been here all the time you've been so ill."

"You must go now, darling," said the father, in a low, choking voice. The door was closed, a burst of repentant tears followed; and sounds, blessed sounds, which rejoiced the angels in heaven, came from that sick man's room—sounds of prayer, sounds of deep contrition for sin. The requests of the loving, praying wife, long ungranted, but not forgotten, were now fulfilled: the atheist became a penitent. Satan was taken in his own snare; the *very same letters* he had tempted the sinner to write, were the *selfsame*

letters employed for that sinner's conversion. He now called on God, the living, the prayer-hearing God, for mercy; he was awakened to a sense of his transgression, he was broken-hearted before God, and he now earnestly desired to see the minister. That messenger of love and kindness at once went to him, showed him the way of access by Jesus, and had the joy of beholding him rise from that bed of sickness a new man in Christ Jesus.



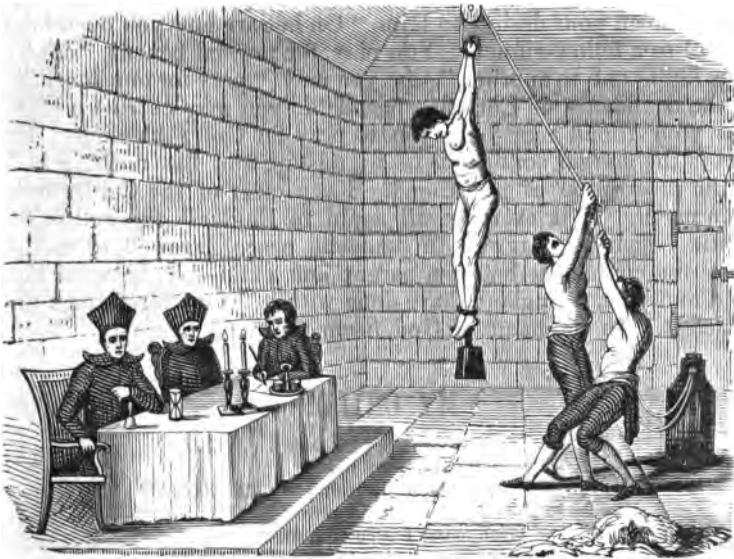
## THE BOTTOM OF THE BARREL.

MOTHER in Virginia, whose husband had been called into the Confederate army, was left in poverty, with four little ones dependent upon her for their bread. It was a helpless little brood indeed, but He who hears the young ravens when they cry, spread over them His shielding wings. Among these four little boys there was one whose infant trust in the love and goodness of his heavenly Father shone like a fixed star. When his mother's heart was ready to break with the weight of want and woe, his little voice was always ready to soothe and cheer her with the lessons of faith learned from her own lips. He seemed a little comforter sent from heaven to bid her keep up heart and hope. Sore was her need of one. As the meal would go down in the barrel, down would go the mother's heart—sinking, sinking. But this little cherub, with his clear, bright faith, took note of the fact that the barrel was no sooner emptied than, by some means or other, it was supplied again. One day he sat and pondered over this, until a thought flashed into his mind like a ray of light from heaven.

"Mamma," said he, with a face all aglow, "*I think God hears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel!*"

I do not know how this childish utterance may affect others, but I cannot write it without tears—not tears of compassion simply for such pitiful poverty, but tears of gratitude for such beautiful faith, tears of delight in the tender poetry of the unconscious babe. Yes, little one, you are right. Through all the mighty music of heaven, swelling up in sublime chorus from the innumerable multitude, that little dreary sound of earthly need has reached the ear of Infinite pity. He has heard, and He will relieve.

I have taken up this little note of triumph and sounded it on, hoping it may reach other ears besides those of the mother to whom it was first uttered—that it may cheer other weary hearts besides hers. When all the springs of comfort seem to fail, think not, O fainting pilgrim, that you are forgotten in your need, for as surely as there is a God in heaven, "*He will hear when you scrape the bottom of the barrel!*"



THE TORTURES OF THE INQUISITION. *From an old engraving.*

## POPERY NOT CHRISTIANITY.

**C**HRISTIANITY is one thing, Popery another. Christianity must no more be made answerable for its counterfeits than its emblem, gold. It is one of the arts of hell to confound truth with hypocrisy. Real Christianity is that wisdom from above which "is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, with partiality, without hypocrisy." But if under this holy name, a bold harlot come forward in heathen attire, affecting the pomp, secularity, tyranny, and idolatry of pagan superstition, what wonder if she adopts its cruelty also?—*Cecil*.

In 1417 (more than a hundred years before the English Reformation), Lord Cobham was roasted at St. Giles' over a slow fire, for declaring that he "never would believe that the Pope had authority to teach what is contrary to Scripture."—*D'Aubigné*.

**THE CONFSSIONAL.**—Imagine a vessel wrecked in deep water, near to a rock, and there is a man on the rock. The struggling creatures thrown at once into the water, crying for help.—To whom do they cry? Not to one another. They are all in like circumstances, and cannot help one another. Not to the rock. It has no feeling for them. To whom then do they cry? To the man on the rock? He is of their nature, and can feel for them. He is not in their circumstances, and can help them. Christ is the man on the

rock. Cry to Him in your trouble. Lift up your hearts to Him. Make known your desires to Him. Oh beware how you open heart or soul to a fellow-sinner! You may, for mutual benefit, "confess your faults one to another," that you may "pray for one another." In the confidence of Christian friendship you may entrust a secret that your friend may help you to pray for God's blessing. But that is the *mutual* confidence of friendship, and has nothing in it of the prostration of priesthood. Keep clear of the Confessional upon earth. If it ever prevail again in England, farewell to domestic happiness, farewell to domestic peace, farewell to mutual trust and confidence between parent and child—ay, between husband and wife. England, have done with it. Our forefathers discarded it. In the name of God, never receive it again!

### MY CHILD.



I CANNOT make him dead!  
 His fair sunshiny head  
 Is ever bounding round my study chair;  
 Yet when my eyes, now dim  
 With tears, I turn to him,  
 The vision vanishes: he is not there!

I know his face is hid  
 Under the coffin lid;  
 Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;  
 My hand, that marble felt;  
 O'er it in prayer I knelt;  
 Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot *make* him dead!  
 When passing by the bed,  
 So long watched over with parental care,  
 My spirit and my eye  
 Seek it inquiringly,  
 Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

Not there!—Where, then, is he?  
 The form I used to see  
 Was but the *raiment* that he used to wear.  
 The grave, that now doth press  
 Upon that cast-off dress,  
 Is but his wardrobe locked:—*he* is not there

He lives!—In all the past  
 He lives; nor, to the last,  
 Of seeing him again will I despair.  
 In dreams I see him now;  
 And, on his angel brow,  
 I see it written, "Thou shalt see me *there*!"

Yes, we all live to God!  
 Father, Thy chastening rod  
 So help us, Thine afflicted ones, to bear,  
 That, in the spirit-land,  
 Meeting at Thy right hand,  
 'Twill be our heaven to find that—*Thou art there!*

PIERPONT.

## "I WANT MOTHER."

(THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.)



N old man lay on a sick bed, struggling with death. Disease had worn out his body, and so affected his mind that he was insensible to all things and persons around him. His family and one or two other friends stood by his bedside, for it was evident that he had but a few moments to live. He rolled his head as if in great pain, and made several efforts to speak. At length we could distinguish the words; "Mother! I want mother! Why don't mother come?" His mother had been dead nearly fifty years. He was probably unconscious that he had a wife, or children, and grand-children around him, or that he was himself anything but a child. When he was really a child, he had his troubles as every child had, and then he would carry his little griefs to his mother, for he knew that she would sympathize with him, and her voice would comfort him. He only knew that he was now in trouble, and he thought that if his dear mother would come, she would comfort him.

O that children could now understand what precious things their young affections are! It is sad to see how soon they sometimes part with them, and how easily they are ashamed of them. Boys who like to lay their heads in a mother's lap, to kneel by her side and offer their prayers to God, and to feel as though they could not go to sleep without her coming to their bed and kissing them, and saying a parting "good night," are sometimes ashamed of this simple and sweet attachment. Bad children, as are spoken of in Proverbs xxx. 17, ridicule them for these expressions of artless love, and call them babyish. When they become old enough to go out into the world, evil companions teach them that it is childish and unmanly to follow the counsels they received in childhood, and laugh about "anxious mothers;" and they are too often successful in their mean efforts to wean them from the purest and happiest affection which belongs to this world. Then they part with the best love of earth for ever.

Would that our little readers knew with what earnest, but vain longings, they may look back for these blessed young affections, should they live until youthful hopes have expired, and the cares of life have become oppressive. We could tell them of men of ripe age, strong minds, and who have reached high distinctions in the world, who have had hours when, crushed by troubles, and worn down by sufferings, they have been heard to exclaim, "O that I were a little child again! Then I would carry my sorrows to my mother, sob upon her bosom, and she would take me in her arms and comfort me so sweetly."

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

### CARROT JAM, EQUAL TO APRICOT.

Mash very smooth some well-boiled carrots. Add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar to one pound of pulp, and boil till mixed; then add the juice of two large lemons, and the rind of one grated fine, and boil together for a few minutes.

### JELLY.

Scald the fruit in a jar, then squeeze it through a cheese cloth, but not close to the fruit, and to every pint of juice add three-quarters of a pound of loaf sugar; boil it for some time, and skim it well. Many people make the fruit into a common jam, after extracting some of the juice.

### THE GARDEN.

If you wish to grow a few cucumbers, and can buy a plant or two, June is the time to plant them out. Put two or three barrowfuls of manure in a heap, and cover the heap about six inches deep with soil, into which prick the plants, watering them well. They will need to be sheltered from the sun's hottest rays. A newspaper or piece of calico stretched on a frame makes a good protection, but without a glass and bottom heat they are bad to grow. Look to the vegetable marrows; they will need watering if the weather is dry, and if they grow too luxuriantly, stop them by nipping off the ends of the leading shoots. Celery may now be transplanted. Dig a trench a foot or eighteen inches deep, and lay a layer of good rotten manure

at the bottom; cover it with soil and tread it down, and water it well to sodden it. Into this trench the young plants are to be pricked. Young celery plants are generally fourpence a score. Two score plants will furnish you with plenty of celery to relish your bread with at tea, and to give a pleasant flavour to the pot. The green tops, which are not eatable, will do for that purpose. Plant out Brussels sprouts and Savoys. These, with the cabbage plants you sowed in March, should be pricked into the potato rows as fast as you take them up. Radishes, the sort called turnip radishes, may be sown with advantage. A potato row just taken up will grow you plenty. A full crop of turnips may now also be sown. Peas should be sown at the beginning and end of the month. The best kinds to sow are Charleton, Bishop's early dwarf, or the Emperor. Cauli-flowers sown in April can now be transplanted into rich ground.

In the flower garden you may sow wallflower seed, also the seed of the Brompton stock, which will flower next May. This month is generally chosen to sow the seeds of foxgloves, daisies, pansies, and snapdragons; also to plant cuttings of choice wallflowers, especially the double ones, also of fuchsias, roses, pinks, lavender, sage, etc., which will all grow freely at this season of the year. Your box-edging will require to be cut, and it is now the proper season to bud roses.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Evangelical Magazine (*Hodder & Stoughton*).—The Cottager (*Tract Society*).—Friendly Visitor (*Partridge & Co.*).—Children's Treasury (*Book Society*).—Golden Hours (*Macintosh*).



## A MOTHER'S LETTER.

A FRENCH doctor relates how, when he was quite young, and had only just entered on his profession, an old surgeon suddenly fell ill, and resigned into his hands the duties of attending upon his former patients. These were very numerous, and the payments very small. "I was fortunate, however," he says, "in being able thus to obtain more skill in my profession, which I greatly valued.

"One of the first patients I visited was a young man of about twenty-five years of age. An evil course of dissipation and sin had brought him to his deathbed. I felt deep pity and sympathy for this unhappy man, and not being able to save him, I tried to relieve his sufferings. My patient was cold, silent, strictly polite, and accepted my remedies without believing in their efficacy. He would have wished to be constantly asleep, and often asked me for opium. As I was going up his staircase one day, I met an old clergyman, who said to me, 'Sir, I have been told that you are a religious man; I entreat you then, to do a service to that young man; speak to him some few words about God. I have paid him several visits, but without any result; he receives me politely, but that is all. I am sure that your words would have weight.'

"I promised to try.

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[JULY, 1869,

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"The next day I endeavoured to make my patient talk a little ; and as he seemed inclined to do so, I gradually led the conversation towards religion ; the young man perceived it at once, and said to me, in a decided tone—

" ' I entreat you, sir, not to talk to me about religion ; I do not believe in it. '

" ' What ! ' I replied, ' do you not even believe in the existence of the soul ? '

" ' I believe, ' he said, ' in opium and sleep ; ' and he instantly placed himself in the posture of one who desires to go to sleep.

" A few weeks after, I made a second attempt, which turned out even worse than the first.

" ' Listen, doctor, ' said the sick man to me. ' I have studied philosophy a little, and I know quite enough of it not to believe in the existence of the soul ; ' and he at once brought forward some of the arguments of the materialist school. These errors, which would have shocked me from the mouth of an eloquent professor, seemed to me, in this sick room, and upon the lips of this dying man, doubly terrible. I went away grieved and horrified. Nevertheless, the old clergyman and I continued, with equal want of success, to attend to the body and soul of this poor young man. His body was rapidly sinking. His soul, alas ! must soon appear before the great Judge of quick and dead, to receive the just sentence on its sin and unbelief.

" One day, as I was about to put a blister on my patient, I required a piece of paper, and seeing an old letter by his bedside, I was just about to take it and make use of it, when the young man hastily seized my hand, and snatched the letter from me. A little surprised, I took a leaf out of a book and performed my operation. The evening of the same day I returned to see my patient, who was growing weaker and weaker. I noticed that he was holding in his hand, and trying to read, the letter which I had nearly destroyed in the morning.

" ' Doctor, ' said he, ' here is the last letter which my mother wrote me ; for a year now it has ever been at my side, and I have read it more than a hundred times. I wanted to read it once more, before I died, but my hands tremble so, and my sight is so weak ; do be kind to me to the end, as you have always been, and read this letter aloud to me. '

" I took the letter, and began to read it. Never before or since have I read anything more tender and touching. Though I was a doctor, yet I was only twenty-six years of age, and I had just, myself, lost the best of mothers. Sobs choked my voice, and tears came into my eyes. I looked at the sick man ; he was weeping silently ; my tears were mingled with his. Suddenly I arose, and exclaimed—

" ' Unhappy young man ! Can you believe that she who wrote such a letter as that, had no soul ? '

"He remained silent, and his tears flowed more freely.

"Next day he sent for the old clergyman, and had a long conversation with him. He lived a week longer. In that time he became, we believe, an humble penitent. He died trusting humbly in the merits of his Saviour, and one of his last actions was to kiss his pious mother's letter."

J. F. C.

## THE NORMAN PEASANT GIRL.

"**F** WISH he had not written ; I never thought that he Was serious when he whispered such flattering things to me. I thought them only careless words, like children use in play ; As light and empty as the chaff the wind soon drives away : But he has plainly asked me now to leave my mother's side, And share his grandeur and his wealth—to be a rich man's bride.

"If *Eric* saw this letter, and guessed what there was in it, How vexed and how indignant he would look this very minute ; I have half a mind to tell him that I think of saying ' Yes ' To the tempting offer sent to me in such a dainty dress— Thick satin paper, with a crest, and edged with royal blue ; But I must not tease poor *Eric* so ;—besides it is not true.

"What do I care for money, for heaps of glittering gold ? A heart that loves me truly is a mine of wealth untold. I should not feel so much at home within a stately hall, As in a cottage where the rose and jasmine climb the wall ; Nor would the stateliest music sound to me as sweet and clear As the dear old songs which *Eric* sings with me while sitting here.

"Besides, this fine new lover is not good enough for me ! True, he is rich and handsome, and his splendour all can see ; But he's vain, and mean, and selfish—selfish even in his love,— And his mind is chained to earthly things, and never soars above ; He has no pity for the poor, no ear for sorrow's call ; His purse is full, his pedigree is long—and that is all !

"My mother !—*she* would blame me if she heard me talking thus— Old folks forget their spring-time when they were young like us ; She would bid me give up *Eric*, and my wealthy suitor wed, In order that I might not toil to earn my daily bread ; As if I would not rather far a crust with *Eric* share Than barter all my self-respect, and live on princely fare."

The golden light fell softly upon the maiden's hair, And in her heart sweet musings were making " sunshine " there ; She thought that moment of herself, as of some loved one's wife ; But if you ask with whom she means to tread the path of life, I answer that I must not tell her secret all around ; I only know *that letter* dropt unnoticed to the ground.

The spinning-wheel was silent ; not a finger touched its thread ; But I think the girl was weaving another web instead ; I think her hands were moving a shuttle, with whose throw Was linked the pattern, dark or bright, of all her life below— For the wheel of life is never for one instant standing still :— God guide and bless her in her choice, and all her dreams fulfil !

Golden Hours.



## THE FINDING OF MOSES.

**M**ANY times God writes presages of majesty and honour even in the faces of children. Little did Jochebed think that she held in her lap the deliverer of Israel. When she can no longer hide him in her womb, she hides him in her house, afraid lest every of his cryings should guide the executioners to his cradle.

And now she sees her treasure can be no longer hid, she ships him in a bark of bulrushes, and commits him to the mercy of the waves, and (which was more merciless) to the danger of an Egyptian passenger. Yet doth she not leave him without a Guardian. Moses had never a stronger protection about him, no, not when all his Israelites were pitched about his tent in the wilderness, than now when he lay sprawling alone upon the waves; no water, no Egyptian can hurt him. Neither friend nor mother

dare own him, and now God challenges his custody. When we seem most neglected and forlorn in ourselves, then is God most present, most vigilant. His providence brings Pharaoh's daughter thither to wash herself. Those times looked for no great state; a princess comes to bathe herself in the open stream. She meant only to wash herself: God fetches her thither to deliver the deliverer of His people. His designs go beyond ours. We know not when we set our foot over our threshold, what He hath to do with us. How wisely and sweetly God brings to pass His own purposes, in our ignorance and regardlessness!—*Bishop Hall* (1630).

## THE DEAR OLD BIBLE.



IN Scotland during the times of bloody persecution, when Claverhouse was marching about the country driving people from their homes, burning their houses, and putting many godly people to death, a pious father told his family that there were soldiers near, and that they must hasten to the next village, where there was a strong old church the fugitives could use as fort. So he told Jeanie to take the big Bible for her load, and that she must be very careful not to let it get wet or lose it by the way. "For we could not live," said he, "without the good book." So she wrapped a gown around the Bible, and started with her father and mother each of whom carried a child.

They had to cross a brook, but they did not dare to go by the bridge, lest they should be captured by the enemy. There was a place where they thought they could cross on some stepping-stones, but on reaching the place it had become quite dark. So Jeanie's father waded across, and carried the others one by one, until she was left quite alone. Jeanie was much afraid to be left there by herself, so she started to cross after her father, stepping carefully from stone to stone. But presently her foot slipped and down she went to the bottom. At the same time up went her arms, holding the precious burden over her head. The water came up to her waist, but bracing herself firmly against the rapid current, she walked bravely on across the stream, and had nearly reached the shore, with the dear old book lifted as high as she could raise it, when she met her father returning to bring her.

"Father," she cried, "you told me to take care of the dear old Bible, and I have done so."

Just as she said this, they heard several pistol shots and the sound of approaching horsemen. They soon hid themselves in a little cleft in the rocks and were not discovered.

Jeanie married in after-years, and now has great-great-grandchildren living in this country. The old Bible became hers after her

father's death, and in it were written the names of her seven children. It is still in very good condition, in the possession of her descendants.

Jeanie never forgot that dreadful night when she carried the old Bible through the deep waters, and when she was dying, she seemed to be dreaming of it, and said :

"I am in the deep river—in the deep river, but I'll hold up the dear old Bible ! There, take the book ! take the book !" and soon she ceased to breathe.

That brave girl wading through the waters and holding up the Bible is like the Christian Church marching through rivers of persecution and streams of blood, ever holding up the Word of God, that it might be safely kept, and handed down to the generations following.

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.



DO you ever hear the word "husband" explained? It means literally "the band of the house," the support of it, the person who keeps it together, as a band keeps together a sheaf of corn. There are many married men who are not husbands, because they are not the band of the house. In many cases the wife is the husband ; for oftentimes it is she who, by her prudence and thrift and economy, keeps the house together. The married man who, by his dissolute habits, strips his house of all comfort, is not a husband, for he is not a *house-band* ; instead of keeping things together, he scatters them among the pawnbrokers. And now let us see whether the word "wife" has not a lesson too. It literally means a weaver. The wife is the person who weaves. Before our great cotton and cloth factories arose, one of the principal employments in every house was the fabrication of clothing : every family made its own. The wool was spun into thread by the girls, who were therefore called *spinsters* ; the thread was woven into cloth by their mother, who accordingly was called the weaver, or the wife ; and another remnant of this old truth we discover in the word "heirloom," applied to any old piece of furniture which has come down to us from our ancestors, and which, though it may be a chair or bed, shows that a loom was once a most important article in every house. Thus the word "wife" means weaver ; and in the word itself is wrapt up a hint of earnest, indoor, stay-at-home occupation, well fitted for her who bears this name.



## FIRST EVENTS IN LIFE.

**H**ERE is certainly a powerful charm in the word "first," or, rather, first things have a power peculiar to themselves, though their successors may outlive them in worth and results.

The first child! Why, if it is the first of ten, the nine that follow it, though received with adequate welcome, are mere commonplace arrivals compared with the first.

And then the first child's *first* tooth; its *first* attempt to run alone; its *first* semi-intelligible utterance—oh! they are things to be noted. Ask every young mother if it is not so.

And baby has his "firsts," too, though when his experiences that way begin, it is difficult to say. Young mothers are very discerning with respect to the precocity of babies, especially the first baby. They even know by some masonic sign what he means, when it is to you evident that he means nothing, and will gravely

declare, expecting you to believe it, "He is so quick—he understands everything." But there is no doubt that babies do understand much more than the sceptical think, and that lessons deep and lasting are taught in infancy by the first things they experience.

A child under two years old was walking in a gingerly way about the room, showing off his paces and trying experiments on everything in his reach. He made up to a pair of ornamental bellows that hung low by the fireside. "Baby not touch that," said the mother, and led him away. This was repeated many times, and each time baby's resolve to touch the bellows was more determined. It was in vain that his ball and various attractions from the mantel-piece were given him, his heart was set on the bellows, or rather, on having his own way. "Do you want to cure him?" said his father, who had been watching his manœuvres with amusement. "I will do it," and, taking down the bellows, he sent such a puff of wind into his face that he lost his little legs, and fell flat on the rug, where he sat roaring lustily. "He won't touch that again," said his father, hanging up the bellows; and he was noticed to pass that side of the fireplace thenceforth without so much as looking that way.

His mother, seeing the effect of this first lesson, adopted the plan of practical teaching in other instances with success; but he never appeared so remarkably impressed by anything as he had been by the bellows—it was his first experience of the dangers connected with disobedience.

"I always flog for the first lie," said a lady to a friend. "I find it associates lying and the rod in so forcible a manner that truth is followed in self-defence."

The friend suggested that lying being bound up in the heart of a child, it was difficult to fix on the first false utterance, and that it was better to show the beauty of truth, and to allure the heart to follow it.

"I mean," said the lady, "the first wilful lie which is told, and which cannot go by any milder name. As to alluring to truth, that is good; but Adam and Eve were driven out of Eden for their first sin, though the promise of a better home was given them as an encouragement to future obedience."

First lessons in holiness are proverbially indelible. The first hymn—

"Lord, teach a little child to pray,"—

when taught in the spirit of prayer, with all that a mother's loving ingenuity can do to avoid making it a weariness, is, as it were, an indwelling monitor waiting in the memory, where it is cherished, to teach the heart, as it opens, the need of prayer.

It is allowed that children are copyists, and live as far as they can, the lives of those around them—a very important fact to be borne in mind by mothers, nurses, and teachers. Habits of holiness in the latter will convey instruction of a priceless worth, while

the habits of a careless life, contradictory of the Bible-lessons they teach, will go far to nullify them. The lives of those connected with little children form a moral atmosphere in which they may be expected morally to thrive or decline, as their bodies will suffer or be advantaged by the character of the air they breathe. "It was more what my mother *did* than what she *said*, that impressed me with the reality of religion," said a good man, in speaking of the training of his early days.

Speaking of air and its effects on health leads to another very important point, and that is attention to the *body* of a child. A mother's hands are full: she has three distinct objects to labour to gain—the *heart's* renewal, the *mind's* instruction, and the *body's* health. This last object holds no small place among the three, for though there have been suffering Christians, such as Pascal, Cecil, Hall, and others, who have risen, through grace and an indomitable spirit, above infirmity of body, so as to be able to do much for the church, yet there are many more who have to mourn that they are languishing out what seems a useless life through pining sickness—not in an acute form, but nervous, debilitating, protracted. It has been said very truly that in many such cases the mother is chargeable with much of the evil, inasmuch as in infancy and childhood she did not seek to know the constitution of her child, so as to be able to meet its requirements, and to build up what wanted strengthening. Fresh air, proper diet, regular exercise, suitable recreation, are simple things to speak of, but powerful for good or evil, as they are used or withheld.

*Heart—mind—body*—that is the division of the mother's work of which we speak. It must not be all "Bible," nor all "learning," nor all "health." God has set His seal upon *all*. All are His, and to be cultivated for Him, and where they are all cared for in their due proportion we may expect to find the best member of His church and His ablest servant, for it is hard to over-estimate the effect of health (which has probably been secured by good physical training) on the mind. It will not make a Christian safer, or more acceptable to God, but it will wonderfully affect his religious experience; and none will deny that a cheerful Christian recommends the Gospel far more effectually than one whose head is bowed down like a bulrush through an ill-working liver or an irritable nervous system, which early management might have gone far to modify, if not to prevent.

If the duties of a mother are onerous—and they are—she is not bidden to bear them in her own strength; and if she seeks for grace and wisdom day by day from Him who has honoured her so far as to commit to her training an immortal being, and make her a fellow-helper with Himself, she will have it; and her children—let her not doubt it—"her children will rise up and call her blessed."—*Sunday at Home*.





## LITTLE SORROWFUL.

AND Jabez was more honourable than his brethren : and his mother called his name Jabez, saying, *Because I bare him with sorrow* " (1 Chron. iv. 9). Through this little passage, as through a lens, we look back, and see a sorrow-stricken Hebrew mother, yet pale and weak from child-bearing, with a new-come infant in her arms. She puts a mark of her grief on the brow of her boy in the name she gave him. She calls him Jabez, which signifies "sorrowful." Why we know not. Whether it was that she brought him into life with no common anguish, and at the peril of her own ; or whether the time of his birth was the time of her own widowhood, so that he had no father living to welcome him,—or whatever the disaster that darkened her lot, so it was that she put the gloom of her own heart on the name of her darling. She called him Sorrowful, and he kept the name to his dying hour.

Short-sighted mother ! While she thought of her child as born in sorrow to bring her new anxieties and cares, while she baptized him in tears, lo ! this very object of her grief and solicitude becomes the ornament and glory of her house ! He lives to outstrip all his brethren. The prayer recorded of him in the fourth chapter of the Chronicles is one of the most beautiful in the whole Bible. God answered it all. His after-career was so lofty and so beneficent that people must have wondered how he came to bear so doleful a name. None so happy, none so prosperous, none so honoured, as poor *Little Sorrowful* ! His history is like the April shower that begins in clouds and tears, but ends in brilliant sun-bursts, and in rainbows painted on the sky.

Now, we are all of us just as short-sighted as this Hebrew mother who named her boy from her fears and not from her faith, and at last found God better to her than she expected. We persist in naming things sorrows which prove to be blessings in disguise. We often congratulate people on receiving what turns out to be their ruin. We quite as often condole with them over a lot which is fraught to them with blessings above all price. Let us be careful how we condole with those who are under the merciful discipline of a loving God. We may make worse mistakes than was made by the mother of Jabez. Be careful how you condole with a man who has lost his fortune, or has been disappointed in his ambitious schemes. While his purse is becoming empty, his soul may be filling full with God's grace ; while he is walking through the vale of humiliation, he may be getting more of the "herb called *heart's-ease*" into his bosom than he ever knew while on the giddy heights of prosperity. Many a man has been bankrupted into heavenly riches. Many a man's sickness has given him an eternal health ;

and his room of suffering has been the vestibule to Christ's favour, and to the inheritance of the saints.

Let us be careful, too, in what terms we condole with the weeping mother whose darling child has just found its angel-wings, and flown away to Paradise. If we wish to sorrow for any parent, let it be for her whose living child is debased into an idol, or a frivolous, overdressed toy, or a hard, cunning self-seeker, or a self-indulgent tyrant who shall yet break the heart of her who bore him. A thousand times over have I pitied more the mother of a living sorrow than I have pitied the mother of a departed joy.

How often do we cover our best blessings with a pall, while we decorate with garlands our temptations or the sources of our saddest sorrows or our spiritual shame! Any one who had looked in upon the old patriarch Jacob on that gloomy evening while he was bewailing the absence of his sons in Egypt, would have heard the querulous complaint, "All these things are against me." He is rather a Jabez than a Jacob then. Joseph is not, Simeon is not, and they have carried away Benjamin, too, who bore in his boyish face the photograph of the beautiful Rachel, whom he had laid to her sleep by the wayside of Bethlehem. He calls his lot a sad one. But just at the door are the returning caravan who are bringing to him the sacks from Egypt's granaries, and the joyful invitation to go up and see his long-lost Joseph in Egypt's imperial palace. His dark hour is just before the day. His trial proves his deliverance. God is better to him than his fears. What he baptized a "sorrow" has grown into a mercy too big for words.

There are a hundred lessons to be learned from this brief passage about Jabez and his short-sighted mother; it is a bough that, if well shaken, will rain down golden fruit. We learn from it not to be frightened by present fears, or cast down by present troubles. We learn from it that many of life's best things—yea! the life of heaven-seeking piety itself begins in tears and griefs for sin, in oppositions and sharp conflicts of the soul. We learn not to lose heart in labours of love for Christ and humanity, because the infant enterprise had to be "brought forth in sorrow" like the Hebrew mother's son. The very labours that cost us the most anxiety and self-denial and toil, often, like Jabez, "enlarge their borders" and grow into the most honourable and useful of all our undertakings. Never despair of a good work. Never despair of the cause of *right*; baptized with tears in its infancy, it has the life of God in its young veins. Never despair of a child. The one you weep the most for at the mercy-seat may fill your heart with the sweetest joys. Never despair of a soul. And never christen either your children or your good enterprises "sorrowful" until you know how they are to turn out, and what an All-wise and All-merciful God means to do with them.

C.





## THE CHRISTIAN'S SAFETY,



HE safety of the child in the mother's bosom, lies not in the strength of its own weak arms, wherewith it clings about her, but in the strength of the *mother's* arm, and the affectionate tenderness of her heart towards it. What then though thy faith be weak, thy strength be small, and thy enemies strong, thou art kept by the mighty power of God through faith unto salvation. Christ is

thine, and so heaven and happiness are thine also.—*Thomas Willes, M.A. (A.D. 1625).*

As when the child, secure of harms,  
Hangs at the mother's breast,  
Safe folded in her anxious arms,  
Receiving food and rest:  
And while through many a painful  
path  
The travelling parent speeds,  
The fearless babe with passive faith  
Lies still, and yet proceeds:  
Should some short start his quiet break,  
He fondly strives to fling  
His little arms about her neck,  
And closer seems to cling.  
Poor child, maternal love alone  
Preserves thee first and last;  
Thy parent's arms, and not thine own,  
Are those that hold thee fast.

So souls that would to Jesus cleave,  
And hear His secret call,  
Must every fair pretension leave,  
And let the Lord be all!  
"Keep close to Me, thou helpless  
sheep,"  
The Shepherd softly cries:  
"Lord, tell me what 'tis close to keep,"  
The listening sheep replies.  
"Thy whole dependence on Me fix;  
Nor entertain a thought,  
Thy worthless scheme with Mine to  
But venture to be nought. [mix,  
Fond self-direction is a shelf;  
Thy strength and wisdom flee!  
When thou art nothing in thyself,  
Then thou art close to Me."

## THE OLD BROWN SILK DRESS.



**M**RS. SMITH at such a grand wedding and in her old brown silk dress! She has had it for the last six years!"

"I know it. The idea of a person as well off as she is, keeping a dress that length of time! But she looked well. The dress was altered to suit the present fashion."

"But such meanness! I do not call it economy, but meanness. I am tired of seeing her wear that dress. If she were not able to get a new silk, it would be different. I wish I had the money she has, I would show people how to dress."

"Girls," said grandma, "I am afraid that you are not cultivating very charitable dispositions. As the brown silk dress seems to interest you, let me tell you a little affair connected with it."

"About two weeks ago Mrs. Smith called on me. I had just prepared to go out to do some shopping. She proposed to accompany me. On our way home she informed me that she intended to purchase a new dress. While we were in the shop examining some rich silks, Mrs. Winslow came in. Seeing Mrs. Smith, she informed her of the destitute condition of a family she had just visited. The father had been sick and unable to work. The mother had been toiling to support her family. She was now sick, and three of her children. One was lying dead in the house. They were so poor that they had not a sufficiency of fuel or food. Their rent should have been paid in advance, but on account of sickness the father had been unable to do so. The landlord had consented to wait until the end of the month. The father was

still unable to pay, and the family were threatened with being turned into the street that very day.

"Mrs. Smith asked if they were worthy people. Mrs. Winslow assured her they were, and giving their address, she urged Mrs. Smith to visit them. Mrs. Smith had just decided to purchase a dress pattern from a costly piece of silk. 'I will not purchase the dress now,' she said to the clerk. And turning to me, she remarked: 'I feel it is my duty to visit these poor people and supply their necessities before purchasing anything for myself. Will you accompany me?'"

"I did so. We found the family in great distress. They were Christian people, and had been praying to God to send them help. Mrs. Smith immediately paid the rent then due, and another month in advance, besides ordering fuel and food. She has since sent them many little articles of comfort. 'I feel better,' she said, 'than if I had bought a new dress. I will make over my old one and will wear it at the wedding.'

"And this is why Mrs. Smith wore 'that old brown silk dress.' She is not mean, but a noble self-denying Christian woman. And I can safely say there is no one that I am acquainted with who gives so freely as she does."

"I had never heard of her being benevolent before."

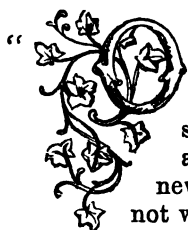
"She gives quietly, not noising it abroad. There are many families who owe the necessities and comforts of life to her bounty."

"I am glad you told us, grandma. The old brown silk dress will look beautiful to me hereafter. And it will preach me a lesson of charity—charity in judgment, and charity which is love, towards the poor."

LOST IN SMOKE.—I once visited a travelling tinker who had become lame, and was unable to follow his daily labour. He was in distress, and required help. The pipe on the hob showed that he was a smoker. On my making some allusion to the pipe, he said, "Both me and wife have smoked, sir, ever since we were wed. We have never had more nor less than 'a pen'oth of bacca' every day." Having ascertained the length of time they had been married, I took out my pencil, and made a calculation as to the amount spent by them in these "pennies." Judge of the tinker's surprise, when I thus addressed him: "My friend, if you had placed the money in the SAVINGS BANK (where you would have had *interest* allowed for your money), instead of wasting it in smoke, you might to-day have felt *independent* of others, for your PENNIES would have amounted in your bank-book to the noble sum of NINETY POUNDS!"

## "I'M SURE TO BE DISAPPOINTED."

(THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.)



H, good, good! Oh, delightful, delightful! Father and mother are coming home in the *Pacific*! Oh, how happy, how happy I am!" shouted little Bessie, as she jumped up and down, and ran upstairs and downstairs, telling the joyful news to one and another. It seemed as if she could not wait the week that had to pass before the arrival of the *Pacific*, so anxious was she to greet her dear parents.

By the next steamer, "three days later," came a letter which caused great grief to little Bessie, and her lamentations were as loud and long as her expressions of pleasure had been.

"Oh, dear, it is too bad! They could not get berths on the *Pacific*, and they must wait for the next steamer. Oh, what a disappointment! Everything always happens just so to me; I am sure to be disappointed!" and Bessie covered her face with her hands, and the tears streamed through her little fingers.

"Bessie, my daughter," said her good grandmother, "God orders all things, and all that He does is right."

The steamer in which her parents sailed was wafted pleasantly and safely over the sea, and in due time little Bessie was clasped in the arms of her fond parents—but nothing was heard of the *Pacific*. "No tidings of the *Pacific*!" was repeated in the papers for days and weeks, and then no more was said about it, and people gave up thinking about it—all but those whose homes and hearts are desolate, and to whose hearts the very name of the *Pacific* will ever send a pang.

When little Bessie heard that the noble steamer was given up as lost, she said, "Mother, I think God was very good not to let you sail in the *Pacific*."

"Oh, you now think He was good, do you?" answered her mother. "But I heard of a little girl who did not think God was very good when she first heard that her parents were not coming in that vessel."

"Yes, that was I, mother; but I did not know then that the *Pacific* would be lost."

"And would not God have been so good if we had sailed in the *Pacific*, and been lost? Listen, Bessie. Sometimes God disappoints us, and does not let us see the reasons why He does it. Sometimes, as in our case, we see how much better it was for us to be disappointed. One blessed assurance we have, my daughter, that 'all things work together for good, to those who love Him.' Oh, how happy should we be if we could learn in all things to trust Him, knowing that all He does is right, whether our eyes see it or not, or whether or not our wishes are granted."

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

### BRONCHITIS.

This is a very frequent disease in children, and may be excited by cold, damp clothes, exposure to inclement weather, low damp situations, smoke, or noxious gases. Passing over the remedies which a doctor alone ought to prescribe, we turn to the *mother's* remedies. We number amongst these an emetic at the commencement of the complaint, if anything delay the doctor's visit: this is of great service in checking fever and relieving the chest. After this a warm bath is useful, but it must be confined to the lower limbs, the water just covering the hips, as a complete warm bath heats the child, and does harm by hurrying the circulation. The water should be hot (*i.e.* from 90° to 100°), and the child only kept in it from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour, when it must be returned to a *warm* bed. Mustard poultices are of great service; they may be made of one third mustard flour, and two thirds linseed meal. They may be taken off as soon as the skin is red, and followed by an ordinary bread and water or linseed meal poultice, which has a most soothing effect upon the lungs; it should be applied direct on the surface, and be *warm* and moist. When it cools a fresh one should be supplied; it will probably require changing about every half hour, and may be kept up for two or three hours. The child's diet

must be very light and mild: do not force its appetite; give it plenty to drink, barley-water and such things will be all it cares for.

### DIARRHŒA.

A belt of flannel to bind round the body is a valuable appliance for any, whether children or grown persons, who suffer from diarrhœa. Hot bran bags and mustard poultices to the stomach are also useful. Whenever sickness is troublesome, it is well to make no attempt for an hour or two to give any kind of food or drink. After the stomach has thus had complete rest for a time, a single teaspoonful of perfectly cold water may be given; and if this be not thrown up it may be followed in ten minutes by a second or third. If this is borne, a little water thickened with isinglass, a little cold barley-water, or cold milk and water, may be given; and then, with the same precautions and in very small quantities, beef tea, or chicken broth, or whatever food the doctor ordered. The *smallness* of the quantity of the food given at the time, and the giving that *cold*, are the two chief points to attend to; though next to them, and indeed scarcely less in importance, is the avoiding moving the child hastily in giving it food, or raising it more than absolutely necessary out of the lying position.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Bible Exercises, by Mrs. Lucas-Shadwell (*Tweedie*).—Sunday at Home (*Religious Tract Society*).—Stings in the Tail (*Partridge & Co.*).—Golden Hours (*Macintosh*).—The Children's Record (*Nelson & Son*).—The Children's Treasury (*Book Society*).—Words for Women (*Seeley & Co.*).—The Home Visitor (*Hunt & Co.*).



YEARS ago we were in the habit of familiar intercourse with a family, consisting of the parents and their two sons. These parents were both professing Christians, and enjoyed in a high degree the confidence and esteem of all who knew them. Their piety was much above the common standard. There was a sincerity, a solidity, and a circumspection about it, which everywhere commanded respect. On this account, we remember often to have felt surprised that these two sons, who had been brought up almost to manhood under their immediate care, and had never been for any length of time absent from home, should yet be, not only destitute of religion, but active in wickedness, bold ringleaders in all iniquity in their neighbourhood, and fearless scoffers at religious things. The father died soon after, but no visible effect was produced by this event upon their minds. Years passed before we again met the widowed mother, and from her learned, for the first time, and with unspeakable pleasure and surprise, that both of her sons had for many months given evidence of a change of heart, and from being ringleaders in all wickedness had become meek, gentle, and gracious disciples of the Saviour.

We could not refrain from expressing surprise, and some curiosity to know what means had been owned of God to effect their



conversion. The mother frankly replied, that by some means she had been led to think that her anxiety for her sons in their unregenerate state had frequently imparted a severity to her manner in reproving them, which savoured more of fretfulness than of love, and she clearly saw that the effect upon them was wholly injurious and repulsive. She pondered this thought in her heart, and retiring to her closet, bowed in prayer for the assistance of Divine grace to enable her wholly to change her spirit and manner towards her children. She rose, baptized with the spirit of tenderness and love. She approached her sons with a heart overflowing with pitying tenderness, and in due time observed a corresponding change in them, and ultimately their hearts yielded to the new spirit of their mother.

Such, very briefly, was the mother's account of the means that proved successful with her almost hopeless sons; and we suspect that many a parent and many a minister might derive from it a useful lesson. We risk nothing in saying that harshness and bitterness of speech and manner have caused many a heart to recoil in disgust from the subject of religion, which might by wiser means have been drawn to reflection and repentance.

This may be further illustrated by a circumstance related by the naturalist Audubon, as occurring within his own knowledge, of a man who for many years had led the life of a pirate. On one occasion, while cruising along the coast of Florida, he landed, and was lying in the shade on the bank of a creek, when his attention was arrested by the soft and mournful note of a Zenaida dove. As he listened, each repetition of the melancholy sound seemed to him a voice of pity. It seemed to him like a voice from the past—a message from childhood's innocent and sunny hours; then it appeared like a voice of deep, sad sorrow for him, the far-off wanderer, the self-ruined, guilty prodigal: and so thoroughly did it rouse him from his long sleep of sin, that there, on that lonely spot, where no minister of mercy had ever stood, he resolved within himself to renounce his guilty life, return to virtuous society, and seek the mercy of God; a resolution which he subsequently fulfilled, as we are assured by the narrator.

There is that in the human heart which responds to the voice of gentle, pitying love, when all other agencies have lost their power; when all the thunder and lightning of Sinai itself might roll and flash in vain. Would that there were more, among those disposed to do good, who would make full proof of the mighty power of the spirit of kindness, pity, and love! The spirit of Jesus must be the model of our benevolence.

Then deem it not an idle thing,  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
A heart may heal or break.



## A BARGAIN WITH THE PUMP.

QUEER place to make a bargain, truly ; but there's many a harder customer for a thirsty man to deal with than our honest friend the old pump.

John Ashworth, in his tenth annual report of the "Chapel for the Destitute," tells the following good story of one of the flannel weavers there, who made a very good bargain with the pump.

This man had saved a guinea for the express purpose of having a whole week's fuddle. He began on Monday, spending three shillings per day for seven days ; on the morning of the eighth day he was burning with thirst, but his money was gone. He went to the back door of the drunkery where he had spent every farthing of his guinea, to beg a pint on trust. Judy, the landlady, was mopping the passage ; he stood looking at Judy, with his cracked lips, parched tongue, and bloodshot eyes, expecting her to ask him to take just a drop ; but she did not, and he requested her to trust him for only one pint. With an indignant look of scorn and contempt, she replied,—

"Trust thee ! thou dirty, idle vagabond ! Set a step in this house, and I will dash this mop in thy face."

The poor wretch hung down his head in shame. He was leaning against a pump; and, after a little study, began to talk to the pump. "Well, Pump," he said, "I have not spent a guinea with thee, Pump; wilt thou trust me a drop?" He lifted up the handle, put his burning mouth to the spout, and drank to his fill; this done, he again said to the pump,—

"Thank thee, Pump: and now, hear me, Pump. I will not enter a public house again for the next seven years; and, Pump, thou art a witness."

The bargain was kept, and this man afterwards became a respectable manufacturer, and often said it was a grand thing for him that Judy threatened to dash the mop in his face.

Many a poor fellow would do well to stop trading at the bar, and try a bargain with the pump; and many others who have traded at the bar till they can trade there no longer, might go and do likewise.

## "A VIRTUOUS WOMAN."



*WHO can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.*" (Prov. xxxi. 10.) The word *virtuous*, as used in this passage, means "strength, courage," what we understand by the term *ABLE*. When the neighbours called the mother of George Stephenson "a rale canny body," they used a phrase that conveys the meaning of the word *virtuous*, as employed in this Scripture. "Canny" means knowing, apt, ready, competent.

If the word *virtuous* meant only chaste, the inspired writer would not say "Who can find" such a woman? for in no age of the world's history, and certainly never among the Jews, who were most strict in maintaining female purity, would it have been hard to find a chaste woman. The difficulty was to find the combination of good qualities that were all included in the comprehensive word "*virtuous*." An able woman, knowing various duties well, and doing them diligently—that was the rarity then, and it is not a common character now.

An inquiry such as "Who can find?" conveys an admonition that such is the kind of woman that should be sought. When young people are thinking of forming attachments and alliances of life-long importance, the question of "Who can find a virtuous woman?" suggests another, "Who seeks?" Beauty, manner, dress, gaiety, these have all their admirers and seekers, and where virtue is, are valuable; but the outward show, rather than the inward grace, is chiefly sought. Perhaps virtuous women would not be so rare if the qualities that go to make up the character had been sufficiently esteemed. If the woman with a skilful hand,

had been prized as much as one with a pretty face, it would have been better, both for woman and for the world.

We are further told the value of a virtuous woman. Her price "is *far above* rubies." The ruby was, and is, among the most rare and costly of precious stones. Only the very richest people can afford to possess them. There is a ruby not larger than a bean in the Queen's crown, and it is worth many thousands of pounds. The inspired writer took as his comparison, a gem pure, bright, beautiful, costly, and rare. He could give no richer emblem of a virtuous woman, and he says her worth is *far above* that gem. Oh, my dear reader—my friend and sister, though unknown—is not this comparison of woman's worth a high honour? Think of the sacred writer, inspired by God's Holy Spirit to write for our edification and instruction, and He condescends to encourage tender suffering womanhood, by showing her that no earthly wealth, no glittering gems, can equal her price if she be good and true, wise and pure. He is not here speaking of the soul, that has a value greater than the whole world, but he speaks of the personal and mental qualities that adorn life, and make the world better. Who is there that would not pray for grace sufficient for these things?

### THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

**B**ESIDE the toilsome way,  
Lonely and dark, by fruits and flowers unblest,  
Which my worn feet tread sadly, day by day,  
Longing in vain for rest,

An angel softly walks,  
With pale, sweet face, and eyes cast meekly down,  
The while, from withered leaves and flowerless stalks,  
She weaves my fitting crown.

A sweet and patient grace,  
A look of firm endurance, true and tried,  
Of suffering meekly borne, rests on her face—  
So pure, so glorified.

And when my fainting heart  
Desponds and murmurs at its adverse fate,  
Then quietly the angel's bright lips part,  
Whispering softly, "Wait!"

"Patience!" she sweetly saith—  
"The Father's mercies never come too late;  
Gird thee with patient strength, and trusting faith,  
And firm endurance—wait!"

Angel! behold, I wait,  
Wearing the thorny crown through all life's hours—  
Wait till thy hand shall ope the eternal gate,  
And change the thorns to flowers.



## VOICES OF THE DEAD.

ALTHOUGH death may put an end to man's efforts on earth, it does not put an end to his influence. I remember two special instances of this. One was the case of old Bid, as she was always called, a valued servant of a large farmer whom I knew, living in the north of Cornwall. She had, after her conversion, to endure long years of scorn, calumny, cruel misrepresentation, and persecution, first from her husband, secondly from her master; but she lived to witness the conversion of the one, and to be sent for to soothe the dying days of the other. Dear old Bid! I remember her high forehead, grave grey eyes, expressive mouth, and wrinkled yet comely face. She was tall and of commanding presence, but of most affectionate nature. Her life had indeed become a psalm of gratitude to her Saviour. She lived in a remote and dark village on the cliff, and spent the evening of her days in continued peace and light. Her former enemies had become her reverent supporters. As she was dying she sent for six young men of the neighbourhood, who had backslidden from a profession of religion. She exhorted them faithfully, and prayed for them. After they had left, their circumstances dwelt on her mind. She said, "I can do one thing more for them." She directed that they should be the bearers of her coffin to the grave. "Tell them," she said, "it will be as though I was still warning and entreating them. I will speak to them from my coffin." They came and bore the coffin. The hamlet lies upwards of two miles from the churchyard. The plain chest containing her remains was borne along the wide grassy lanes; the procession swelled at every lane-end. Rich and poor joined in respect for the dead. Hymns were sung on the long slow way; the bearers were the objects of concern, and the subjects of prayer all along. Regrets for the dead were mingled with anxieties for the living; and thus did dear old Bid, in her own practical working, loving way, preach as she promised, "from her coffin."

The other case was that of a boy ten years of age, living in the west of Ireland, the only son of his widowed mother. He got employment five miles away from home. He might have slept at his place of work; but he knew that it would comfort his mother to have him at home, and so he went. One very dark and wet night he lost his way, got into a creek, and barely escaped drowning. He was several hours late. The widow had ceased to expect him. After committing him to her heavenly Father's care, she went to rest. She was soon disturbed by his entrance; and when he came in, he said, "Mother, why did you not put the light in the window?" Years passed away; the lad grew, and was sent to sea. On returning from his first voyage, which was a long one,

he hurried home. Walking across the moor, he met a neighbour who told him that his mother was dead. The neighbour told him that he was with her when dying, and that as her end approached she requested him to listen, and then slowly and with difficulty said to him, "Tell dear Johnny, when he comes, I am gone before, but I will put a light in the window of heaven for him." So it was; the example and influence and prayers of his pious mother were blessed by God the Holy Spirit to lead the lad to the Saviour. He became a sincere and courageous Christian.

What, reader, will your example and influence do when you are dead? will they recommend the glad tidings from your coffin, or shed light on the path to heaven?—*Sunday at Home.*

## A PRAYING MOTHER.



NE day towards the end of last century, a child, crossing a brook on his way to school, accidentally fell into the water. A poor widow's attention was attracted by the splash, and seeing the child's hat floating on the surface, she at once rescued him from drowning. The child was Richard Knill, in after-years an honoured missionary in India and Russia. "Molly Robins could not read," he would say, "but she saved my life: feeble powers, if well employed, will do wonders."

He was born in the little town of Branton, in Devonshire, in the year 1787. His father was a carpenter, though eventually he rose somewhat in his worldly circumstances. Neither of his parents appear at this time to have been converted; but when he was still a boy, a young man named Joseph Evans, who had opened a shop in the village, began to hold religious meetings in his own house. Mrs. Knill was one of those who were converted through his efforts, and, in consequence, had much to bear from her still unchanged husband. "But," her son afterwards wrote, "she sought comfort in prayer, and would often take me with her into her chamber, and say, 'Kneel down with me, my dear, and I will pray with *you*; your father and brothers will not join me.' I wondered why she wept so, and where she got such remarkable prayers for my father and the family, but I understand it now; and I have good reason to believe that her prayers for them have been answered, and that she has met them all in heaven, except myself; and I trust, through rich distinguishing grace, she will meet me there also. Blessed be God for a praying mother!"





## THE BEGGAR.

**M**ANY years since, when I was a young man about twenty years of age, I used very frequently to spend Sunday with my mother, who resided at Versailles, this being the only day in the week on which I could leave Paris. I generally walked as far as the Barrier, and thence I took a seat in one of the public carriages, to my mother's house. When I happened to be too early for the Diligence, I used to stop and converse with a beggar, whose name was Anthony, and who regularly took his station at the Barrier de Passy, where in a loud voice, he solicited alms from every one who passed, with a degree of perseverance that was really astonishing. I generally gave him a trifle, without inquiring whether he deserved it or not, partly because I had got into the habit of doing so, and partly to get rid of his importunities. One day in summer, as I waited for the Diligence, I found Anthony at his usual post, exerting his accustomed form of petition, "Bestow your alms on a

poor man—Messieurs, Mesdames, the smallest trifle will be gratefully received.”

While Anthony was in this manner pouring his exclamation into the ears of every one who came within the reach of his voice, a middle aged man of respectable appearance joined us. He had a pleasant expression of countenance, was very well dressed, and it might be seen at a glance that he was a man of good circumstances. Here was a fit subject for a beggar, who quickly made his advances, proclaiming in a loud voice his poverty and soliciting relief.

“You need not be a beggar unless you please,” replied the gentleman, “when you may have an income of ten thousand crowns.”

“You are pleased to jest, sir,” said Anthony.

“By no means,” said the gentleman, “I never was more serious in my life. Listen to me, my friend. You perceive that I am well dressed—and I tell you that I have everything a reasonable man may desire.”

“Ah, sir, you are a fortunate man.”

“Well, my friend, I would not have been so if I had sat and begged as you are doing.”

“I have no other means of obtaining my living.”

“Are you lame?”

“No, sir.”

“You are not blind, nor deaf, and you certainly are not dumb, as every passer-by can testify. Listen! I will tell you my history in a few words. Some fifteen years ago I was a beggar, like yourself; at length I began to see that it was very disgraceful to live on the bounty of others, and I resolved to abandon this shameful way of life as soon as I possibly could. I quitted Paris, went into the provinces, and begged for old rags. The people were very kind to me, and in a short time I returned to Paris with a tolerably large bundle of rags of every description. I carried them to a paper-maker, who bought them at a fair price. I went on collecting, until, to my great joy, my finances enabled me to *purchase* rags, so that I was no longer forced to beg for them. At length, by diligence and industry, I became rich enough to buy an ass with two panniers, and they saved me both time and labour. My business increased; the paper-makers found that I dealt honestly by them; I never palmed off bad rags for good ones; I prospered, and see the result. In place of being a poor despised beggar, I have ten thousand crowns a year, and two houses in one of the best streets in Paris. If, then, my friend, you can do no better, begin as a rag merchant. And here,” he continued, “is a crown to set you up in your new trade; it is more than I had; and, in addition, please take notice, that if I find you here another Sunday, I shall report you to the police.” On saying this, the old gentleman walked off, leaving Anthony and myself in a state of great



surprise. Indeed, the beggar had been so much interested in the history he had heard, that he stood, with open mouth and eyes, in mute astonishment, nor had he even power to solicit alms from two well-dressed ladies who passed at that moment.

I could not help being struck with the story, but I had no time to comment upon it, as the Diligence had arrived, in which I seated myself, and pursued my way. From that period I lost sight of the beggar; whether the fear of the police, or the hopes of gaining ten thousand crowns a year had wrought the change, I was not aware; it is sufficient to say, that from that day forward he was never seen at the Barrier.

Many years afterwards, it happened that business called me to Tours. In strolling through the city, I stepped into a bookseller's shop to purchase a new work that had made some noise. I found there four young men, all busily employed, while a stout, good-looking man was giving them orders, as he walked up and down, with an air of importance. I thought I had seen the face of the bookseller before, but where I could not for a moment tell, until he spoke, and then I discovered him to be my old friend Anthony. The recognition was mutual. He grasped my hand and led me through his shop into a well-furnished parlour; he lavished every kindness on me, and finally gave me his history from the time we parted at the Barrier. With the crown of the stranger he began, as he had advised him, to collect rags. He made money; became the partner of a paper manufacturer; married his daughter—in short, his hopes were fulfilled, his ambition gratified, and he could now count his income at ten thousand crowns. He prayed every day for blessings on his benefactor, who had been the means of raising him from the degraded condition of a common beggar. Anthony is so convinced of the evil and sin of idleness and of subsisting on the charity of others, that while liberal and kind to those who are willing to work, no entreaties, no supplication ever prevailed on him to bestow a single penny on those who would not help themselves.

"The hand of the diligent maketh rich:" but "an idle soul shall suffer hunger." "This we commanded you, *that if any man would not work, neither should he eat.*" (Prov. x. 4; xix. 15; 2 Thess. iii. 10).

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Do the work to-day appointed,
Shun all indolent delay;
Draw not bills upon to-morrow,
Pay the debts of life to-day.

View with eagle-eye the present,
Hold it up to reason's light,
Pray that Heaven may guide thy judgment,
Trust in God, and do the right!

FINDING A BABY.



MY name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover, and I live miles and miles away upon the Western prairie. There wasn't a house within sight when we moved there, my wife and I; and now we haven't many neighbours, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as ever I saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back, and, above all a doll for our youngest Dolly. She had never had a doll of her own, only the rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk of nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to buy a "big one." Nobody but a parent could understand how full my mind was of that toy; and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one, with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped in paper and tucked it under my arm, while I had the parcels of calico and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been more prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back, and eager to hear Dolly's prattle about her toy.

I was mounted on a steady-going old horse of mine, and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile away from town, and settled down dark as pitch, while I was in the middle of the wildest bit of road I knew of.

I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice! I stopped short and listened: I heard it again. I called, and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing; all was dark as pitch. I got down and felt about the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unawares and rob and murder me.

I'm not superstitious—not very. But how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, and at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself in me then, and I was half inclined to run away; but once more I heard that cry, and said I, "If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill, and, groping that way, sure enough I found a little dripping thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse, and the beast came to me, and I mounted, and tucked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could,

promising to take it home to mammy. It seemed tired to death, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep against my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I suppose my wife had lit them for my sake, but when I got into the courtyard I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dead fear at heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw my room full of neighbours, and my wife amidst them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said, "it will kill him."

"What is it, neighbours?" I cried.

And one said, "Nothing now, I hope—what's that in your arms?"

"A poor lost child," said I. "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint," and I lifted up the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my little Dolly! It was my darling, and none other, that I had picked up on the drenched road.

My little child had wandered out to meet "daddy" and the doll, while her mother was at work, and whom they were lamenting as one dead. I thanked Heaven on my knees before them all. Often do I think of it in the nights, and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry for help upon the road, the little baby's cry, hardly louder than a squirrel's.

SYMPATHY.

"When Jesus saw her weeping, He groaned in the spirit, and was troubled."—
JOHN xi. 33.



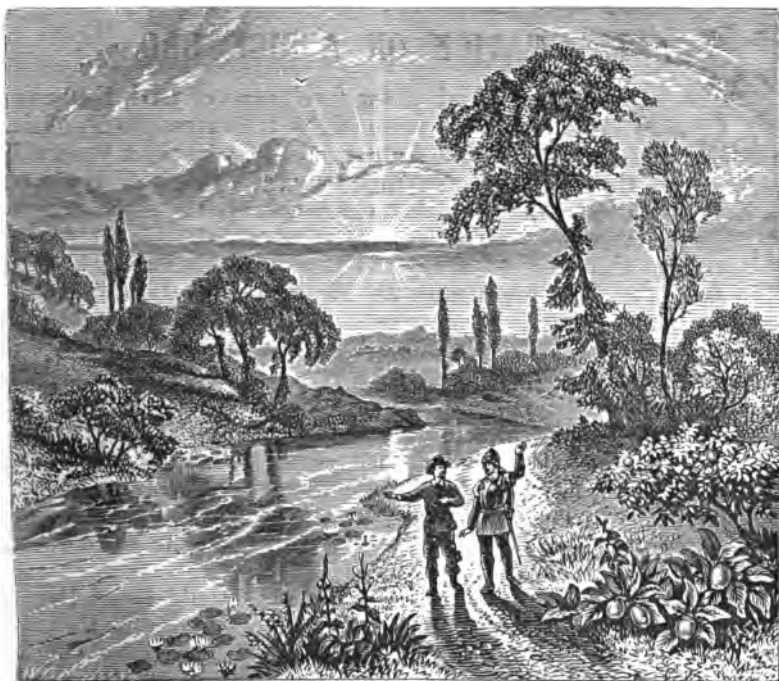
HERE'S not a grief, however light,
Too light for sympathy;
There's not a care, however slight,
Too slight to bring to Thee.

Thou, who hast trod the thorny road,
Wilt share each small distress;
For He who bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

There's not a secret sigh we breathe,
But meets the ear Divine;
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of Thine.

Life's woes without—sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow;
But for that Love which died for sin—
That Love which wept with woe.

All human sympathy but cheers
When it is learned from Thee:
Alas for grief—but for those tears
Which fell at Bethany!



A PLEASANT RIVER.



SAW, then, that they went on their way to a *pleasant river*, which David the king called "the river of God," but John "the river of the water of life." Now their way lay just upon the bank of the river; here therefore Christian and his companion walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits. Besides, on the banks of this river, on either side, were *green trees*, that bore all manner of fruit; and the leaves of the trees were good for medicine; with the fruit of these trees they were also much delighted; and the leaves they ate to prevent surfeits, and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travels. On either side of the river was also a *meadow*, curiously beautified with lilies; and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept, for here they might lie down safely. When they awoke, they gathered again of the fruit of the trees, and drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down again to sleep. Thus they did several days and nights. Then they sang—

"Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide,
To comfort pilgrims by the highway side;
The meadows green, beside their fragrant smell,
Yield dainties for them: and he that can tell
What pleasant fruit, yea, leaves, these trees do yield,
Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field."—*Bunyan*.

A MEDITATION ON A SICK BED.



MY soul, think of the forgiveness of God, that can pardon all thy innumerable transgressions ! Think of His infinite forbearance, that can wait upon all thy rebellions and backslidings ! Think of His inexhaustible love, that can brook all thy murmurings and waywardness, and, most of all, the coldness and deadness of thy affections, and yet love on !

How great must be Thy fulness, O Lord, if such are the streams of mercy that are poured upon me ; I wonder at the love of the Saviour, that can do nothing but bless me. I wonder that He can still go on raining down His richest gifts in spite of myself.


I can only wonder at myself, knowing that every prayer has been answered ; every sorrow calmed ; every pain soothed ; every wish satisfied, or else made to die away ; every sin forgiven ; every trial made light ; every moment shown to be filled with blessings from the treasury of heaven ; and yet that I remain so cold, so forgetful, so unmoved by Divine love !

Jesus awakens me to think of Him, when I would forget Him. He calls me back to Him, when I would wander to earthly things. He whispers, "They are not good for you. I have given you a better portion, and I mean you to enjoy it." Thus He draws me to Himself. He makes me to lean on Him. He shows me His strength, and constrains me to rest on it. He reveals to me His glories and His love, and thus takes captive my worthless heart. But words cannot show forth the actings of free, omnipotent, eternal love. This pen cannot express what an angel's tongue cannot tell. And now I rest in the wondrous tale which for a long time I refused to believe, but which God Himself has shown me to be true : that the eternal Son—the infinite and Holy one—clothed Himself in human flesh, and humbled Himself to die for sinners ; and now, having paid the ransom price of my redemption, He has ascended up in glorified manhood to the right hand of the Majesty on high. There He sits enthroned as my High Priest, appearing in the presence of God for me—supplying all my need from the untiring activities of His priestly office—restoring my failing soul, and making all things work together for my good. To me He *has* been gracious ; to me He *will* be gracious ! I ask Him, therefore, to give me Enoch's walk with God, Abraham's simple faith and unhesitating obedience. I ask to be crucified to the world, like Paul, and, with Moses, to behold His glory. I ask Thee, O my God, to enlarge my heart, and to give me increased capacity to enjoy Thee as my All-in-all !



BOYS, DON'T SMOKE, DON'T DRINK.

(THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.)

HEN but fourteen years of age, Johnny L—— was left an orphan. His father had a few years before this died a drunkard; his mother, when dying, called her only son to her side, and placing her emaciated hand upon his head, she said :

"Johnny, my dear boy, I am going to leave you; you well know what disgrace and misery your father brought on us before his death; and I want you to promise me before I die that you will not taste the poison that killed your father; promise me this, Johnny, and be a good boy, and I shall die happy."

The scalding tears trickled down John's cheeks as he promised to remember his mother's dying words.

After his mother was buried, John, friendless and alone, went to a neighbouring city to seek employment. There he soon fell into bad company, and forgot the promise he made to his mother.

So far as a mother could train a son, with the bad example of a father constantly before his eyes, Johnny's mother had trained him, and given him a good education. One day, in looking over the papers, he noticed that a merchant wanted an office lad about his age.

"Walk in, my lad," said the merchant, as John appeared at the door; but as he took a seat near him, the merchant observed a cigar in his hat. That was enough.

"My boy," said he, "I want a smart, honest, faithful lad; but I see that you smoke cigars, and in my experience of many years I have ever found cigar-smoking lads to be connected with other evil habits; and if I am not mistaken, your breath is an evidence that you are not an exception: you can leave, you will not suit."

John held down his head, left, and went to his room, where, throwing himself upon the bed, he wept bitterly.

But John had moral courage, energy, and determination, and in less than a hour he was in the merchant's office, whom he thus addressed: "Sir, you very properly sent me away this morning for habits that I have been guilty of; but, sir, I have neither father nor mother; and though I have not followed the good advice of my dear mother on her death-bed, nor done as I promised her I would do, yet I have now made a solemn promise never to drink another drop of liquor nor smoke another cigar; and if you, sir, will only try me, it is all I ask."

The merchant did try him, and at the end of five years John was a partner in the business, and is now a rich man and a Christian.—Read *Proverbs* iii. 13-18; iv. 14-22.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

DIET OF INFANTS.

Milk prepared as follows may be given three or four times a week, after the child is completely weaned:—*Take of mutton suet one ounce; cut this into small pieces, tie them in a muslin bag, and boil in a pint of good new milk.* The administration of milk thus prepared tends to keep the bowels in a regular and gently active state, thus preventing the accumulation of undigested food or other effete matters. Milk prepared in this manner, with the addition of an ounce of lime-water to each pint, is an excellent article of diet for children suffering from the presence of worms in the intestines. It is likewise one of the best and most useful medicines for children affected with rickets, or distortion of bones or joints. In these cases the disease arises from a deficiency of lime in the constitution of the bones themselves, and by administering lime in a soluble form, we supply the element of which nature is deficient.

Good "farinaceous food," baked flour, and biscuit powder, properly and carefully made with milk or milk and water, are good articles of diet; but if persevered in for any length of time, without giving food of a more laxative nature, they are liable to overload the stomach and constipate the bowels. It does not follow because an article of food is nutritious, that it is likewise digestible.

Too much nutritious matter in a small bulk is often very indigestible. Hence eggs are very improper for children.

INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS.

One thing to be carefully attended to in the inflammation of the lungs is the position of the child: if you *prop up* your little patient he will breathe much more easily. Another thing is to keep him *quiet*: if a limb is bad you rest it, exercise makes it worse; when the chest and throat are sore, they must *rest*, not talk or cry, which is their way of being exercised. A mother knows a hundred nameless ways of keeping her baby quiet and happy. An older child will enjoy being talked to when it cannot talk; your Bible will furnish it with the tales it loves best; a fresh flower, a penny toy, a paper doll, bits of wood, and a hundred other things, no matter how trifling, will be endless sources of amusement, and will save many a vexed cry and weary whine.

CHILBLAINS.

A simple and efficacious method of curing or preventing this painful and troublesome disorder is to rub the parts affected, or liable to be affected, with spirits of turpentine. Or, what is better, a little pickle of salt meat, if chilblains are not broken.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Prayers for Mothers' Meetings (*Nisbet*).—Sunday at Home (*Religious Tract Society*).—The Church (*Elliot Stock*).—The Revival (*Morgan & Chase*).—The Mother's Text Book (*Book Society*).—Friendly Visitor (*Partridge*).—Family Treasury (*Nelson*).



IN the out-of-the-way parish of Anwoth (in the south of Scotland), there was standing not long since a quaint old rustic church. The swallows, during many a summer, built their nests in the crannies of its rude roof. Its weather-beaten walls were garnished with moss and festooned with creeping vines. The rusty key of that kirk-door still hangs as a precious relic in the new college of Edinburgh. The old oaken pulpit is still preserved. And well it may be; for in that pulpit once stood a man of whom it used to be said that he "is always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, and always studying." He it was who uttered that memorable saying to his beloved people, "My witness is above, that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations to me." That was the pulpit of *Samuel Rutherford*.

The savoury discourses once preached in that hallowed place have, for the most part, perished long ago. But Rutherford's "Letters" will always live, an enduring memorial. They were written more than two centuries ago, but the smell of the myrrh has never departed. They are not historical letters, They contain no politics nor biography. They are not argumentative, like Pascal's. They are not descriptive, like Walpole's. They are

pure devotion,—a Christian heart's *love-letters*,—the outflow of a sweet fountain that knew no intermission.

Cecil used to style Rutherford "one of his classics." Richard Baxter said, "Hold off the Bible, and such a book the world never saw." This sounds extravagant to those who have never gone for themselves into this spiritual orchard, and plucked the luscious fruit, and never sat down at the banquet where

"The purple clusters of God's vine
Upon our mouths do crush their wine."

In reading these letters, we draw our pencil beside many an exquisite passage. Here is one: "Welcome, welcome, Jesus, in whatsoever way Thou comest, if we can but get a sight of Thee. And sure I am that it is better to be sick, providing that Christ come to the bedside, and draw aside the curtains, and say, '*Courage! I am thy salvation,*' than to be visited with lusty health and never to be visited of God." "His loved ones are most tried. The lintel-stones and pillars of his New Jerusalem suffer more knocks of God's hammer than the common side-wall stones." Sometimes his devout soul seems in a sort of delirium of holy love, as when, in writing to Lady Kenmure, he says, "Honourable lady, keep your first love. Hold the first match with that soul-delighting, lovely Bridegroom, our sweet, sweet Jesus, the Rose of Sharon, and the sweetest-smelled rose in all His Father's garden. I would not exchange one smile of His lovely face for kingdoms. Let others take their silly, feckless heaven in *this* life. Put up your heart! Shout for joy! Your King is coming to fetch you to His Father's house." This passage sounds like the Songs of Solomon.

Rutherford was one of Scotland's bravest martyrs. Satan's minions harassed him with incessant persecution. He fell on evil days. At Aberdeen he was confined for two years, but "found Jesus sweet to him in that place." His works were once burned in Edinburgh by the hands of the common hangman. He was summoned before parliament on a false charge of treason. But the summons came too late. He was on his dying bed, and calmly remarked that he had got another summons before a superior Judge, and sent this message: "I behove to answer my first summons, and ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks ever come."

On the 20th of March, 1661, Rutherford laid aside his earthly vesture to put on the wedding garment in his Saviour's presence. His last letters sound as if written from the pearly gateway. The closing words that issued from his lips were, "Glory, glory dwelleth in Immanuel's land!" The parliament, on hearing that he was dying, voted that he should not die in the college of St. Andrews as a professor. Lord Burleigh arose, and said, "You cannot vote him out of heaven!"

C.

"LENT TO THE LORD."

1 Samuel i. 28.



HE mother watched fondly the sleep of her child,
As he lay on her bosom and peacefully smiled ;
She marked his sweet breathing—with a rapturous thrill—
But the depth of her love was unsatisfied still.

Her spirit within her was stirred as she mused,
And a shadow of pain o'er her gladness diffused,
As in fancy she traced out the path of her boy,
Through the desert of strife to the Eden of joy.

She trembled to picture the dangers that wait
In the young pilgrim's path to the heavenly gate ;
And she cried, as her infant more closely she pressed,
"O Saviour, safe shelter my lamb in Thy breast !

"Guide Thou his young footsteps—his spirit incline
To walk in the light of Thy precepts divine ;
To Thee I resign him, my treasure of love,
First Thine upon earth, then for ever above."

The petition was granted ; but not as she thought—
By a dark-veiled angel the answer was brought ;
And to comfort the heart of the mother was given
This token, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Ah, bitter the cup, and mortality shrinks ;
Though faith while she trembles looks upwards and drinks ;
The first tendered blossom laid low on the sod,—
The first little lamb safely folded with God.

O mother, confiding thy child to the Lord,
Faint not that He taketh thee thus at thy word ;
Thy place 'mid the matrons in honour shall be,
And thy treasure is safer with God than with thee !

Yet softly she walketh where children are nigh,
In the tear of remembrance oft dimmeth her eye ;
She too hath a child, though he dwelleth apart,
And his image shines bright in the depths of her heart.

And hers is no darkness of gloom and despair ;
Though softened by shadows, the sunbeams are there :
Like that mother of old whom the prophets record,
The first of her flock she hath "lent to the Lord !"

She still is a mother : her child is away,
In the temple of God through his childhood to stay ;
From earth and its trammels for ever released,
To follow the steps of the blessed High-Priest.

Arrayed in white garments, unsullied by stain,
Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb that was slain ;
The fulness of joy to his infancy given,
Beholding the face of his Father in heaven !

O mother, most happy 'mong mothers on earth,
Thy little one given to God from his birth,
And ere the bright spirit was darkened by sin,
Heaven's portals wide opened to welcome him in !

Say, couldst thou have sought richer blessing than this,
 Thy first-born *at home* in the mansions of bliss?
 Still dear to thy heart with thy earliest love,
 And guarded for thee by the angels above.

And perchance, for thy joy, like that mother of old,
 Other lambs shall yet sport in thy family fold;
 And in rapture of love yet again thou shalt rest
 In maternity's bliss with a babe on thy breast!

But the voice of its prattle, though winsome it be,
 Will oft bear a message of sadness to thee;
 And little feet waking the echoes of home,
 Shall bid thee beware lest in danger they roam.

While the one that is safe in the temple on high
 Shall never awaken a tear or a sigh;
 No tremor of pain or of sorrow shall dim
 The joy of thy love when thou thinkest of him.

O mother, look well to the ways of the rest,
 Speak oft of the sweet one in infancy blest—
 Speak oft of his Saviour, nor rest till they share,
 With thy first folded lamb, in His sheltering care.


Let the child that is safe in the light of His smile
 Be a star in the heavens their hearts to beguile,
 And allure by its brightness the feet that would stray
 'Mid the flowers that encompass the wilderness way:

Till sealed for the Saviour who died to redeem,
 Thy heart's dearest treasures all hallowed by Him—
 Shall the circle of love that on earth is begun
 Be completed with joy in the light of His throne

But where is the pen that shall truthfully trace
 The rapturous thrill of the mother's embrace,
 When her dear one again to her bosom restored,
 She receiveth her loan at the hand of the Lord!

J. L. H.

OVER THE LINE.



O snare is so subtle, constant, and perilous to the follower of Christ as conformity to the world. Nothing sooner saps his spirituality; nothing hinders a revival in the Church more effectually. Conformity implies resemblance. And when a professed Christian begins to look like a worldling, and live like a worldling, how dwelleth the love of Christ in him? For there is a complete and irreconcilable *antagonism* between what the Bible calls "the world" and the service of Christ.

The chief end of a Christian's life is to glorify God. Is this the chief end of life with the people of the world? Ask any one

of them ; and he will answer, No ! I live to enjoy myself, in promoting my interests, in gratifying my tastes, and in taking my comfort. The worldling commonly delights most in what a consistent Christian finds to be forbidden fruit on forbidden ground. That forbidden fruit is *poison* to the Christian.

Bear in mind that every *pure* pleasure which an unconverted heart can enjoy, such as the joys of home and of friendship, the love of letters or art, the sight of beauty, or the delight of relieving sorrow, all these the Christian can have and enjoy likewise. They are not sinful, and the child of God can partake of them with a clear conscience. But just where a Bible-conscience tells him to *stop*, the licence of the world begins. The word of God draws a dividing line. *Over that line* lies the path of self-indulgence. Over that line lies self-pampering frivolity, slavery to fashion. Over that line God is ignored, and often defied ! Christ is wounded there and crucified afresh. Over that line the follower of Jesus has no business to go.


Where does the dividing line run between true religion and the world ? We answer that it runs just where God's word puts it ; and a conscience which is enlightened by the Word and by prayer does not commonly fail to discover it. Where Christ would be likely to go if He were on earth is the right side ; but where a Christian would be ashamed to have his Master find him, there he ought never to find himself. Wherever a Christian can go, and conscientiously ask God's blessing on what he is doing, there let that Christian go. He is not likely to wander over the line. And when a church-member enters a play-house or into a dancing frolic, and honestly asks God's blessing on the amusements, and come away a better Christian for it, then let him go, *but not before*.

But should not every good man be a "friend of the world" ? Was not the Divine Jesus a friend of the world, when He so loved it that He gave Himself for its redemption ? Did not Paul love the world when he endured hardship, humiliations, and martyrdom to lead sinner to the cross ? Ah ! yes—very true ; but what the Redeemer and His apostles were after was not sinners' *sins*, but sinners' *souls*. And they sought to save the world not by conformity to it, but by transforming it to a higher and holier ideal of life.

Nor is it by going over to the world that we can save the worldling. If we are to impress the world, we must live above the world ; if we would save sinners, we must, in the same sense as Jesus was, be "separate from" sinners. The moment we go *over the line* to "curry favour" with the votaries of sin, we never reach them ; and only run the risk of ruining ourselves. Would to God that in trying to draw the world into conformity to Christ, we did not allow the world to drag us down into conformity with itself !




THE POWER OF SYMPATHY.

 **YE** that are wise in your own conceit, never despise the young ; never turn from their first sorrow at the loss even of a doll or peg-top. Every privation is a step in the ladder of life. Deal gently with them ; speak kindly to them. A little sympathy may insure a great return when you are yourself a second time a child. Comfort them under their little sorrows ; cheer their little hearts. Kind words are the seed sown by the wayside, that bring forth fruit, "some sixty-fold, some an hundred-fold." Bear in mind ever that "the child is father to the man ;" and when you would pass a sorrowing one coldly by—whether you see it mourning over a dear friend or a lost half-penny ; whether coupled to crime by the iron hand of necessity, or dragged into it by the depraved will of a bad mother, or some

other unhappy circumstance—remember that still it is a child, a piece of nature's most flexible wax, and credulous to false prints. Spurn it not because its clothes are rags, or its parents vagrants; it is the mighty, and yet the innocent representative, perhaps, of generations yet unborn. Give it the look of kindness that childhood never mistakes; speak to it the word of cheer that even old age never forgets. Do it, if not for the sake of your common nature, do it for the sake of One who said: "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, ye did it unto me." "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A WAY TO MAKE TROUBLES.

" HERE now," said an honest prosperous working man to his wife, as they stopped at the door of a clean, newly painted house in a small street, out of the noise and bustle of the town, "will this do for you? here's no dirt to begin with; it's as clean as a new penny;" and Richard Moore good-humouredly began to point out all the comforts and beauties of this new home.

Mrs. Moore looked pleased and satisfied, and said there would be some pleasure in keeping things nice, now that she should get away from the smoke and dirt of their present neighbourhood, where she never could keep anything clean and tidy, if she tried for a hundred years.

So they moved into the pretty clean house, and very nice it looked for a week or two. There was a little parlour, and a comfortable kitchen, and two airy bed-rooms, and a good supply of water; and Richard put shelves and hammered in nails and hooks, and left nothing undone that he could do, to make "a place for everything," hoping that Betsey would remember her part of the proverb, and keep "everything in its place."

But, alas, a change soon came over the scene, and the collector, who called punctually for the rent, declared that it was of no use to paint and paper for such people, for whatever the husband might be, the wife had "no notion of things at all," and he privately wondered how long the rent would be forthcoming in such a disorderly state of household affairs.

One morning, as Mrs. Moore sat in the rocking-chair in the kitchen with a baby in her arms, and two other children, not much beyond babyhood, tumbling about her feet, while a neighbour stood leaning against the dresser in the midst of an idle and mischievous gossip, a gentle tap at the door announced a visitor. Betsey Moore looked vexed, and gossiping Mrs. White, with a quick "good-day," hurried off, while Susan Taylor, in her morning gown, clean apron, and neat bonnet, walked in.

"Mother is staying with the children a few minutes, Betsey, so I just ran here to see if I could do anything for you," said she, cheerfully.

"Do; there's plenty to be done," said Betsey, peevishly; "I can't get this child to lie down for a minute, and how can I put things straight? There, just look at the mess those brats have got into while I—" was gossiping with Mrs. White, she might have said, but she did not.

Susan looked round in dismay, then seizing a brush, swept up the ashes, and tried to "coax" back the fire, which had almost dwindled to its last spark. The breakfast things stood unwashed on a table, the chairs looked as if suddenly stopped in a jig; here stood an empty kettle, there a candlestick and saucepan had rolled together, here a piece of crust had found its way into an old shoe, and there on the floor the two children were delighting their minds by stirring up their bread and milk left from breakfast with a long-toothed comb.

In a very few minutes, however, Susan set the chairs in their places, filled the kettle, and began to wash the breakfast things, talking kindly but anxiously to her sister all the while. "It is past eleven, Betsey," said she, presently; "Richard will be in to dinner, I suppose, soon after twelve; perhaps you've got something doing in the oven for him."

"Perhaps I haven't," said Betsey: "I can't do everything. But there's some cold meat in the cupboard, and maybe some potatoes too, for I boiled too many yesterday. I wish, Susan, you would make Richard see that he ought to keep a servant for me; I've no peace of my life now. I'm sure I'd never have married him if I'd thought to come to this," and she rocked away with redoubled vigour.

Susan was just then busy with the "cold meat," which with bones, bits of fat, and a quantity of cold potatoes, all mixed up in a dirty pie-dish, did not look very tempting. "You won't be offended, Betsey, will you, if I just make this into a little Irish stew? It isn't nice for him in this state."

"Well, if there's time; and you're very handy, to be sure; it would be nicer of course, and I think there's a bit of chop hanging in the pantry as well;" and Betsey did look rather ashamed.

The saucepan had to be washed, salt pinched up from the bottom of a box, pepper hunted after in a drawer where Betsey knew it must be, because the children had often made themselves sneeze terribly by inquisitively opening the paper in which it had been left; then an onion had to be searched for which had rolled off the shelf the other day, and must be somewhere about; and at last Susan contrived to make out of all a savoury dish more likely to tempt a hungry man than that with which Betsey seemed to expect him to be satisfied.

"Now, dear Betsey, give me the baby while you just wash those

little ones, and smooth your own hair ; you always used to keep it so nice, and when it hangs as it does now, you don't seem like the same person."

"Well, I've no time to keep myself nice," grumbled Betsey. "To listen to you, one might think you didn't know what it is to have a lot of children running about your feet, and always in the way. I'm sure I don't know what to do with them, they're the plague of one's life."

"O Betsey, don't say that. They are sent to be blessings to us, if we receive them from a good God who bids us bring them up to love and serve Him ; and they should take away our selfishness, and make us careful how we live and speak before them."

"It doesn't much matter about that," said Betsey ; "for whatever you say or do, they always choose to do wrong."

"Well, they have got naughty hearts, poor things ; but O Betsey, isn't it sweet to know that we may take them to the Lord Jesus, and ask Him to save and bless them ?"

"Oh, you always bring in your religion about everything so, as if it could help one in such a muddle as I'm obliged to be in."

"It keeps me out of a muddle, dear Betsey," said Susan, earnestly. "Oh, I do wish you knew the comfort of having God's blessing in your home ; it helps wonderfully to keep things straight, both in our tempers and our work, and it makes like sunshine of everything."

"It's no use talking, Susan ; I don't see why I should be a slave from morning till night just to please Richard, when he cares nothing about home now."

"Ah, Betsey, it was just that made me come here this morning ; for Richard was no less than four times last week in a public-house drinking and playing games ; and last night William made him come to our house instead, and he talked reasonably enough ; but he said—I hardly like to tell you, Betsey."

"Oh, you may tell, for anything I care. I know this, that the other night, when the children were in bed, I set to, and scrubbed and cleaned till my arms ached, and I got a lot of clothes washed ; and Richard could see I wasn't idle ; but all the praise I got was his going off in a huff, saying he didn't want to be swilled into the street, nor swept into the grate, and that he hated to sit where things were hanging to dry. So I gave up there and then, and sat down and nearly cried my eyes out."

"O Betsey, Betsey, did you really do all this with your husband in the house wanting to rest quietly after his day's work ? Indeed, I don't wonder he went out."

"It's very odd to me that you always take the husband's part," exclaimed Betsey, angrily.

"Well, I must not stay any longer now ; only just let me say this, Betsey : Let us try with all our hearts to do the duty we both promised to do when we married, and let us be quite sure that no

fault can be found in us, before we begin to find fault with our husbands. Do try more, dear sister, for Richard's sake, and your own and the children's sakes, to make your home more comfortable for him. Indeed, you don't know what you are doing by vexing him so as to make him go out when he ought to have a happy fire-side to sit down to."

She then went to lay the baby down in a room upstairs, and returning for a moment while she tied on her bonnet, added, as she kissed her sister's clouded face, "Forgive me for speaking so plain, dear Betsey; and do think it over yourself. And now, couldn't you just say to Richard that you will have a nice warm supper for him in the evening, for you know this is but a scanty sort of dinner; and if you don't give him good food, he'll think he must make it up in drink, and then—"

"Oh, that reminds me," interrupted Betsey, "do you know about that neighbour of yours, Mrs. Watson? Why, Mrs. White says—"

"Don't tell me anything," said Susan; "I'm afraid she's going wrong, and I've been trying to make friends with her for the sake of her poor children."

"Make friends with her! Indeed you'll demean yourself, I can tell you, if you do that. Mrs. White says she drove her husband into bad ways with her temper, and now they both drink away all they have to live upon."

"Oh, that dreadful drink!" said Susan, earnestly. "May God help us to keep ourselves and ours from it; we don't know what we may come to when that begins."

"Come to, indeed! You don't think we are coming to that?"

"I can't tell; but I know that our hearts are deceitful, and we need God's good Spirit to set us in the right way, and keep us there. And I can't help seeing, too, Betsey, that we, wives of working men, have just as much in our power to make or mar happiness as any lady in the land. We've our trials, to be sure, but we've great blessings too, and duties as high and holy as God's word can make them. Oh, let us ask Him to teach us how to do them for Him day by day."

"She's as gloomy as mother with her religious ways," said Betsey to herself; but the only gloom over that peaceful heart was caused by increasing fears for the happiness of her sister, which she saw was sorely perilled through idleness, selfishness, and a discontented spirit.

As Susan glided away at one end of the street, Richard Moore came sauntering into it at the other; and putting his head in at the kitchen-door, "Got any dinner for a hungry fellow to-day?" he said half good-humouredly, half-doubtingly.

"Come in and see," said Betsey, feeling really very glad that Susan had paid her so kind a visit. She had drawn the table before a cheerful fire, found a clean cloth to put over it, and had things set upon it with some degree of order.

"Well, now, that's nice and comfortable; and, Betsey, I do believe you've been to the hairdresser; you look like my own little wife to-day. Come, where are the little ones? let's have dinner together, like Christian people."

Ah, where were the little ones? In mischief, no doubt, for they were wonderfully quiet. Yes; they were in the front room, where they had been forbidden to go, busy unravelling grandmother's knitting, and much enjoying the curious little curls in the worsted, as row after row came beautifully out.

"Oh dear! oh dear! did ever anybody see the like?" exclaimed Betsey, rushing to the rescue of the stocking.

"Ah, you should have put it out of reach," said Richard, half laughing; "how should he know what it was? Can't you do it up again?"

"I do it up again! what time have I to do it, I wonder? You talk like a goose."

"Do I? Well, let's have dinner. Scold them when I'm gone, if you must scold about it."

Betsey could not wait, but did scold, and not very gently either. So Richard Moore's dinner was spoiled after all; for he could not endure to hear the children cry; and after making a hasty meal, went out again, while his wife, intent upon herself and her hardships in having a house and three children to manage, allowed him to go without a kind word or look to induce him to suppose she cared whether he came home in the evening, or went to spend his time and money among those who would entice him to forgetfulness of wife and children, home and its responsibilities, as well as of its disorder and discomfort.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try, try, try again.

Once or twice though you should fail,
Try, try, try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try, try again;
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
Try, try, try again.

If you find your task is hard,
Try, try, try again;
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try, try again;
All that other folks can do,
Why, with patience, should not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try, try again.



ROTTEN AT HEART.

WHEN the Interpreter had done, he takes them into his garden again, and had them to a tree, whose inside was all rotten and gone, and yet it grew and had leaves. Then said Mercy, "What means this?" "This tree," said he, "whose outside is fair, and whose inside is rotten, it is to which many may be compared that are in the garden of God; who with their mouths speak high in behalf of God, but indeed will do nothing for Him; whose leaves are fair, but their heart good for nothing but to be tinder for the devil's tinder-box."

Help me, then, Lord, to try my heart,
To search with strictest care,
And all my thoughts and words and ways
With Scripture to compare.

Have I received the Holy Ghost?
Have I been born again?
Have I obtained a living faith?
Is Jesus formed within?

Lord, answer Thou, Thy Spirit send
To witness in my heart:
Lay low false hope; forbid despair;
Salvation free impart.

"AND THEY WENT AND TOLD JESUS."



THESE words are touchingly simple. John's disciples, true to their master, even in death, procured his be-headed body and laid it in the tomb, and then "went and told Jesus." They knew well the mutual friendship of these mysterious persons, and felt confident their breaking hearts would find in the sympathising Jesus that consolation they so much needed.

What a shoreless ocean of sympathy flows from the heart of Jesus! Who that "went and told Jesus" the sorrows of a burdened spirit, ever came from His presence unblessed with the radiance of His benediction? Who of that motley multitude of blind, lame, deaf, and diseased, who constantly crowded His path, telling Jesus of their misfortunes, and asking that they might but touch the hem of His garment, or feel His cooling, healing shadow pass over their fevered frames, were ever denied His blessing?

"Thou Son of David, have mercy on us," arrests His steps and illumines the blind with the light of the world that now is, and of that which is to come. Never did He hear the appeal, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me whole," without bestowing the healing vigour of that beneficent will. Even the heathen mother, who "went and told Jesus" of the affliction of her daughter, was not refused His compassion; and the officer of King Herod, who told Jesus of his dying son, was rejoiced by his restoration to health.

The disciples on the Sea of Gennesaret, overwhelmed by the billows which the sudden tempest tossed, "went and told Jesus" of their peril, and at once the majesty of Messiah shone out on the placid lake. Martha and Mary sent and told Jesus of the sickness of him whom He and they so loved. When He reached the steepes of Bethany, Martha "went and told Jesus" that Lazarus was dead, and chided Him with those tender words, "If Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." "Jesus wept!" There was sympathy in His tears, but He who was "the resurrection and the life" at once wiped those tears from sisters' eyes and His own, by calling back that brother, clothed in light of the realms of bliss, to cheer the hearts and home of Bethany.

Mary Magdalene "went and told Jesus" the bitter burden of her sin-stained soul. No cold scorn curled the lip of the Immaculate, no deserved denunciation parted those lips of love, but His sweet breath of pardon warmed her chilling heart, like the warm, life-giving breath of morning upon the tender buds of spring. He pardoned and she loved.

Dear sufferer, wasting with the wounds of disease; bleeding with the darts of death, which through days and nights of weary watching you have gathered into your own bosom; whelmed in peril's

waves; maligned by a misjudging world; weeping beneath the willow that weeps over you, for the dead who sleep below you, or mourning amid the sad memories of sins unforgiven—dear sufferer, go and “tell Jesus” your every sorrow, your every grief, for He was the “Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.”

A MEEK AND QUIET SPIRIT.



HOW much better, even in temporal matters, quiet people get along, than those who are constantly fretting over or resisting some fancied slight or grievance. “The meek shall inherit the earth.” If a man proves himself to be dishonest in his dealings, a sure way of avoiding similar trouble in future is not to deal with him any more. If a person is angry and violent in his manner, quit his company as far as possible; and when you must associate with him, learn to use that “soft answer” which works such wonders. If any one speaks evil of you, do not follow it up with heated refutations, but let an upright walk and conversation disprove the calumny. Commit your reputation to the Lord’s keeping, and He will, in the end, bring forth your good name clear as the noon-day. Remember Him, “who, when He was reviled, reviled not again;” and it will calm your spirit in its most turbulent moments.

An equable spirit tends much to promote that “length of days” which is a blessing of God, to be desired by every one who loves to labour for his Master. In a statistical report made in England, it was found that the Society of Friends were the longest lived of any in the nation, speaking well for their quiet, orderly, temperate habits of life. There is nothing wears away a man’s life like constant irritability or fretfulness. One addicted to this habit, unless some strong counteracting tendency exist, will die an old man in the prime of his years; and those who are compelled to live in his society will be very likely to feel that his death was none too early. One can readily understand the feeling of the little child, who said he “did not wish to go to heaven if grandpa were to be there;” and when asked his reason, answered, “Because he would be all the time saying, ‘Whew! whew! what are all these children doing here?’”

Such a spirit dishonours Christ, and grieves the Holy Spirit; and no person is compelled, as too many think, to indulge such a disposition from their constitutional weakness. The grace of God has a thousand times subdued the most violent in temper, and made them gentle and loving. If you find no such sanctifying influence going on in your heart, “how dwelleth the love of God in you?”

YOU HAVE JESUS.

(THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.)



WORD fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver" (Prov. xxv. 11). In illustration of this text, there comes across me a memory which, like the scent of early flowers, is ever refreshing, and seems to purify everything it passes over with its own sweetness. Some years have passed since the event happened, and though much has been washed away by Time's resistless waters, this little incident still has to me a vividness unspeakable. My mother had but just breathed her last on earth, and with the frantic grief of childhood my sister and I wept together, she murmuring, "Mamma, mamma, I have no one left now." Beside us stood one other little girl, many summers my junior; but the light of God had already shone on that young soul, and, following her Saviour's example, she strove to comfort and support us in our sorrow; for with caressing gesture she kept repeating, "You have Jesus, you have Jesus!" Then, even then, that name had power to soothe, and we were hushed by those simple words.

Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without our Father's knowledge; so those gentle utterances of love and pity were not suffered to pass away; and year by year, as trials and afflictions have fallen thickly around me, "*You have Jesus*" has been the balm of my spirit.

This is a true incident from my own life's history. That little girl still lives, "adorning the doctrine of God her Saviour in all things," but is severed from me by time and distance. My beloved sister, however, is an angel in her heavenly Father's kingdom; and I, now left alone, long to press on young hearts this little anecdote, that it may teach them some of the truths it has so often brought home to me.

First, let it impress upon you the lesson of my text, the use of "a word fitly spoken;" and may the lambs of Christ's flock ever strive to further the kingdom of Christ by speaking at all times the "word in season" to their young companions, accompanying it always with a sweet and loving spirit.

Secondly, I would reverse my words, and say, Have you Jesus as your Friend and Companion? Is He, the blessed, precious Redeemer, all-in-all to you? Oh! if you are not yet amongst Christ's redeemed ones, seek, my dear young friends, from Him at once the pardon you need for all your sins. Listen to His gracious invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

STIMULANTS TO CHILDREN.

Ignorant people, especially of the lower classes, have an unbounded confidence in the curative powers of spirits, and they not unfrequently inflict a good deal of injury on young children by the administration of pure brandy to them. A large dose of undiluted spirits to a child may even prove fatal; an instance of which recently occurred at Greenock, on board a Liverpool steamer, in the person of a little girl, aged five years, to whom an overdose of brandy had been given during the voyage as a remedy against seasickness.—*Lancet*.

DR. ELAM ON ALCOHOL.

With regard to the two diseases, bronchitis and heart affection, the increased mortality in which is so enormous as to account for the whole average increase in deaths, I have not the slightest hesitation in attributing the fatal result, in a vast proportion of the cases, to the vicious system of treatment that has become more and more prevalent for many years, and especially to that most pernicious habit or fashion of giving stimulants largely and indiscriminately. Alcohol is poison in bronchitis, speaking generally; and in affections of the heart there is nothing that so much favours the development of local congestions as these stimulants.

Another serious evil connected with this practice is its ultimate

result on individuals and families, apart from the disease. By the loose method in which many of our profession order wine and brandy for even slight neuralgic affections, a taste for drinking is established, the consequences of which are often not to be calculated. Most assuredly I have seen large families swept off entire, all by affections connected with alcoholism, the original use of the stimulant having been "by medical order."—*The Lancet*.

IMPURE WATER.

A vessel filled with water and placed in a room where persons are present will, in a few hours, have absorbed nearly all the respired and perspired gases in the apartment, the air of which will have become purer, but the water utterly impure. The cooler the water, the greater is its capacity to contain these gases. A pint of water at the ordinary temperature contains a pint of carbonic acid gas (a deadly poison to animal life), and several pints of ammonia. This absorbing capacity is nearly doubled by reducing the temperature of the water below thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. Hence it follows that water, kept in a room but a brief space of time, becomes utterly unfit for use. All water, to be pure, must be freshly drawn from the well or spring. Impure water is equally as injurious to health as impure air.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Brief Narrative of Facts, by G. Müller (*Nisbet & Co.*).—Sunday-school Times (*J. Clarke & Co.*).—Christian's Penny Magazine (*Snow & Co.*).—Children's Paper (*Nelson & Sons*).—Child's Companion (*Religious Tract Society*).—Home Visitor (*W. Hunt & Co.*).—British Messenger (*Peter Drummond*).—Children's Treasury (*Book Society*).



I WELL remember when about nine years of age, returning from school one day, with a request to my mother that I might attend a children's ball, which was to take place the next evening. One or two had been held before, at which most of my companions were present, but myself and my sister, who was still younger, had received no invitation, as it was well understood that our mother was "very strict," and probably would not permit us to attend. But on this occasion, a note was handed us, as we were returning from school, requesting our company for the next evening; and as we entered the parlour where our mother was sitting, our little hearts were swelled with desires to which they had, until then, been strangers. We asked her permission to attend, which she gently but firmly denied, giving us, at the same time, some of her most important reasons for so doing. We felt the propriety of her objections, and in fact had little inclination to enter into an amusement with which we were wholly unacquainted; but the dread of the sneer and ridicule of our companions, and their remarks upon the unnecessary *strictness* of our dear parents, overcame other feelings; and we begged that we might go, at least once, in order to show them she was more indulgent than they supposed. I shall never forget the tone of seriousness my mother

assumed, as she represented to us the responsibility incurred by Christian parents, in giving up their children to God. "You, my dear children," said she, "are consecrated children. Your parents have covenanted with God to train you up for His service. How can I, without a fearful violation of that covenant, permit you to enter a place where everything you see and hear will be calculated to divert your minds from serious things? Would not God be justly angry with me, and could I expect His blessing in my endeavours to train you up for Him? Now which do you prefer, that I should displease God, or your companions?" This was enough,—we were entirely satisfied, and were able to meet our companions the next day without shame or fear; indeed, shall I say it? we felt a secret pride in the integrity of our dear mother's principles.

TWO DEATH-BED SCENES.



Do not tell me that I must die. This world is beautiful to me; I cannot give it up." Thus spoke one who was suddenly laid upon a bed of sickness, and, as her physician had just told her, of death. Looking into the weeping face of her mother, as she bent lovingly over her couch, she said, "Can't something more be done to save me, mother? I can't die now, when my hopes of future happiness seem the brightest." By her bedside stood one to whom her love was pledged, her young heart given. A few days, and she was to be his bride. She was even now decked for her bridal; but it was to be with death.

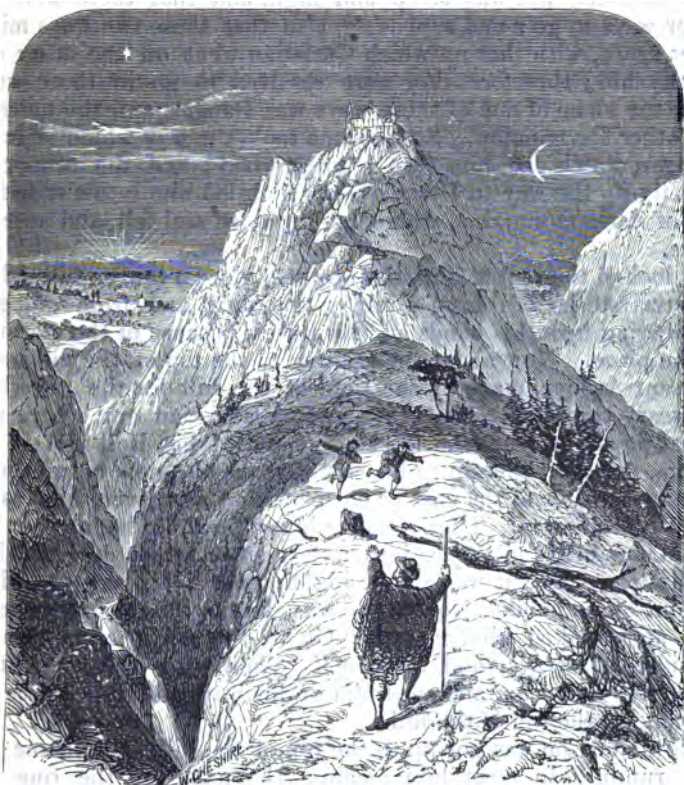
In the same street, and in a neighbouring house, sat a dying girl. Distressed for breath, she could not lie on her bed; and, propped up in her chair, she looked placidly upon the familiar faces of friends. "Raise the curtain, sister, and let me see the sun once more. It is almost down. When it rises again I shall have crossed the river." "Do you fear the cold chill of its waters?" asked her pastor. "Oh no!" while a smile of ineffable sweetness irradiated the pale face: "I have His promise that He will not leave me. Precious Saviour! Sing, please, the hymn that you sang last night."

"The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair sweet morn awakes.

"Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land."

Seeing that her mother was weeping, she said, "Don't weep, mother; there will be but a curtain between us. Have you not often said that a mother could not expect always to have her children around her? We shall still be in our Father's house, only in different rooms."

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN THE LORD!"



THE HILL DIFFICULTY.



BEHELD then that they all went on till they came to the foot of the Hill Difficulty; at the bottom of which was a Spring. There were also in the same place two other ways besides that which came straight from the gate; one turned to the left hand, and the other to the right, at the bottom of the hill: but the narrow way lay right up the hill (and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty). Christian now went to the spring, and drank thereof to refresh himself, and then began to go up the hill, saying—

“The hill ‘though high, I covet to ascend,
The difficulty will not me offend;
For I perceive the way to life lies here.
Come, pluck up heart, let’s neither faint nor fear;
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe.”

The other two also came to the foot of the hill. But when they

saw that the hill was steep and high, and that there were two other ways to go ; and supposing also that these two ways might meet again, with that up which Christian went on the other side of the hill ; therefore they were resolved to go in those ways. Now the name of one of those ways was Danger, and the name of the other Destruction. So the one took the way which is called Danger, which led him into a great wood ; and the other took directly up the way to Destruction, which led him into a wide field full of dark mountains, where he stumbled and fell, and rose no more.

I looked then after Christian, to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant Arbour, made by the Lord of the hill for the refreshing of weary travellers. Thither therefore Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his Roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort ; he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given him as he stood by the cross. Thus pleasing himself awhile, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night ; and in his sleep his Roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him, and awaked him, saying, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard ; consider her ways, and be wise." And with that Christian suddenly started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace till he came to the top of the hill.

Now when he was got up to the top of the hill, there came two men running to meet him amain ; the name of the one was Timorous, and the name of the other, Mistrust ; to whom Christian said, "Sirs, what's the matter ? You run the wrong way." Timorous answered, that "they were going to the City of Zion, and had got up that difficult place ; but," said he, "the further we go, the more danger we meet with ; wherefore we turned, and are going back again."

"Yes," said Mistrust, "for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way, whether sleeping or waking we know not, and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us in pieces."

Then said Christian, "You make me afraid, but whither shall I fly to be safe ? If I go back to mine own country, *that* is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there. If I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture. To go back is nothing but death ; to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward."—*John Bunyan.*

A REMARKABLE DELIVERANCE.



"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."—
Ps. xli. 1.

BOVE a century ago, in a sequestered part of Scotland, a hardworking couple were struggling through life, and frequently found it difficult to gain a bare subsistence, and provide even necessities for their young family. But though their lot was cast among the poor of this world, they were honest. They lived in a thinly peopled neighbourhood, remote from town or village, and indeed at a considerable distance from any habitation whatever. The poor man could generally contrive to earn a scanty subsistence, barely sufficient to maintain his wife and four children. At times, indeed, his means of support were cut off; for, though industrious when he could procure work, his employment at best was precarious. Sometimes this worthy couple were reduced to great necessity for want of food, when they experienced unexpected interpositions of Providence, by which help was sent to them in the most unlooked-for manner. Thus God often reveals Himself to His chosen ones, and in time of their need proves that He is "a very present help in trouble."

At some miles' distance from this humble cottage was the residence of an excellent Christian lady,—Lady Kilmarnock, who devoted her time and fortune to doing good, and was indeed a blessing to those around her. These worthy cottagers had, of course, been frequent objects of her bounty, and through her aid they had often obtained most seasonable relief. But, though Ann Young—for that was the former name of the cottager's wife, by which she was still known in the neighbourhood—had formerly been a servant in her family, yet such was her repugnance to appear burdensome to her benefactress, that it was seldom indeed that when in want her distress was made known by herself.

On one occasion these poor people were reduced to the greatest extremity of want. Their little store of provisions gradually diminished, till they were exhausted. Her children had received the last morsel she could furnish, yet she was not cast down; for Ann Young was a *Christian*. She knew in whom she had believed. She had learned to trust in the loving-kindness of her God, when apparently cut off from human aid; and having found by experience that man's extremity is God's opportunity, she did not despond. Night came at last, and still no relief was vouchsafed to them. The children were crying for their supper, and because there was none to give them, their mother undressed them and put them to bed, where they soon cried themselves to sleep. Their father was much dejected, and likewise went to bed, leaving Ann in solitary possession of the room. And yet she felt

not alone. Many sweet hours had she spent in that little cottage, apart from the world, with her Bible and her God. Precious had these opportunities ever been to her of pouring out her soul to God—of spreading her sorrows, her trials, all before Him, and giving vent to a full, and now, alas! a heavy heart.

Having seen her children safely at rest, she made up the peat fire on the hearth, that she might not afterwards be disturbed for the night. She then trimmed and lit the lamp, and hung it upon its accustomed place on the wall, and moved the clean, oaken table near it; and, having taken a large family Bible from the book-shelf, she deposited it upon it. She paused, however, before opening the sacred volume, to implore a blessing on its contents, when the following text involuntarily came into her mind: "For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills."

The text, thought Ann, is not very applicable to my present condition; and opening her Bible she proceeded to look out for some of her favourite passages of Scripture. Yet, "For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills," was uppermost in her thoughts. She knelt down and committed her case to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer; and then she tried to recall former experiences, to bring to remembrance the promises of God and those portions of Scripture which used to come home with power to her heart, but without now feeling that lively pleasure and satisfaction she had ever found in the word of God. The text, "For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills," seemed fastened to her memory; she could not banish it from her mind. Yet, thought Ann, it is God's own word: and she read the fiftieth Psalm, in which the text is contained. It was, she thought, a beautiful Psalm, but many verses in it appeared to her more suited to her condition than this one. Again she prayed, hoping that, while presenting her supplication before the throne of grace, she might forget it; but with no better success. Still she endeavoured to encourage her drooping heart with the belief, nay, God's blessed assurance, of the efficacy of earnest, persevering prayer, and continued her occupation, alternately supplicating in prayer and reading her Bible, until midnight. Indeed, early dawn found her engaged at this same employment. At length daylight appeared through the little casement, and a loud, impatient rap was heard at the door.

"Who's there?" said Ann.

A voice from without answered—"A friend."

"But who is a friend?" replied she. "What are you?"

"I'm a drover; and quick, mistress, and open the door, and come out and help me. And if there's a man in the house, tell him also to come out, for one of my cattle has fallen down a precipice and broken its leg, and is lying at *your door*."

On opening the door, what was the first object that met the astonished gaze of Ann? A large drove of cattle, from the highlands of Scotland. As far as eye could reach in either direction, the road was black with the moving mass, which the man was driving on to the market in the south. And there lay the disabled beast, its leg broken—the poor drover standing by looking ruefully over it—his faithful dog by his side, gazing up as if in sympathy with his master, as if he understood his dilemma, and knew also that his services could now be of no avail.

The worthy couple were concerned for the poor drover, and evinced their willingness to assist him in his misfortune, had it been in their power. He, in his turn, felt at a loss to know how he should dispose of the animal, and paused to consider what course he ought to pursue. But the more he thought, the more his perplexity increased. To drive on the maimed beast was obviously impossible. To sell it there seemed equally so. What was to be done? The drover drew his highland plaid tighter round him. He shifted and replaced his bonnet from one side of his head to the other. "I never," he at length exclaimed, "was more completely brought to my wit's end in my life;" and then turning to Ann, he added, "'Deed, mistress, I must just make you a present of it, for in truth I don't know what else I can do with it; so kill it, and take care of it, for it is a fine beast. I'll answer for it, a mart like that has never come within your door." And, without waiting for thanks, he whistled on his dog and joined the herd, which was soon seen moving slowly on its weary journey.

The poor cottagers were lost in wonder at this unexpected deliverance from famine, by so signal an interposition of Providence. And after they had in some measure recovered from the surprise such an incident was calculated to excite, the father assembled his little family around him to unite in prayer, and to give thanks to the "Giver of all good" for this new proof of His condescending kindness towards them. Thus their prayer was turned into *praise*. All was now rejoicing, preparation, and gladness. They had *meat* sufficient to serve them for many months to come, and in their first joy they totally forgot that they had *no bread*. But He who "commanded the ravens" to bring to the prophet "*bread and flesh*," did *not* forget it. God does not work by halves. About six o'clock in the morning, another knock was heard at the door, which this time flew quickly open, when who should present himself but the bailiff of Lady Kilmarnock, with a load on his back. He then proceeded to relate how Lady Kilmarnock sent for him the previous day to inquire "if anything had happened to Ann Young." To which he replied, that he was not aware that she had met with any calamity, and that when he last heard of her family, they were all well. "Then," said her ladyship, "she must be *in want*; for these few days she has been incessantly in

my thoughts. *I cannot get her out of my head*; and I am sure she is in distress. So take a sack of meal to her—a large one, too, and take it directly. You had better convey it yourself, that it may be safely delivered to her, and bring me word how she is; for I know she would almost starve before she applied for relief.”

Thus were these pious cottagers, by a wonderful interference of Providence, amply provided for; and Ann Young found out *why* that passage of Scripture had been so impressed upon her mind, and learned to understand more fully than she did before the meaning of that old, and yet new, and true, and ever-faithful word of God, “**EVERY BEAST OF THE FOREST IS MINE, AND THE CATTLE UPON A THOUSAND HILLS!**”

A MOTHER IN ISRAEL.

(Translated from the German.)



GERTRUDE REICHARDT was born at Ruhrort, a town in the busy manufacturing centre of Germany, on the 3rd of September, 1788. Her father was a surgeon, and during the great foreign wars she was of necessity learning with him the care and ministry of the sick. It was a gradual but unconscious preparation for the great work of her life, although many years passed before that work came.

When Fliedner founded his Magdalen Asylum in 1833, he asked her to undertake its management. She declined; but three years after, when she was forty-seven, he opened an hospital and institution where deaconesses would be trained in Christian service, and begged her to enter as the first deaconess. Her brother, the well-known missionary to the Jews, advised her to accept the call, which he conceived to be from the Lord; and she paid a visit to Kaiserswerth to talk the matter over with Fliedner and his wife. Although doubtful when she saw how little preparation was made for so great a work, the faith of the founder and the warm love of Christian friends made the love burn in her own heart, so that she promised to come on the 20th of October, 1836.

The hospital had been already opened on the 13th, with the help of two godly women, but in great poverty and lowliness. A table, some chairs with half-broken legs, a few wretched knives, some forks with only two prongs, old-fashioned worm-eaten bedsteads of every shape and colour, and such other like movables, made up all the furniture. It became necessary, therefore, to be content with what there was, to bear the want of the most necessary things without a murmur, and to be still, while it pleased the Lord to supply one need after another. This was the duty that Gertrude so admirably discharged; and it is no little one when we remember

the hundreds of sighs and lamentations and wishes that one hears now-a-days if everything is not just in the best order. But the blessing which the Lord has laid upon the meek, and patient, and humble, became very visible ; for seldom has a Christian woman been able to do so much out of so little. She bestowed the greatest love upon the sick, many of whom were hopelessly and painfully incurable, and her spiritual influence was large and profound. Many and many a one was comforted and quickened by her presence and words, or led to the salvation of their souls. As the work grew, and the number of sick was multiplied, she was falling into years and declining strength ; so that she was obliged to lay aside one duty after another ; and when the House of Rest was finished, she took up her residence in the corner-room, where we have so often visited her, and where she remained till she died. The separation from her work was very painful ; and long after, she mentioned how sorely it tried her heart, and how long it was before she could recognise this necessity of being still.

When we kept our jubilee in 1861, she was seventy-three years of age, bowed under the burden of her years, but joyful in God. From that time she grew weaker and more stooped ; she could work no longer, but she prayed much for us. To every one she was an eloquent witness of the grace of God. How often I have rejoiced to take some dear friend into the well-known corner-room, and in the bent old woman on the sofa to point out our first deaconess ; and to see her face brighten as she would tell of the simple and humble beginnings of the work, and went on to praise the goodness of the Lord who had so wonderfully helped it. We shall never forget her ; nor can she be forgotten. The significance of her life makes it impossible ; for she has shown how the love and devotion of *woman* may have a wider activity than in the family circle, that they may be freely dedicated to the larger service of the Church, and help there in the lessening of that thousand-fold misery which sin has brought upon the earth.

As a mother divides the bread she has among her children, so she broke the Bread of Life as the Spirit of God gave her. As she grew older, she grew in knowledge of herself and in sorrow for the awful corruption of the human heart ; yet clung with child-like faith to her Saviour. I see her before my eyes, as I saw her for the first time nineteen years ago. In the doorway between two sick wards, and so that the sick in each could see her, there sat an aged, bent, motherly woman, her feet propped up on a stool ; and she read from the Bible on her knees the parable of the Sower, and set it out clear and tender in her simple words, and with such a childlike, trusting, cheerful spirit, that it seemed winning its way into the heart of every listener. When age had discharged her from any special office, she would go from one sick-bed to another, and singling out the saddest and most ignorant she showed them the meaning of God's word, questioned them, and related

simple stories, especially answers to prayer; so that her very shadow was watched as she passed along, and Protestants, Roman Catholics, and Jews vied in their welcome.

Many and many a wanderer she had led to the Saviour, but her thought of herself was always this, *I have gone astray like a lost sheep; seek thy servant.* As this year began, her weakness increased, though the grace of God was mighty in her weakness. The eternal light that streamed from the word of God into her soul was a lamp in all her darkness, until her earthly life sank out of sight, and day without night broke upon her soul for ever. It was about half-past three on the morning of the 13th of February, 1869. No longer dwarfed and bowed, nor fettered by the weakness of old age, but everlastingly young, she stands now before the throne of God, and serves Him day and night. On the 16th of February we laid her body in the grave. And a great company carried her to her burial; for she was a mother in Israel.

THE UNBOLTED DOOR.



Aged widow sat alone beside her narrow hearth;
Her silent cottage never heard the ringing laugh of mirth.
Six children once had sported there; but now the churchyard snow
Fell softly on five little graves that were not long ago.

She mourned them all with patient love; but, since, her eyes had shed
Far bitter tears than those which dewed the faces of the dead:
The child which had been spared to her, her darling and her pride,
The woful mother lived to wish that she had also died!

Those little ones beneath the snow, not lost, but gone before,
Faith taught her all was well with them; and then the pang was o'er:
But, when she thought where Katie was, she saw the city's glare,
The painted mask of bitter joy which Need gives Sin to wear.

Without, the snow was thick and white, no step had fallen there;
Within, she sat beside the fire, each thought a silent prayer—
When suddenly, behind her seat, unwonted noise she heard,
As though a hesitating hand the rustic latch had stirred.

She turned, and there the wanderer stood, with snow-flakes in her hair—
A faded woman, wild and worn, the ghost of something fair.
And then upon the mother's cheek the withered brow was laid—
"Can God and you forgive me all? for I have sinned," she said.

The widow dropped upon her knees before the fading fire,
And thanked the Lord, whose loving hand had granted her desire.
The daughter kneeled beside her too, tears streaming from her eyes,
And prayed, "God help me to be good to mother ere she dies."

They did not talk about the sin, the shame, the bitter woe;
They spoke about those little graves and things of long ago.
And then the daughter raised her eyes, and said, in tender tone,
"Why did you keep your door unbarred, when you were quite alone?"

"My child!" the widow said, and smiled, a smile of love and pain,
"I kept it so, lest you should come, and turn away again.
I've waited for you all the while—a mother's love is true;
Yet it is but the shadowy type of *His who died for you.*"

Good News.



FIRST LESSONS.

FROM a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. iii. 15).

"And ye shall teach them your children, speaking of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, when thou liest down, and when thou risest up" (Deut. xi. 19).

"That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be born; who should arise and declare them to their children: that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep His commandments" (Ps. lxxviii. 6, 7).

"As for me, this is my covenant with them, saith the Lord; My Spirit that is upon thee, and my words which I have put in thy mouth, shall not depart out of thy mouth, nor out of the mouth of thy seed, nor out of the mouth of thy seed's seed, saith the Lord, from henceforth and for ever" (Isa. lix. 21).

"Happy is that people, that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord" (Ps. cxliv. 15).

ADVANTAGES OF INFANT TRAINING TO AFTER SCHOOL-LIFE.



It is a common mistake to suppose that children are happier and learn all the better for being left to themselves for the first five or six years of their lives. The real state of the case is the very reverse. A child is never so happy as when he is regularly and moderately occupied in congenial employment. The constant testimony of the parents is, that the children are much more easily managed at home, give far less trouble, require fewer toys, and are altogether happier.

And as regards work, the child who enters school for the first time at the age of six or seven, has not only everything to learn that his fellow-child in the infant school has already learnt, but in general he has many things to unlearn. As a rule he is careless and inattentive, boisterous, or mischievous, as an indulged natural disposition may determine, incapable of fixing his mind upon anything, or of using his hands or eyes to any good purpose. Even in his play, which is the thing he likes best and knows best, he is loud and clumsy, never having learnt how to run, march, or do anything in harmony with others. In point of health and bodily vigour, also, for which idleness is supposed to do so much, he is inferior to the infant school child, whose alternations of play and pleasant occupations are favourable alike to the development of mind and body. Of course these statements must be considered as referring only to good modern infant schools, and it must be admitted that there are infant school children who never come up to the general standard of the higher school, and there are likewise children who have never seen an infant school, for whom nature has done so much that they make wonderful progress after they have once begun. These are the exceptions. After an experience of twenty-five years, first in the juvenile school and afterwards in the middle-class school, affording the most ample opportunities for judging, I do not hesitate to say that regular attendance in a good infant school from the age of two and a-half to seven is, on an average, *fully equal to eighteen months' or two years' additional school-life*. That is to say, other things being equal, a child trained in a good infant school would, at the age of ten, be as well educated as a child who had not been so well trained at eleven and a-half, or even twelve.

Now, as it is a fact generally acknowledged and deplored that few children of the labouring classes remain in school after ten years of age, and it is doubted whether any legislation can ever materially alter this fact, is it not obvious that the proper way of meeting the difficulty is a general adoption of infant schools, and consequent addition of a year and a half or two years to the school life as well as to the moral and religious training of the children of our working classes?—*E. Coghlan*.

A WORD TO FATHERS.



FATHERS, *be gentle*. When you cannot drive, you can always persuade. A gentle word, a kind look, a good-natured smile, can work wonders and accomplish miracles. There is a secret pride in every heart that revolts at tyranny. You may order and drive an individual, but you cannot make him respect you. In the domestic circle especially, kind words and looks are most essential to connubial felicity. Children should never be spoken harshly to. It does them no good. If they commit a fault, they should be corrected for it in a mild but firm manner, and the impression it makes will prove salutary.

Fathers! don't strike your boys,
Not with such brutal force :
Don't speak in rough and angry tone,
With words profane and coarse.

'Tis not the hasty word,
'Tis not the mere brute power,
Of your strong passion or strong arm
Restrains them ; they may cower
Beneath the threatening blow,
In terror and dismay ;
And yet in sullen wilfulness
Go *hardened* on their way,—

No penitence at heart,
No sorrow for their sin ;
Your wrath may only stir the depths
Of what is bad within.

'Tis easier, we know,
To flog them in a rage,
Rather than by a steadfast rule
To guide their thoughtless age.

God says,—“Train up your child
The way that he should go ;”
First do a father's part by him,
And love and kindness show

It is a cruel wrong,
A wrong you can't repair,
To harden your own children's hearts,
And quench affection there.

Do you believe that He
Who said, “Spare not the rod,”
Spoke thus to sanction cruel wrath ?
What mean those words of God ?

That when the gentler means,
Precept, example, fail,
Then may a righteous chastisement
From father's hand prevail.

But guard your temper still.
That there be no mistake ;
And let them see and understand,
You do it for *their* sake.



DAVID'S TRUST IN GOD.

Psalm xvi. 1.

(THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.)

MOTHER, who wrote all these beautiful psalms?"
 "Good men, my dear; children of God, who loved to speak to Him, and sing of Him; and whom He taught how to feel, and what to say. David wrote many of them. He was one of the best men that ever lived."

"What did he mean when he said, 'Preserve me, O God; for in Thee do I put my trust?'" (Ps. xvi. 1.)

"I will try to show you. Do you remember the little girl we saw walking with her father in the woods last week?"

"Oh, yes, mother; wasn't she beautiful?"

"She was a gentle, loving little thing; and her father was very kind to her. Do you remember what she said when they came to the narrow bridge over the brook?"

"I do not like to think of that bridge, mother. It makes me so giddy. Do you believe it is safe—just those two planks laid across, and no railing? If she had stepped a little to one side, she would have fallen into the water."

"Do you remember what she said?"

"Yes. She stopped a minute, as if she did not like to go over; and then how sweetly she looked up in her father's face, and asked him to take hold of her hand, and said, 'You will take care of me, father dear; I don't feel afraid when you take hold of my hand.' And her father looked so lovingly upon her, and took tight hold of her hand, as if she were very precious to him. I don't wonder he loved her, and took good care of her, when she asked him so prettily, and seemed to feel so safe with him. I wish I could see them again."

"I think David felt like that little girl when he wrote the words which you have just read."

"Was David going over a bridge, mother?"

"Not such a bridge as the one in the woods; but he had come to some place of difficulty in his life, and whenever he was in any way troubled he looked up to God, just as the little girl did to her father, and said, 'Preserve me, O God.' It is the same as if he had said, 'Please take care of me, my kind heavenly Father; I do not feel afraid if you take hold of my hand.'"

"O, mother, how beautiful! But God did not really take hold of David's hand, and lead him through the trouble?"

"No; but God loves His children who trust Him, just as the father did his little daughter; and though He does not take hold of their hands, He knows how to make them feel as peaceful and easy as if He did."

A CHILD'S PRAYER.



REAT God, and wilt Thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and Thou so high,
The Lord of earth and air and sky?

Art Thou my Father? Canst Thou bear
To hear my poor imperfect prayer?
Or wilt Thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

Art Thou my Father? Let me be
A meek, obedient child to Thee;
And try, in word and deed and thought,
To serve and please Thee as I ought.

Art Thou my Father? I'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to Thee.

Art Thou my Father? Then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me, in Thy love,
To be Thy better child above.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

THE SKIN.

The *skin* which covers the body has many more important uses than people generally imagine. Anatomists have well called it "the safety-valve of life and health." The quantity of matter perspired by an ordinary sized man in twenty-four hours amounts to not less than between two and three pounds; and you can easily understand that if this waste matter, which has done its work and become unfit for further use, is not allowed to escape freely, it will be kept in the blood, and, by rendering it poisonous, sow in it the seeds of disease.

Increasing knowledge of the conditions on which health depends, has rendered the practice of washing the body all over much more general among grown-up persons than it was some time ago. Scarcely any of the better class of houses are now built without a bathroom, which their occupiers, in most cases, use every day.

But you will say, you cannot have the provision for it which they have. Admitted: but you can at least do as many are still obliged to do—make a corner of your bedroom serve for a bathroom. This is the way. Curtain off a small space by hanging a piece of calico from a couple of hooks in the ceiling; or else cover a clothes-maiden, or something of the kind, with a sheet, or what-

ever will help to screen you from observation: behind this, have a large basin of clean water, soap, and a rough towel; and, as soon as you rise in the morning, wash yourself thoroughly from head to foot (not sparing the soap and water), and then rub yourself dry with the towel, till you begin to be all in a glow. Five minutes will be quite enough for this, and you will find it time exceedingly well spent. You can have no idea, unless you have tried, of the fresh, healthy feeling which this practice gives; of the cheerful spirit with which it will send you forth to your work: of the bracing effect which it has on the body, and the way in which it lessens the liability to catch cold.

If, in some cases, you are unable thoroughly to carry out this practice when you rise in the morning (which is on many accounts the best time), then you may do it with advantage before you retire to rest again at night.

The first cost of the requisite articles need not be great, and the returns will soon prove it to be money wisely laid out. A very small portion indeed of what many now spend on quack medicines and injurious drinks, would set you up at once with all that is necessary, and, instead of undermining your health and strength, be the means of preserving them.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Fashions of the Period (*Nisbet & Co.*).—The Children's Record (*Nelson & Sons*).—The Leisure Hour (*Religious Tract Society*).—The Church (*Elliot Stock*).—The Quiver (*Cassell & Co.*).—Friendly Visitor (*Partridge & Co.*).—The Children's Treasury (*Book Society*).



THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

BY THE REV. W. HASLAM.

WHAT influence is there in this world like that which a *mother* may naturally be expected to have over the heart and memory of her child? Even to old age men remember and respect or otherwise, the manner in which a mother's influence was used in their earliest days. The child is father of the man, and just as a barren and untaught childhood bears its impression throughout life, so on the other hand, the good teaching and example of the child's first friend, and her manifest regard for his spiritual as well as temporal good, urged with maternal affection and watchfulness, makes, we may be assured, an *indelible* impression on the soul.

With pious joy and thankfulness to God many a child of God can say, I had a praying mother or a praying father, or both, and their happy memory is embalmed where they would most desire it to be, not in the cold dead marble of the tomb, but in the living, and loving and grateful hearts of their children.

Oh, it is worth while to be a witness for God! and if you have children of your own, to tell them early of Jesus and His love, and to plead for them at the throne of grace, and to let them grow up in the house where prayer is wont to be made in private and in the family; and where their earliest memories were impressed with an

habitual observance of the ordinances of the Lord, and they were taught to remember His day, His house, His worship, His continual presence about our path and bed.

As children grow up and mix with others of their own age, too often, it may be, the early blossoms and warm promises of piety which they may have given, seem to fade away, and the tender branch which was trained *upwards*, pressed by the various burdens which are hung on it, and the strong impulses by which it is swayed, bends and turns aside, and looks as if it had never been trained! But let parents continue in prayer and *persevere in faith!* let them be sure the Lord who taught them to pray for that child, cares more for it than they themselves can care! Evil influences are as changing and unstable as other influences; and they can have but a very unstable hold on a heart which has once tasted and loved better things; and besides all this, the Lord is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God, and He can rule and over-rule all things for good, and has promised to do so for those who fear Him and put their trust in His mercy.

My eye is now on a firm, happy, and consistent Christian who with his wife, is serving the Lord, and bringing up his children in the fear and nurture and admonition of the Lord.

The thought may now and then cross his mind as he looks at his children, "Will they burden my heart with anxiety and prayer for their souls' welfare as I burdened my mother's heart?" For he had been himself a child of many prayers, and in early youth had given much promise of good, but as he grew in years he grew in wilfulness and impatience, and thought his mother was too religious, too anxious, and too strict, and too unlike other mothers, and so went away with evil companions and among them, and was led to their bad words and worse ways. At times he could not help trembling at himself, and the thought that his mother was praying for him made him uneasy, and at other times he seemed, as it were, utterly unable to check himself, and he was carried away by the stream of temptation.

His mother's remonstrances and tears made him wretched, and he avoided her, and begged she would not pray for him; but she persevered in prayer, and therefore he left her, and took service in a worldly family, rather than remain at home. Oh, the naughty and ungrateful hostility of the human heart!

Among strangers in a new place, he found he had to make his own way, and everything depended on his good behaviour—he could not take license to treat strangers as he did his own loving parent, therefore he was steady and attentive to his work, and he gave satisfaction to his employers by his diligent and pains-taking faithfulness to his business. They liked him, and he in turn began to get satisfied with himself, and to forget the good impressions and religious influences which once held him. Being a moral and well-behaved young man, and trustworthy, he was a favourite

with his master, and he began to eat, drink, and be merry; but the eye of the Lord was upon him and following him, ever directed on him by his mother's persevering prayer, and so it turned out that our friend was not permitted to get off so easily.

An invalid lady came to stay at the house where he was serving, and he was directed to wait on her and attend her when she took the air. She used to talk to him and ask him about his parents; if they were pious people? he answered, "Yes!" whether they had taught him to love good things? "Yes!" did he love good things? "Yes!" and so on.

One day she asked him if he prayed? "Yes!" "Some people pray at night," she said, "but in the morning they do not have time; do you pray in the morning?" "Yes!" All these and such falsehoods, for they were falsehoods, disturbed his mind very much when he was alone. "What prayers do you say?" He did not know. "Do you make them in your heart?" "Yes." "I suppose you dislike forms." "Yes." "Do you pray to God?" "Yes."

The lady was very kind, and he was all the more perplexed in his conscience at deceiving her day by day. He began to make all manner of excuses about attending on the lady, and evaded her; but having received positive orders to leave everything else to attend to this charge, he became angry, and gave notice to leave the place. Nothing could induce him to stay, though he had good wages and good prospects, he would go in spite of everything, and so he departed from that situation and soon found another in a nobleman's family; but even here he could not escape the influence of his mother's prayer! for his new master, being a Christian man, took an interest in the spiritual welfare of his servants. His lordship must needs ask our runaway friend about his soul. He became more and more impatient at this, and finding that he was still pursued with the subject of religion, he determined to leave this place also.

On the morning when he intended to give notice, he received a letter from his mother, saying his only brother was converted, and now joined her in daily prayer for him. This good news did not rejoice his heart very much; and somehow it happened that he did not give notice that day, and on the following day, being Sunday, he went to church and heard a sermon on the text, "One shall be taken, and the other left;" what the sermon was he did not hear, but the text seemed to say to him, "Your brother is saved, and you are lost!" He was overwhelmed with confusion, and felt very guilty and very miserable, and did not know what to do. He remembered how he had despised his mother's prayers, and how he had wilfully refused kindness of Christian friends, and how he had sinned against God and his own conscience. Poor man, his sins had found him out, and he felt himself brought to a stand. He dared not look to God, whom he had so wilfully and knowingly refused. What could he do?

Three days after this there arrived at the Hall, a stranger, an English Clergyman; and there was an open-air meeting in the centre of the neighbouring village, in front of the the new Town Hall, and the people were invited afterwards to another service in an adjoining church. Words of faithfulness and truth were spoken there, and salvation was offered to the sinner on the spot; a felt salvation to any one who felt himself a lost sinner.

This was a good word for George. Hope seemed to dawn on him now, and after a few more assurances from the word of God, our friend found peace to his troubled soul, and began to rejoice in the Lord.

How little the person knew who was teaching George and pointing him to Jesus, what his past history and experience had been, or how his mother had been praying for him. And perhaps the mother herself was beginning to think how hard it was that God did not answer prayer! a mother's prayer, from a burdened heart, for a careless son; but the Lord who is better than our hearts, and better than our fears, was answering all the time! and even employing one unconscious witness after another to deal with her wayward son; till, by one means and another, all things working together, that lost one was found, and the dead one was brought to life!—*From a Tract, published by S. Jarrold, Norwich.*

MEDICAL MISSIONARY WOMEN.



CHRISTIANITY was introduced by the two great agencies of preaching the Gospel and healing the sick. Its author was the Great Physician, the healer of the bodies and the souls of men. "And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people."

Such is a brief record of the missionary labours of Christ Himself; and when He had commissioned His apostles, "He sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick."

In the work of modern missions, medical agency has, to some extent, been employed; and it is receiving more and more attention from the various missionary boards.

But notwithstanding the importance of judiciously adapting means to ends in the great work of evangelising the heathen world; notwithstanding some hundreds of millions of women are out of the reach and out of the sight of ministers of the Gospel and of medical men, no association, ecclesiastical or medical, has yet sent out a medically educated woman, though it is now over twenty years since the medical education of women commenced.

The benefits certain to result from sending out missionary

doctrresses are so great and so obvious, that the idea meets with the prompt and hearty approval of missionaries in the foreign field, a little of whose testimony will here be presented.

The late Rev. Dr. Dwight, missionary of the American Board in Turkey, wrote from Constantinople, to a lady in this country, as follows :—

“ But what I wish very briefly to say to you in the present communication is, that I feel quite sure that female missionary physicians, of the right stamp, would be most important auxiliaries to the missionary work in this part of the world. . . . I may be too sanguine, but it is my present belief that a well taught female physician in this place would find access to the families of all classes of the people, not excepting the Mahommedans, and she would not find time to attend to one quarter of the calls that would be made upon her professional services. If now, in connection with her medical knowledge and experience, she possessed the love of Christ, and the zeal of Christ for the maladies of the soul, how unlimited would be her opportunities for doing good! She would gain access where the missionary never can go, and access, too, to that portion of the community which greatly influences all the rest, for even in Turkey, where woman is so degraded, she still wields a mighty influence in society; for here, as everywhere else, it is true that those who stamp the character of the nursery, stamp the character of the nation. I long to see the experiment made among us.”

Rev. Horace S. Taylor, missionary in India, when in this country in 1867, remarked in a letter to the writer :—“ An experience of twenty years in India induces me to say that female physicians there would be pre-eminently useful.”

Miss Brittan, a missionary, says: “ Some time ago a medical missionary was passing through the rajah's territory, when his wife, the ranee, was very ill. The rajah besought Dr. Valentine to prescribe for her, although only her tongue and hand were thrust through a slit in the bed curtain. Even though her life should depend on it, he could not have been permitted to see her.”

From the foregoing facts and testimonies, it is evident that women physicians must be most important auxiliaries to the missionary force in the foreign field. So clear is the case, that the difficulty now is not a want of readiness on the part of missionary boards to send out such women, but the want of the women to send.—*Samuel Gregory, M.D.*

SAVED FOR NOTHING.—In order to be justified, we must do nothing at all, but only receive the treasure, which is CHRIST, and take hold of Him in our hearts by faith, although we feel ourselves to be ever so full of sin.—*Martin Luther.*



NURSING FOR GOD.

"Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."
Exod. ii. 9.

IN nursing a child for God, remember that it is not *your* child, but God's. He has lent it to you for your great comfort; but He will take it again when He pleases, for it is His. Think, then, How can I best make this child what God would like it to be? and you will soon see your own weakness and

ignorance in the matter; and this will lead you to the *first* and best method I can suggest—*prayer*.

You will go with your child to God's footstool, and say, "O Lord, I wish to nurse this child for Thee, but I do not know how: teach *me*, O Lord, and teach *him*; give us Thy Holy Spirit that we may both learn to please Thee ever more and more, for Jesus Christ's sake." And you will go on praying *for* and praying *with* your child, till it also learns to pray. Remember, in the meanwhile for your encouragement, that God is one that "heareth prayer" (Ps. lxxv. 2.) And if your child becomes a praying child, you know that in one most important step you have nursed it for God.

A *second* most important step is, that it become an *obedient child*, for children are commanded to "obey their parents in the Lord" (Eph. vi. 1); and Christ also, our Example, was, when a child, "subject unto" His parents (Luke ii. 51.) Now, you can make your child obedient to you, if you deal firmly, but kindly, with it when young. But if to save yourself trouble, you, as is usually the case, indulge him in all his whims till, after a while, he becomes too troublesome, and then you beat him violently,—depend upon it, you will not succeed. It has been most truly said,—

"Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil,
The seared and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come."

And just so your selfish indulgence at first, and angry violence afterwards, will train up "a seared and crooked" heart in your child to tell of you for years after you are forgotten.

And *further*: your child must be *taught God's truth*; and not only taught to *know it*, but to *do it*. This no one can teach like a parent. You must talk to him about Christ; tell him how Christ loves him; how He died for him; how He lives for him; watches him; will bless him if good, and punish him if bad; not giving one long lesson, but talking frequently and earnestly to him about Christ, and teaching him a little at a time. His little mind cannot take in much at a time. If you had a number of little chickens around you, you would not throw them a loaf of bread, but you would break it up into little crumbs, and give them a little and often.

At best, however, we are but poor nurses for God. We shall fail in many things, and that continually. Every day will bring with it many things to be sorry for, and much to convince us of our own weakness and sinfulness, and that we cannot be saved but by grace through faith. But still God will bless those who earnestly labour for Him in this and in other works; and those who nurse their children for Him shall not be without their reward. This brings us to consider,—

II. The promise of reward. "I will give thee thy wages." What wages? I answer,—

1. A good child, and not a bad one, *here*.

2. A saved child, and not a lost one, *hereafter*.

1. *A good child, and not a bad one, here.* You may have to wait for this a long time, perhaps ; your nursing may be for many years ; but there is a promise in God's word (and I esteem it the part of a Christian simply to trust in God's promises) to this effect :—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it" (Prov. xxii. 6).

Are these little wages, even were these all, that your son is not a drunkard, not a spendthrift—nay, nor a self-righteous hypocrite : but a humble child of God, and one who, next to his Saviour, loves his father and his mother with the tenderest and strongest love ? Will not this be a greater comfort to you in your old age than any amount of riches, that you have a good son and a good daughter to cheer you ? Oh, yes ! it will ; and you might go now to many an aged parent, and ask, "How is it that you are so well taken care of, though so poor ? how is it that your room is so comfortable, and your heart so cheerful ?" and the answer would be, "Because I have a good God, and because I have a good child."

2. But there are greater wages than these, namely, *a saved child, and not a lost one, hereafter*.

The text already quoted promises, that if you train up your child in the way he should go, then when he is old he will not depart from it. And it is most certain that if he does not depart from that way he will be saved. "He that endureth to the end shall be saved" (Matt. x. 22).

And oh ! tell me, parents, can any wages so great as these be conceived ? Can you desire anything so much as to meet in heaven those dear children of yours, and to have them there safe in their Redeemer's arms for ever ? We must not, indeed, think of heaven merely or mainly as a place where we shall meet those who are "not lost, but gone before." No ; the main joy of heaven will be, that we shall there see Christ face to face, and be like Him, and be with Him for ever. All other joys will be swallowed up in Him. But still I cannot help imagining that among the purest, even of heaven's joys, will be that experienced by parents when they can there behold their children, and by a child when it can there behold its parents.

"Sow then the seed—that seed will spring and give
Rich fruits and fairest flowers that will survive
All chance, all change : and though the night may come,
And then the deeper darkness of the tomb,
A sun more bright than ours shall bid them grow ;
And on the very grave, HOPE'S BUDS will blow ;
And blow like those sweet flowers, that plucked ne'er lose
Their freshness, and their fragrance, and their hues."

Read Gen. xviii. 19 ; Lev. xix. 8 ; Josh. xxiv. 15 ; 1 Sam. iii. 13 ; 1 Kings i. 6 ; Prov. xiii. 24 ; xix. 18 ; xxii. 6, 15 ; xxiii. 13, 14 ; Eph. vi. 1-4 ; 1 Tim. iii. 4 ; 2 Tim. i. 5 ; iii. 15.



THINGS THAT EYE HATH NOT SEEN.



OW I saw in my dream, that, when Obstinate was gone back, Christian and Pliable went talking over the plain ; and thus they began their discourse.

CHR. Come, neighbour Pliable, how do you do ? am glad you are persuaded to go along with me. Had even Obstinate himself but felt what I have felt of the powers and terrors of what is yet unseen, he would not thus lightly have given us the back.

PLI. Come, neighbour Christian, since there are none but us two here, tell me how now further what the things are, and to be enjoyed, whither we are going.

CHR. I can better conceive of them with my mind, than speak of them with my tongue : but yet, since you are desirous to know, I will read of them in my Book.

PLI. And do you think that the words of your Book are certainly true ?

CHR. Yes, verily ; for it was made by Him that cannot lie.

PLI. Well said ; what things are they ?

CHR. There is an endless kingdom to be inhabited, and everlasting life to be given us ; that we may inhabit that kingdom for ever.

PLI. Well said ; and what else ?

CHR. There are crowns of glory to be given us, and garments that will make us shine like the sun in the firmament of heaven.

PLI. This is very excellent ; and what else ?

CHR. There shall be no more crying, nor sorrow : for He that is owner of the place will wipe all tears from our eyes.

PLI. And what company shall we have there ?

CHR. There we shall be with seraphim and cherubim, creatures that will dazzle your eyes to look on them. There also you shall meet with thousands and tens of thousands that have gone before us to that place ; none of them are hurtful, but loving and holy ; every one walking in the sight of God, and standing in His presence with acceptance for ever. In a word, there we shall see the elders with their golden crowns ; there we shall see the holy virgins with their golden harps ; there we shall see men that by the world were cut in pieces, burned in flames, eaten of beasts, drowned in the seas, for the love that they bare to the Lord of the place, all well, and clothed with immortality as with a garment.

PLI. The hearing of this is enough to ravish one's heart. But are these things to be enjoyed ? How shall we get to be sharers thereof ?

CHR. The Lord, the Governor of the country, hath recorded that in this Book ; the substance of which is, If we be truly willing to have it, He will bestow it upon us freely.

PLI. Well, my good companion, glad am I to hear of these things : come on, let us mend our pace.

Bunyan.

FASHIONS OF THE PERIOD.

"I will therefore . . . that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety ; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array."—1 TIM. ii. 9 ; and 1 PET. iii. 3.



HERE is an evil connected with the idol of fashion, which seems to increase day by day—the necessity for *constant changes of apparel*. The woman who appears many times in society in the same dress is scanned by her well-bred neighbours with scornful eyes. The extravagance of this custom need not be pointed out, nor the additional amount of "thought for raiment" which it involves. But it has still a blacker side. Even Christian women are so impressed by this stern law of the world's Juggernaut, that when they cannot afford the necessary changes, they sell their half-worn dresses, and purchase others. Did they follow their

pretty robes to their new destinations, they might well start back with horror. The dress that adorned a Christian is found suitable for those "on the way to hell;" the robes of the modest woman are seen "going down to the chambers of death."

Ah, dear Christian friends, whether young or old (for small difference, alas! exists), can any of these worldly fashions be pleasing to Him who gave Himself for our sins, that He might deliver us from this present evil world? Can they satisfy Him who is "The Truth," and who has no greater joy than to see his children walk in the truth? Can you wonder that you do not "get on"? that you have so little of the Holy Spirit? so little nearness in prayer? so little success in work? Are you not afraid of continuing to walk in a "vain show" with the "strange children whose right hand is a right hand of falsehood"? (Psa. cxliv. 11.) Is it a very solemn thought that the Lord God Almighty does notice the details of dress, and that He has preserved, *in memoriam*, the exact fashions of his backsliding daughters of twenty-six centuries ago. "In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments, and their network, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the spangled ornaments, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the head-bands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings, and nose jewels, the CHANGEABLE SUITS OF APPAREL, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils; . . . and there shall be burning instead of beauty"—(Isa. iii. 18—24, margin).

Example is another very serious consideration. It is an undoubted fact that the craving for the fine clothes which is common, though not universal, among the educated and cultivated classes, exists as a rule, with very rare exceptions, among uneducated young women, and is a passion amongst the strays and waifs which form the waste material of our land. The governor of a prison writes:—

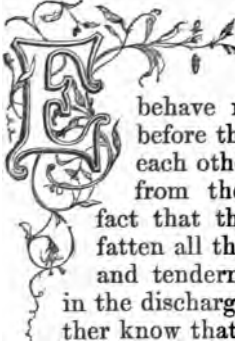
"I could give numberless instances of the baneful effects resulting from an inordinate love of dress among the young females consigned to the many prisons in and about London; and from an experience of twenty years and upwards, my conviction is that the increasing number of young females who early fall into crime from this too apparent cause, is nearly in the same proportion as those of the opposite sex who yield to the influence of strong drink."—From "*Fashions of the Period*."

Oh! from the world's vile slavery,
Almighty Saviour, set me free;
And as my treasure is above,
Be there my thoughts, be there my love.

Lord, draw my best affections hence,
Above this world of sin and sense;
Cause them to soar beyond the skies,
And rest not till to Thee they rise.

"BE COURTEOUS."

1 Peter iii. 8.



A VERY wise farmer knows that, if his young cattle be roughly treated, they will generally behave roughly to one another. Even little calves, before their horns begin to sprout, will fight and push each other about, if they are used to harsh treatment from the herd-boy. Moreover, it is a well-known fact that the young creatures grow all the faster, and fatten all the better, when they are treated with kindness and tenderness. Surely we may take a lesson from this in the discharge of higher duties. Does not every wise mother know that if the elder children are harshly treated, they will generally tyrannize over and ill-use the little ones? And, for the same reason, the little ones soon learn to bicker and quarrel with one another.

One great point in the comfort of every family, rich and poor, is a habit of civility and kindness amongst themselves. Never allow the bigger and the stronger to strike or oppress the smaller and the weaker; nor the weaker and smaller to tease and vex one another. If the elder sister is rough to the baby, she is teaching that same baby a lesson of unkindness to the next baby. Never let the children contradict one another rudely; nor use unfeeling words; nor snatch away a favourite toy: little faults lead to great ones. The Bible precept, "Be courteous," includes all these things, and a great deal more. For true courtesy extends to the *feelings* of others, as well as to their outward welfare.

It is of great importance, in the decent training of all children, that order, neatness, and civility be kept up during meal-times. However frugal be the meal, however simple be the food, let each child be tidy and orderly, while partaking of it. Let each little hand and face be well washed, and let the hair be nicely combed. If possible, let each child be provided with a separate plate and spoon: these may be got very cheap. Order and neatness at meals are really points of so much moment in the comfort of every family, rich and poor, that we may be forgiven if the advice here offered seem a little intrusive. A little incident in my own early childhood is still fresh in my remembrance. I happened to be calling at a very poor man's cottage at dinner-time. The labourer had just come in from his hard work. Dinner was quite ready. A very coarse but clean cloth covered the table. The children's faces and hands had just been washed, and a plate and a little heap of salt were tidily laid out for each. The dinner was indeed a simple one: it consisted only of potatoes; but thanks were as reverently given to the God of all goodness, as if it had been a feast. And the orderly manner in which the children ate their food might have been an example to the children of a nobleman.

No doubt the blessing of God did descend on that meal and on that family.

And here we are brought back again to a truth which cannot too often be recalled to mind, namely, that without God's grace, no duty can be done aright; and without His favour, there can be no true blessing. Mothers, we may toil and fret for our children's good all in vain. We must draw our strength and wisdom from on high. If we seek them of God, through Christ Jesus, every toil will be sweetened, and every care softened.

SKILL.

(A WORD TO SERVANTS.)



MANY great works, such as paintings or poems, can only be done by persons who have the gift of genius. Genius falls to the lot of few; but to have *skill* in our daily work is within the reach of every one. It is simply this, the art of doing whatever we have to do *in the best manner in which it can be done*. I speak now particularly to young women going to service, because skill in their work is often the last thing they think of. And yet the advantage of it is very great. In the hands of a person who has *skill*, materials fall into their proper place. Whatever the employment is, whether cooking, nursing, dressmaking, or the many other things young women have to do, it is done well and quickly, without waste either of time or stuff. Such girls are much valued and sought after, but they are, I am sorry to say, few compared with the hundreds of young women who are bad cooks, bad nurses, bad dressmakers, and who do not fill, as well as they might, that station in life in which it has pleased God to place them. And yet the girl without *skill* has the same number of fingers as the girl with it, the same materials to use, and the same opportunity of learning how to use them. Nay, she may be hardworking, and labour from morning till night; but she works in a confusion, and does nothing well. There is no hindrance to her getting *skill*, but she does not care to have it, and is satisfied with being only a drudge.

And how is skill to be obtained? By attending to very simple rules. First, think of what you are about. Fix your mind upon it, and clearly understand it. This is one secret of success.

Practice has also to do with obtaining it. But you must practise the right way and not the wrong. The first time you do a thing it may be done imperfectly. Be resolved the next time to do it better—better still the next. By-and-by you are sure to master it, and that point gained is *skill*.

Be careful to attend to *little* things, for these make up the ex-

cellence of the whole. In cooking, much depends on minutes of time, and the exact mixture of things to be used. In dressmaking, the same rule holds good. The smallest fraction will cause a misfit, and throw the dress awry. And little bits of slovenly work will spoil it altogether. As a child once said of her sewing, "There is a *may do*, and a *will do*." The "*will do*" is done with skill, the "*may do*" without it. Take a high standard from the first. Be resolved to *excel*. Though your occupation be lowly, it is as honourable, if done with *skill*, as if it had to do with a kingdom.

But the root of all excellence lies deeper than mere head-work. If you have the fear of God before your eyes, and do everything as in His sight, you will not do it ill. Religion nowhere sanctions a slovenly way of doing service. On the contrary, it urges us to do it *unto the Lord*, and not unto men; that is, as perfectly as lies in our power. Whatever your hand finds to do, do it with your might. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord, and not to men: for ye serve the Lord Christ." You will then not have lived in vain, and it will be said of you, "She hath done what she could."

THE SERVICE OF PATIENCE.



LD Betty was a match-seller. She was brought in her old age to believe in Jesus as her Saviour, and from that time thought she could never do enough for Him who had washed her from her sins in His own blood. Ever ready to speak of her Master to all she met, and of unwearied kindness, she was one "who went about doing good," "always abounding in the work of the Lord." But in the midst of her labours she caught cold, with rheumatism, and was confined to her bed for days and weeks. One day a minister called on her. He was surprised to see his old, active friend and neighbour so happy in her bed, and said, "I little expected to find you so patient in bed, when you have always led such an active life. It must be a trial to lie there so long."

"Not at all, sir, not at all, sir," said Betty; "when I was well I used to hear the Lord say to me daily, Betty, go here; Betty, go there; Betty, do this, Betty, do that; and I did it as well as I could. Now I hear Him say daily, Betty, lie still and cough."

The poor woman had not only "learned in whatsoever state she was, therewith to be content"—her homely words showed that she understood the service of patience. As Milton said, consoling himself on his blindness:—

"God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
Bears His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean, without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."



THE LITTLE SHOE-BLACK.

THE CHILDREN'S PAGE.



F CANNOT make or mend a
boot,
A slipper, or a shoe;
But I can make them
shine again,
And look as good as new.

I was a little idle thing—
A friendless orphan child;
I roamed the streets by day, by night—
Homeless, depraved, and wild.

I am not wild or idle now,
I earn the bread I eat;
Just look on this, my blacking stand,
Isn't it prime and neat?

I met a gentleman one day,
Who spoke so kind to me;
He took me to the ragged school,
And made me what you see.

He set me up with stand and brush,
And blacking—black as jet;
His name I cannot tell,—but Oh!
His look I can't forget.

He often passes by this way,
And lets me try my hand;
And smiles to see me look so proud
Of this, my blacking stand.

WHAT A TEASPOONFUL OF RUM DID.—A young man in a state of intoxication committed a capital crime. As he was about to be executed, he said: "A tea-spoonful of rum-toddy brought me to this. When a child my father would take me on his knee at dinner time and give me a teaspoonful out of his glass; and so I learned to love the drink under the influence of which I did the deed for which I am now to suffer." Let parents beware how they plant the seeds of ruin for their children. The harvest will be awful to reap.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

BED-ROOM VENTILATION.

Is it necessary to state that the sickening odours, so perceptible at the first of the morning in any ill-ventilated sleeping-apartment, arise from the fact that a considerable volume of carbonic acid, with the vapour of perspiration and other animal exhalations, are mingled with the atmosphere of the chamber? Science proves that all these products are deadly poisons. Nature expels them from the system, because they poison the system. Yet we insist on inclosing them within four walls. We shut up doors, windows, and even chimney-places, that not a particle may escape. Nay, we surround our beds with close-drawn curtains for the express purpose, it would seem, of preventing ventilation, for the express purpose of hugging close the poisonous atmosphere of our own bodies, and so re-absorbing into our systems the very atoms which, by the laws of God, have been cast out because they are detrimental. That we do re-absorb these poisons, needs no proof. The same act of breathing which renders them perceptible to the sense of smell causes them to visit every air-cell, to permeate every blood-vessel of the lungs, and come into positive contact with all the countless myriads of streams which are traversing the one hundred and sixty-six square yards of respiratory surface Perhaps there is no more startling proof of the utter ignorance that

exists concerning the laws of health than is manifested in the construction of our houses. Halls, ante-rooms, and drawing-rooms, which during a portion of the day are generally left empty—which may at any time be aired by the opening of windows, and which are constantly being ventilated by the opening and shutting of doors, or by draughts towards the chimney—these apartments are always the most spacious and airy; while bed-rooms, which are generally tenanted with closed doors and windows for eight or nine consecutive hours—where, therefore, the vitiation of the air must be very great, and where in consequence, an ampler space for breathing is an important requisite—these are generally found the most airless rooms of a dwelling-house. Such errors could not possibly exist were not the generality so utterly uninformed as regards that branch of knowledge which should be made the first consideration in every person's education—a knowledge of the laws ordained by God for man's health and happiness. Whenever, after a night's repose, the slightest degree of closeness is perceptible in a chamber, it is an incontrovertible proof that the chamber is not well ventilated; and that whatever may have been the benefit which the system may have received from sleep, that benefit has been partly neutralized by the ill-effects of an impure atmosphere.—*Hopley's Lectures.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Cottager and Artisan (*Tract Society*).—The Garden Inclosed.—Home Visitor (*W. Hunt & Co.*).—Old Jonathan (*Collingridge & Co.*).—The Family Treasury (*Nelson & Sons*).—The Revival (*Morgan & Chase*).—Friendly Visitor (*Partridge & Co.*).—Children's Treasury (*Book Society*).



DAME PINFOLD was a poor and aged woman with whom I had much pleasant intercourse some years ago. She has long since been called to her rest; but the remembrance of her simple and consistent piety is still refreshing to me.

When I first knew her she had nearly completed fourscore years; but all her faculties were perfect, and her mind was clear and calm. Half a crown a week from the parish was all she had to depend upon; but I never heard a murmur escape from her lips.

When I entered her single room she always met me with a bright smile, and immediately entered upon the subject nearest her heart. Her Bible, which was always open, was her constant study; and the portion she had just been reading would furnish the subject of her conversation. "Oh, how beautiful is this word of Jesus!" she would say; "only think that He can thus love and care for an old sheep like me. Why, I have done nothing for Him; but His love to me is without end. And then to think that all the promises are mine! Wherever I open my Bible I find one."

She would often ask a visitor to read a chapter to her. Her observations upon it were often striking, flowing from a heart

filled with the love of God. I always felt, when I visited her, that I was a learner; though nothing was farther from her thoughts than being my teacher.

I once remarked to her, "Though all is so peaceful with you now, you must have had your trials. You cannot always have been so happy as you are now."

"Oh, no!" she said; "God saw it necessary to send me many strokes before I gave Him my heart; but I bless Him for them all. I was very young when I married, and I then thought nothing of God's love to me. I only thought of my love to my husband, and how I could make him happy. And then my dear children—they came one after another, filling my heart with gladness; but I never thought of thanking God for giving them to me. I had a nice cottage and a pretty garden; and my husband was industrious, and kind to me, and gave me all I wanted. Many may think that if all this had lasted, God would have shown His love more to me than in taking them from me. But how wise as well as loving He is! He did not mean that I should have my portion here below.

"One day, when all seemed happy as usual, my husband had gone out in his boat, and I had cleaned all up, and was expecting his return in the evening, when a neighbour came in and told me that a boat had been overturned, and two men killed, and asked me if my husband was out. This she said to prepare me, for she well knew the sad truth; and I knew it soon, when his dead body was brought home by some of the neighbours. Oh! I felt as if God had smitten me to the earth, and I could never rise up again.

"It was long before I could see that there was any love in such a blow; but, at length the visits of a kind minister were blessed to me; and I saw that God has a right to the hearts of His creatures; and that if they do not give them to Him, He shows His love by sending afflictions and taking away those things which they love better than Himself.

"Then sorrows followed with my children. They were taken away one after another, until at length I laid all under the green sod. Oh! it has been hard to part with them; but some were spared to me till late in life, and were my support after my husband's death; and I have the comfort of knowing that they accepted Christ's great salvation and are now with Him for ever."

The tears streamed down the face of the good old woman as she gave me this little account of her earlier history. Yet she always spoke of her sorrows as amongst the greatest proofs of God's love to her.

I must not forget to mention the great reverence which this aged Christian had for the house of God. Whatever the weather might be, she was always to be seen in her place. For an hour before service you might see her slight form wrapped in

a scarlet cloak, slowly crossing the fields to the Church. She was very feeble and could not walk at all without a stick; and, though the distance was not great, it generally occupied her an hour to perform it. But nothing kept her away. And then her whole heart seemed to be in the service. Whether she joined in prayer and praise, or listened to the word of God read or preached, you might see that she was in earnest.

I need not say that she lived in the daily expectation of death. She often said that she never lay down at night without feeling how likely it was that, before morning, she should be with her Saviour. And she lived in such daily close fellowship with Him, that death appeared nothing more to her than putting off her earthly garments. And when it did take place it was quite easy. Without a sigh or appearance of pain her spirit passed into the immediate presence of Him who had done such great things for her.

Happy old woman! I never saw faith brighter or produce more lovely effects than in her; and it is in the hope that some may see what a privilege it is to live close to the Saviour, that I have told her history. All may enjoy the same happiness; for what she possessed you may possess—the same Saviour to plead His precious blood for you, the same Holy Spirit to teach you. But then you must give your heart to Jesus, as she did. Think of the happiness of living so close to such a loving Friend; think of the happiness here and the everlasting joys beyond the grave. And be assured that if Christ and His salvation be your choice, it is a choice you will never repent.—*Tract Magazine.*

A SCHOOL FOR THE CHURCH.—Let every pious parent regard his family as a little school for the Church, and act as a teacher designated by the Saviour, on purpose to train the children for His service, and we shall see a glorious result. Let parents neglect this duty, and their children will prove incompetent to meet the responsibilities awaiting them, and the parents must answer for the ruin that will ensue. The laws of Lycurgus required that all children of Sparta should be trained for the State. Jesus teaches His subjects to believe that children are a heritage of the Lord and to train for the Church.

NOTHING so effectually draws the hearts of man and wife together as prayer. If they are in the habit of kneeling down together day by day, and approaching God's throne together with one heart and one voice—this will do more than anything else to promote a real union between them.—*Bp. Oxenden.*

If you would find a great many faults, be on the *look out*; if you would find still more, be on the *look in*.



THE DAY OF REST.




DAY of rest and gladness,
 O, day of joy and light,
 O, balm of care and sadness,
 Most beautiful, most bright;
 On thee, the high and lowly,
 Bending before the throne,
 Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
 To the great Three in One.

On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth;
 On thee, our Lord victorious,
 The Spirit sent from heaven:
 And thus, on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

Thou art a holy ladder,
 Where angels go and come;
 Each Sunday finds us gladder,
 Nearer to heaven our home.
 May we, new graces gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 Attain the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest.

Bishop Wordsworth.

WHAT CAME OF A PUDDING.

HAT unexpected and various services frequently devolve upon teachers of *adult* classes! The smallest kindness done to a scholar, or a little friendly notice of a scholar's wife or her children, in the course of one's call at their homes, soon produces mutual confidence; and *family secrets*, often curious and amusing, are entrusted to the teacher's keeping. "Well, Mary, what has brought you here this afternoon?"

Mary was the wife of one of my scholars; and as we had become very good friends, in connection with a few calls at their house, I felt no surprise at her request, in answer to my salutation, to be allowed to "speak a few words to me about something very particular." But, now she was seated, she hesitated and coughed, and seemed as if she could not make a beginning. After a little encouragement, however, she said, "Well, sir, you see, I just wanted to say a word to you about my husband; and the long and the short of it is, Bill has got such an awkward temper, sir, that I can't manage him nohow, and he comes home looking so cross and *oncomfortable* that I hardly cares to see him set his foot on the house floor. And I'm just out of heart, and can't tell what to do; so I thought, sir, as you might speak a word to him: I think he'd perhaps mind you."

"Well, Mary," I replied, "this is a somewhat difficult case; if I speak to your husband about this matter, he will at once know that you have spoken to me, and that might make matters worse than they are. It is but a thankless office at any time to interfere between man and wife."

"But," said Mary, "I thought you might say something in the class that would reach his mind a bit; for really, sir, Bill is *very* awkward at times."

"Well, I do sometimes speak about home duties to the scholars in the class; so I'll bear it in mind. But now, Mary, as you have spoken thus plainly to me" (for it is *very* plain speaking when a woman complains of her husband to another person), "you must let me say a few plain words to you. Now, in the first place, how do you behave to your husband? Do you always show a loving face when he comes home tired with his day's work? and are things as comfortable as possible to welcome him? It has struck me that the floor of your house did not look quite so clean as it might be, and that the dirty towels and clothes that often were lying about, and the pots and pans placed here and there as chance might be, were rather unsightly, and did not add to the comfort of the room. And then the children, with unwashed faces and uncombed heads, did not add to the cheerfulness of a man's house; so if William does come home after a hard day's

work, looking a little cross and uncomfortable, perhaps we ought not be surprised. And then, too, your husband's trade is a dirty one, and at the close of the day he feels uncleanly and weary, and ought to find cheerfulness and cleanliness at home; and really I hardly know what I should do myself, were I to go home and find matters as uncomfortable as you sometimes seem to have them. Now, Mary, let me advise you to consider whether some of these things cannot be improved, and try the effect of this improvement on William's temper,—a little brighter face, a little brighter fire, the house a little tidier, the younger children got to bed in good time, and a little bit of something nice for supper. And then after supper, ask William to read a chapter from that nice new Bible he lately bought, and both of you try and look up to our Father in heaven for a blessing upon your house before you go to rest, and I cannot doubt but that matters will mend in regard to what we have been talking about."

It was now Mary's turn to look "awkward;" for she was rather surprised, and not quite pleased at the turn the conversation had taken; and so we parted.

I did not see Mary for some months afterwards, when I accompanied my class, with their wives, in a little excursion into the country. As I stood watching the men playing cricket, Mary appeared, crossing the field, neatly dressed, with a tidy bonnet, and smiling face. She came up to me almost out of breath, exclaiming, "O sir, I wanted to tell you that your plan have beat." My mind being at the moment occupied with cricket, I imagined she was alluding to that. Seeing my surprise, she went on, "Don't you remember my coming to call on you, a good bit ago?"

"Perfectly," I replied.

"Well, I didn't quite like what you said to me that day, and I was a bit put out; but still I could not put your words out of my head, no how, all that night or the next day, though I liked them no better: but I knew all the time *they was true*. However the next night it came to me that it was just my pride that would not let me see that there was any fault on my side; and I began to look at the thing a little different, and in the morning I made up my mind what I would do: this made me feel lighter and happier. So, after breakfast, when the children were off to school, I slipped down on my knees, and I said a good many times, 'Lord, help me to do right;' and when I set about my work I really felt as though I wanted to do right. I cleaned up the house extra well, and done up the fire grate, and polished up all our bits of things, and only stopped in my work to give the children some dinner and send them back to school. Then it came into my head how nice it would be to surprise Bill with a nice little puddin' for his supper; for he *is* so fond of puddin'. Then I done a lot of other things, and the time went so quickly

that the children were home before I had finished up. Then they must have their suppers and be put to bed, all but Bessy, who, when she had helped me, began to read her father's book, while I looked out a lot of things that badly wanted mending, and sat down to do them, feeling quite proud and lighthearted. Well, soon I heard Bill's step, and he came in looking quite out of sorts as usual, and sat down without speaking a word. But I soon saw him looking about a bit, and then at me, and then he laughs and says—'Why, Polly, this is a new move, isn't it; what's in the wind, eh?' So, said I, 'Would you like a wash, Bill? there's a kettle of hot water there, and here's a bit of soap.' So with that he goes into the back kitchen, and after a while he comes back, and says—'It's surprisin' how washing rests anybody, I should like that every night;' and I says, 'so you shall if you like.' Then I asked him if Bessy should read to him a bit. He was quite pleased with that, and when she had done, he said, 'Well, now, this is just how I should like to spend every evening.' 'But what's this,' he says, a-sniffin' about, 'I can smell something nice; what's in the oven, missus?' 'Never you mind,' I said, and I couldn't help laughing; 'have patience and you will know in time.' 'Well,' says Bill, 'some handy body has been here, thing's look so different, that's certain.' As supper time came on, I begun to think, as we had something more than usual, I ought to set out the table in a better fashion. It was a good while since we had used a table cloth, and I'd got only one, and that was ragged, but 'twas clean, so I spread it on the table and set the plates and knives and forks ready, and then opened the oven and took out the puddin'; and O sir, that was the blesseddest puddin' that ever a woman put her hands to! It won my husband's heart! Bill sat looking first at me, then at the puddin', and then at me and again at the puddin', and seemed as if he couldn't speak; and I thought I saw a tear in the corner of his eye; for you see, sir, he was so touched like, to see how I had been a-thinkin' of him when he was away, and had made his favourite puddin' just to please him. So, sir, all that came of your advice, and that blessed puddin' cured Bill's awkward temper! for he's been a different man since that day, and I have been a different woman."

Just then her husband joined us. "I'm glad you're come," said Mary, "for I have been relieving my mind a bit about our improvements at home." "Oh," said William, "somehow I always thought my teacher had something to do with it; but I didn't ask questions."

Then William went on to tell me how comfortably they had got on lately, and that he was much happier than he ever used to be. He informed me that "they had much improved their little home; and that it was worth while to get a few new things, now the missis took so much care of them." He had had one little difficulty,

however. He felt so much benefited by the evening wash that he began to wish to have something more of a bath; so one day, seeing a large tub offered for sale, very cheap, he purchased it; but at sight of it Mary looked sadly blank, and declared "she could not have such a slopping and messing after she had cleaned up, and how was she to get as much hot water as was wanted for such a thing!" "So," said William, "I was put about too; but I remembered all that Mary had done for me, so 'twas my turn now to give in, so I put the tub away quietly in the back kitchen, and said no more about it. But one night, having nothing else to read, I found out of a heap that little tract on bathing and personal cleanliness, and set Bessy to read bits of it to me and her mother; and then we talked about it, and my missus said there was very good sense in it. In a week or two we read it again all through, and then afterwards, for an evening or two we read particular parts, till at last Mary began to laugh, and said, 'O Bill, I see what you have been after all this time, you've been thinking of that old tub of yours. Well, wash yourself and welcome, and I'll get hot water the best way I can.' Nobody, teacher, can be happier than we are now; we've learnt each other's ways, to try to 'bear and forbear,' and our children are getting better behaved now we try to set them a better example. Mostly of nights, too, before we go to bed we read a chapter in the Bible, and have a few words of prayer; and we seem to have God's blessing about us, and are so different to what we used to be, for we are always peaceful-like now."

WHAT PLEASES GOD.



WHAT God decrees, child of His love,
Take patiently, though it may prove
The storm that wrecks thy treasure here;
Be comforted! Thou need'st not fear
What pleases God.

The wisest will is God's own will;
Rest on this anchor and be still;
For peace around thy path shall flow,
When only wishing here below
What pleases God.

The truest heart is God's own heart,
Which bids thy grief and fear depart;
Protecting, guiding, day and night,
The soul that welcomes here aright
What pleases God.

Oh! could I sing as I desire,
My grateful heart would never tire,
To tell the wondrous love and power,
Thus working out from hour to hour
What pleases God.

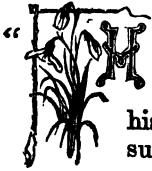
The King of kings, He rules the earth,
He sends us sorrow here or mirth,
He bears the ocean in His hand ;
And thus we meet, on sea or land
What pleases God.

His Church on earth He dearly loves,
Although He oft its sin reproves ;
The rod itself His love can speak,
He smites till we return to seek
What pleases God.

Then let the crowd around thee seize
The joys that for a season please,
But willingly their path forsake,
And for thy blessed portion take
What pleases God.

Thy heritage is safe in heaven ;
There shall the crown of joy be given :
There shalt thou hear and see and know,
As thou couldst never here below,
What pleases God.

LORD HADDO.

E often said that he felt ashamed to lie on a luxurious sofa, when so many, who were as ill as he was, had only a wooden bench ; and he could not take his own meal with comfort, unless he knew that he was supplying meat to some sick person." These words refer to Lord Haddo, the subject of the following sketch. They show that he had the heart as well as the title of a nobleman. Reader, if you feel interest in the saying and doings of any man, it should be one like this—who, if he had known that you were ill, would have sympathised nobly ; and, if poor, he would have assisted nobly ; and, if neither ill nor poor, he would have shown you a noble example of how to use most profitably your health and substance. It is *such* noble men the world needs. It is many *such* noble that are called ; and of such, it may be said, is the kingdom of heaven.

Lord Haddo, in his later years fifth Earl of Aberdeen, was born in 1816. If you look at the *bent* of the tender twig, you will see the character of the whole future tree. On one of his school days he was observed sitting on a bench by himself, and looking very sad. It was play hours, and his schoolmates were making the most of the interval. He was used to do so too, but something had happened to-day. His mother came near, and tried to get from him the cause of his unhappiness. For a while she pressed in vain ; but out it came at last. Laying his head in her lap, he burst into tears, and repeated this verse : "O my son Absalom ! would God I had died for thee ! O Absalom, my son,

my son!" This passage had occurred in his Bible lesson that morning. And by sympathy, he made king David's grief his own. This was Lord Haddo's life all through. He had begun thus early to be a man—in earnest.

During these early years he was much concerned and engaged about his spiritual interests. Religious books and the services of the Sabbath and public worship were delightful to him. But when he entered college, his anxious thoughts were turned in another direction. The student was less devout than the school-boy had been. His great desire now was to excel in scholarship, and it appears that his desire was to a great extent gratified. It resulted, however, in a loss to his soul, which he afterwards deplored bitterly.

After leaving college, he travelled in Greece, Italy, and Spain; and on returning to England, married, being then twenty-four years of age. He had youth, and health, and fortune; and had nothing to do apparently but enjoy everything the world could afford. And his natural dispositions and education led him to choose the best things thereof. He was thoroughly sincere and upright in his actions, pure and elevated in his tastes, and benevolent and unselfish in all his tendencies. He was religious also, according to the usual meaning of that term.

But Lord Haddo had had no personal dealings with God as yet. He did not know him as that One with whom he had first and finally to do. Experience was wanting, and whatever else he had, or seemed to have, he was without God, and without hope in the world.

This momentous fact was presented to his mind in a remarkable manner, on the evening of January 24, 1848. The occurrence cannot be better stated than in his own words:—

"It was at Brighton, 132, Marine Parade, about seven o'clock in the evening, that I received such a deep impression of eternity, that the effect has continued to the present day; and by the blessing of God, will remain to my dying day. I had just dressed for dinner, when the sight of the clothes which I had thrown off suddenly impressed me with the thought of dying; of undressing for the last time; of being unclothed of this body. I felt the terrors of dying unprepared in a degree approaching to reality. I felt the imperative necessity of preparing for death at any cost and any sacrifice. The prospect of heaven added little or nothing to my resolution. Safety was all I aimed at. This I felt was within my reach, and I grasped at it with the feelings of a drowning man."

"When I went to dinner," he continues, "my poor wife saw from my expression that something had occurred; and when I began to speak, she fairly thought that I had lost my senses; till after a few days, she herself embraced the same sentiments.

"That evening and the next I read over Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,'

and Wilberforce's 'Practical View,' books which I had read before, but every word of which had now irresistible force. I felt the conclusion irresistible, that salvation must be sought and *attained, though the path to it lay through fire and water*; and that no hardships were worth a moment's consideration in comparison of so great a prize. The pursuits of my life hitherto appeared utterly frivolous,—such as painting, etc. They could not advance me one step on the road to heaven. Till my title to salvation was assured, these occupations seemed an intolerable waste of time."

He asked, and sought, and knocked, and waited patiently, and the Lord heard, and delivered him from all his fears. He received pardon; he found peace; he entered into loving fellowship with his unseen Redeemer. Then came, of course, an entire change of life. He resolved to spend his whole life in the service of God, and to the promotion of His glory.

He says: "Yet how to begin I knew not. I felt that I ought earnestly to address every one I met, beginning with my own servants; that I ought to speak out, and not try to sneak into heaven by the back door."

He seems to have thought at this time that it would be easier for him to begin a new life in a new world like Australia. Accordingly he had almost made up his mind to leave all,—his hereditary rank, and his riches, and friends, and lands,—and retire there for Christ's sake.

"For," says he, "I was greatly apprehensive of losing my present feelings, and falling back into the level of the slime around; contented with that lukewarm profession of religion now so common in the world."

A more excellent way, however, opened up before him. He soon began the work at home; and a braver and better, in short, a nobler worker our country has rarely seen. He began at home in the strictest sense.

"On the 1st of February," he says, "I began family prayer. My aversion to this was extreme. . . . For many weeks my voice at worship almost failed me, in consequence of a nervous cough which recurred every morning. My danger *now* is of becoming too formal and unconcerned."

Lord Haddo, previous to his conversion, occupied much of his time in painting. He loved this art intensely, and his pictures gave very high promise. But now his hand had simpler and nobler work to do. He deserted the studio, and became a visitor from house to house among the poor.

It was certainly something new for a titled man to frequent the poorest and vilest localities, to climb garret stairs and plunge into cellars, as a tract distributor and Scripture reader. Not many noble follow such a calling. Yet this was Lord Haddo's constant work after he became a Christian. He carried it on wherever he resided. His ample means, and still more ample willingness,

allowed him great scope, so that his Christian work was varied by many shapes, from the building of a church to the teaching of a class in a Sunday-school, and the lighting of a poor sick woman's fire. He never made his rank known, if he could help it, although every one could see the stamp of his nobility as a sympathiser and helper. And doubtless many in the poor places of Brighton and London, whose hearts and hearths are warm this day, would be surprised if told, that the plain, unassuming stranger, whom they bless for bringing religion and happiness uninvited to their door, was the Earl of Aberdeen.

Reader, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus, who made Himself of no reputation."

In 1853, Lord Haddo fell into ill health. This only stimulated his Christian activity. Indeed his illness, shortly after it began, was aggravated very much by his efforts to relieve the sick mother of a little beggar girl whom he met one winter's evening near London Bridge. It was snowing fast, and bitterly cold. Yet he followed her through many by-streets and lanes, till he stood by the sick-bed and desolate hearth. He went out and got coals and food, and did not leave till mother and child were provided with necessary comforts. Alas! however, for his own comfort. That night his wasting body received a chill, from the effects of which it never recovered.

To regain health he went to Egypt, and lived in an iron boat on the Nile. This gave some relief, but only for a time. During his sojourn there, he continued to be the good evangelist he was in England. Multitudes of religious tracts and books, including the Scriptures, were circulated by him among the various tribes along the banks of the river.

A second sojourn in Egypt did not prevent that rapid decline in bodily health which had begun; and he retired, to die, at Haddo House, his paternal seat in Aberdeenshire. Here also he was eager in good works to the very last, his heart bleeding, as it had always done, over the needs and sorrows of others, and his thoughts contriving how best to give relief to their bodies and souls. Yet no man ever trusted in good works less than he did. "Free grace! free grace!" were in his latest breath. He died on the 22nd of March, 1864, "perfectly comfortable." These were his very last words.

"Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go!"

Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands above,
Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love!"



SLEEPING IN JESUS.

This simple but expressive sentence is inscribed on a tombstone, in a rural burying-ground in Devonshire, and gave rise to the following verses.



SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes !

Asleep in Jesus ! oh ! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet :
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venom'd sting !

Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest ;
No fear—no woe shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus ! oh for me
May such a blissful refuge be :
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high !

Asleep in Jesus ! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be :
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep !

MRS. MACKAY.

THE FLOWERS OF PARADISE.



HEAVEN is greatly made up of little children—sweet buds that have never blown, or which death has plucked from a mother's bosom to lay on his own cold breast, just when they were expanding, like flowers from the sheath, and opening their engaging beauties in the budding-time and spring of life. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." How soothing these words by the cradle of the dying infant! They fall like balm-drops on our bleeding heart when we watch the ebbing of that young life, as wave after wave breaks feebler, and the sinking breath gets lower and lower, till with a gentle sigh and a passing quiver of the lips, our sweet child leaves its body lying like an angel asleep, and ascends to the beatitudes of heaven and the bosom of its God. Perhaps God does with His heavenly garden as we do with our own. He may chiefly stock it from the nurseries, and select for transplanting what is yet in its young and tender age—flowers before they have bloomed, and trees ere they begin to bear.

The child who is seated on the shoulder of a man sees farther than the man himself; an infant standing on the top of a mountain very much farther than a giant at its base; and even so, the lisping babe, whom Jesus has taken from a mother's bosom to His own, excels in science the profoundest philosophers, and knows more of divinity than the greatest of divines. In heaven, we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known; there "the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be seven-fold."—*Dr. Guthrie.*

God dries up the channel, that you may be haply compelled to plunge into an infinite ocean of happiness. Blissful thought! Father, mother, you who mourn over the grave of your little one, look up! Know that the chastening rod is in your heavenly Father's hand, and that if He hath taken away, He first did give, and He doeth all things well. He gave you the bud of beauty, and you centred your happiness in its being. He saw that this was not for our good, so He took away the child whose presence had been as a leaping, sparkling, streamlet to your heart's love, that that heart which had before tasted of earthly, might be lost in the immensity of heavenly love.

It is a very solemn consideration that a part of myself is in eternity, in the presence, I trust, of the Saviour. How awful will it be, should the branch be saved and the stock perish!—*Hall.*

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 My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,  
 Where suffering no longer can harm ye,  
 Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,  
 Through an endless existence shall charm thee.



## NEVER SAY FAIL !

CHILDREN'S PAGE.

**K**EEP pushing—'tis wiser  
Than sitting aside,  
And dreaming and sighing  
And waiting the tide.

In life's earnest battle  
They only prevail  
Who daily march onward  
And never say fail !

With an eye ever open,  
A tongue that's not dumb,  
And a heart that will never  
To sorrow succumb—  
You'll battle and conquer,  
Though thousands assail ;  
How strong and how mighty  
Who never say fail !

The spirit of angels  
Is active, I know,  
As higher and higher  
In glory they go ;  
Methinks on bright pinions  
From heaven they sail,  
To cheer and encourage  
Who never say fail !

In life's rosy morning,  
In manhood's firm pride,  
Let this be the motto  
Your footsteps to guide :  
In storm and in sunshine  
Whatever assail,  
We'll onward and conquer,  
And never say fail !

THE DRUNKARD AND THE GLUTTON SHALL COME TO POVERTY ;  
AND DROWSINESS SHALL CLOTHE A MAN WITH RAGS.

PROV. xxiii. 21.

## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

### A GOOD MANAGER.

No man will ever go very far wrong if his wife understands arithmetic and keeps the accounts, —and if she only perseveres in "taking care of the pence, leaving the pounds to take care of themselves," as the saying is. When a woman is blessed with a hard-working husband, who keeps himself within moderate bounds, the clever economy of the wife soon tells upon family comforts. The want of management and economy lays the foundation of a great deal of wretchedness and prolonged misery.

A "good manager" never thinks of obtaining goods on credit at the chandler's shop. She knows that she will have to pay at least five-and-twenty per cent. more for her tea, sugar, butter, and other matters, by buying them there in small quantities as she is ready to use them, than she would were she to go, money in hand, to the cheapest market.

The "good manager" never thinks of buying articles of dress of the hawker or tallyman, for she knows she would be liable to be tempted to buy what she could do without; and she knows, too, that the goods sold by such persons have a showy look, but no wear in them. No, she rather waits till she can go where she can depend upon the goods.

The "good manager" despises the folly of dressing fine, or imitating those in a superior station.

She wears a plain dress, a neat bonnet, and good underlinen. She takes care also that her husband has good shirts and good clothes; not bought ready-made, but of home manufacture.

Then the "good manager" brings up the girls to both the washing and ironing, and she shows them how to make and to mend, to patch and to piece, to turn and to scour, to stitch and to darn, to cut and contrive.

The "good manager" takes care of "odds and ends" of all kinds—the fragments, the snips of cloth, the scraps of the table, the dry sticks that fall from the garden trees; she hoards, in fact, all that is likely to be useful, and when the time comes she makes use of it.—From "*Every One's Almanack*."

Do you wish to be healthy?

Then keep the house sweet;

As soon as you're up

Shake each blanket and sheet.

Leave the beds to get fresh

On the close crowded floor:

Let the wind sweep right through—

Open window and door.

The bad air will rush out

As the good air comes in,

Just as goodness is stronger

And better than sin.

BEGIN RIGHT.—Sir Matthew Hale said, "If I omit praying, and reading a portion of God's blessed Word in the morning, nothing goes well with me all the day. God's morning smiles bless all the day."—See *Psalms* v. 3.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

Home Visitor (*Hunt & Co.*) Golden Grain Almanac (*Yapp & Hawkins.*) Little Standard-Bearer.—Joseph Martin.—Jesus, All and in All (*Book Society*). Friendly Greetings (*Dublin Tract Depot*). Child's Companion (*Religious Tract Society*). British Workman (*Partridge & Co.*). Sunday School Times (*J. Clarke & Co.*).











